THE AUGUST

4D

ROYAL

5/- a day for life

see page 329

ARTHUR PEARSON LTD HENRIETTA ST, LONDON. W.C.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

CURE

Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

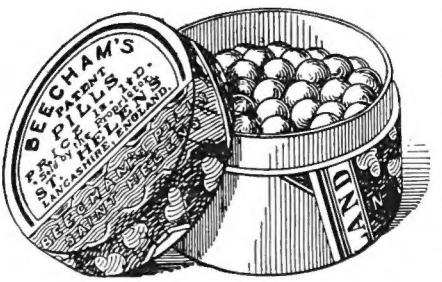
Constipation, Indigestion, Sick-Headache, Dyspepsia, and all Stomachic Troubles.

Arouse Sluggish and Torpid Livers.

Purify the Blood, Remove Scurvy, Improve the Complexion, Regulate the System.

BODLEIAN
22·7·190

It is surprising how they do it, but they do—they get there—there is no mistake about it. They have a way of going straight to business that gives satisfaction, and that is the main thing. If Beecham's Pills did not give satisfaction no amount of forcing would induce the public to swallow them. It is because they have been found to carry out the requirements of an expectant and suffering humanity, going straight as an arrow to the seat of the mischief, that Beecham's Pills can claim such an enormous sale after a trial of 57 years.



The Sale exceeds 6,000,000 Boxes Annually.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

IN BOXES, Price 1/1½ (56 Pills) **and 2/9** (168 Pills).

Digitized by Google

THE KEY-NOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to All.—Tennyson.

"Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE."—*Ruskin.*

TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE and you CREATE for the World A DESTINY more SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY.—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN,
THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Is Health-giving, Purifying, Soothing, Cooling, Refreshing and Invigorating, and will be found a Natural, Simple and Effective Remedy for

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE.—"You may be interested to know that I have used 'FRUIT SALT' for more than fifteen years, and it is the only medicine I need. It was ordered for me by a most eminent Physician, and I have recommended it to very many from time to time.—Yours faithfully, (Signed) Rev. —— (September 20, 1900)."

The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' on a Disordered or Feverish Condition is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—Examine the bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

Digitized by Google

SEASIDE FROCKS

For Little Maids of all Degrees.

MODEL 814 (as sketch above).—A complete sea-side outfit, well made, perfectly finished. Consists of Sailor Blouse, Flannel Vest, Skirt with Under Bodice attached and a smart Sacque Reefer Coat. Supplied in **Strong Cotton Drill**—Pink, Blue, Green, Hello, or Creme—

Lengths 21 24 27 30 33 36 ins.

Prices **15/6 16/6 17/6 18/6 19/6 21/-**

In **J. N. Serge** or **Coating**—Black, Navy, &c.—

11/9 12/9 13/9 15/- 16/6 18/-

In the **New Sovereign All-Wool Serge**—Black, Navy, Crimson, Royal Blue, Pink, or Cream—

15/9 16/9 18/- 19/6 21/6 23/6

Carriage 7d. extra each size.

Obtainable only from JOHN NOBLE, Ltd.

PLEASE MENTION ROYAL MAG. WHEN WRITING.

JOHN NOBLE LTD

44, BROOK ST MILLS MANCHESTER

Mrs. S. A. Allen's
World's
Hair Restorer.
It quickly changes gray or white hair to its natural colour. A perfect hair dressing, delicately perfumed. It is not an experiment, but has been in use for over sixty years throughout the civilised world.
NEVER FAILS.

A full-sized large bottle will be sent, Carriage Paid, on receipt of 4s. by P.O.O at 114-116 Southampton Row London, W.C

LOOK OUT!

On August 1st

For PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

It contains, besides its many usual bright and attractive features,

"The Crab that Made the Tides,"

By RUDYARD KIPLING;

And a NEW KETTLE STORY,

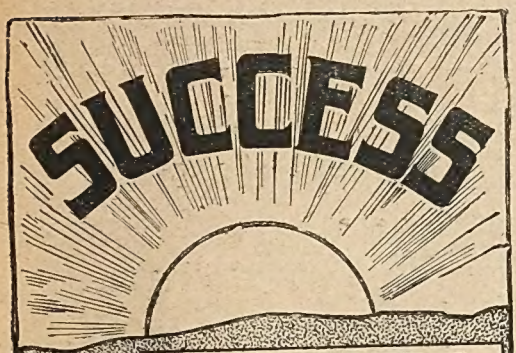
"The Battle of the Bees,"

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

Order it NOW and see that you get it on August 1st.

Price 6d.

Digitized by Google



PERSONAL MAGNETISM
PERSEVERANCE
PERSONAL MAGNETISM
DETERMINATION
PERSONAL MAGNETISM
PURPOSE
AMBITION
PERSONAL MAGNETISM

FOOTSTEPS WHICH LEAD TO SUCCESS

Some men fight desperately for success all their lives and fail. They lack **Personal Magnetism**. Others who possess it, get the best there is in life with little effort. It is not luck. They know the subtle art of influencing the minds of others to do their bidding. It is true that ambition, purpose, determination and perseverance are footsteps which lead to success, but **Personal Magnetism** underlies them all. It is that powerful mysterious influence which fascinates, controls and directs the human mind; the influence which raises a person from poverty to wealth; from obscurity to prominence. It is the inherent right of every human being. Thirty of the most distinguished professors in the largest Colleges and Universities in the world, say positively, that **Personal Magnetism** can be developed in any person of ordinary intelligence. Their opinions are contained in a

Remarkable New Book

sent free by the American College of Sciences. It is elegantly illustrated by the finest halftone engravings. All the inner secrets and hidden mysteries of **Personal Magnetism**, Hypnotism and Magnetic Healing are made as clear as day, and you are told exactly how to use them. It tells you how to acquire a secret influence and power over others; how to gain an increase in salary; how to cure disease and bad habits; how to lift yourself far above the fierce competition of the hungry thousands around you; how to make your life a well rounded success. Write for a copy to-day. It is **Absolutely Free.** Address a penny postcard, **American College of Sciences,** Dept. G R 11, 420, Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

THE Calton STYLO PEN

"ITS A JEWEL"

That is what every user says. So simple and yet so efficient. Cheaper than any other but just as good as the best. Complete in box with filler, post free, **3/-**

Jewel Fountain Pen, with Gold Nib, **5/-**. *All kinds repaired.*

JEWEL PEN CO. (Dept. 71), 102, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.

1/4 BOTTLES POST FREE FOR 1/3.

HAVE YOU **ECZEMA?** OR ANY SKIN TROUBLE?

If you have, do send to the Antexema Co. 83 Castle Road, London, N.W. naming this paper, for a Free Trial Sample of "ANTEXEMA," and get it cured.

"ANTEXEMA" THE STANDARD SKIN REMEDY.

COLOURED SHIRTS AND PYJAMAHS.

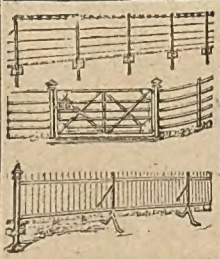
Very special quality and style, but prices are below those usually charged. Patterns are neat and artistic, and such as will be appreciated by gentlemen of refined taste. All goods are sold on the condition that money is returned if the purchaser is dissatisfied. **REGATTA PRINT SHIRTS**, undressed as from factory. Short Front and Square Cuffs, **2/11** each or **8/6** for **3**. **OXFORD CLOTH SHIRTS**, Double Fronts and Square Cuffs, **2/11** each, or **8/6** for **3**. **ZEPHYR**, or very fine Oxford, Soft Fronts and Square Cuffs, **3/6** each, **10/-** for **3**. **PYJAMAH SUITS**, really splendid value, **5/-**, **6/6**, **8/6**, and **12/6** each. All above goods sent CARRIAGE PAID. When ordering state size of collar worn, chest measurement, and height. Patterns of material, Catalogue of Shirts, Underclothing, &c., sent post free.

BLYTH'S EARL GREY ST EDINBURGH

DEFECTIVE SIGHT

Many people suffer from bad sight, or films and specks. All such should send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for his little book, "How to Preserve the Eyesight." This tells of **SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT**, a cure for all troubles of the eyes, eyelids, and eyelashes, having 300 years' reputation as the best remedy. Supplied in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each by all chemists & stores. Please note that it retains its healing virtues for years.

BAYLISS' FOR



IRON FENCING.

BAYLISS, JONES AND BAYLISS. WOLVERHAMPTON.

LONDON SHOW ROOMS, 139 & 141 CANNON ST. E.C. CATALOGUES FREE.

(LOW PRICES.)

Digitized by Google

What you get for your outlay is the important thing for you. Buying from us you get greatest value, the middle profits for yourself, and no risk or worry of the instalment system.

Our famous silver lever watches are ticking the time to millions.

THE "ACME" 25/-

Solid Silver Case, fine three-quarter plate movement, jewelled, fitted with dust and damp proof cap, and the latest patented improvements—these features are in our watches exclusively.

Sent Post Free by return, on receipt of your remittance 25/-, together with handsome free gift of a SOLID SILVER ALBERT. The full value is in the watch (seven years' warranty with it) the bonus is part of our system to encourage cash trading.

Write for our Free Catalogue,

260 pages, 3,000 engravings of watches, clocks, chains, rings, cutlery, etc. Full of money-saving information. Posted free to you.

H. SAMUEL, DEPT. 39, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

Use a "WARREN" 14-CT. GOLD NIB FOUNTAIN PEN.

It is the best pen made. You cannot buy a better for 21/-. Light, Durable, Ideal. Try one for a week. Of all Stationers, or send P.O. to Manufacturers, BURGE, WARREN & RIDGLEY, 91 and 92, Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C.

5/- POST FREE

AS GOOD AS MONEY CAN BUY

Money returned if you wish.

Drum in position.

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Magazine.

WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.

D. H. WILSON, 59, South Bridge, Edinburgh.

THE **WOLSEY**

(BRITISH MADE.)

UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR.

GUARANTEED ALL WOOL.

THE WOLSEY UNSHRINKABLE

WOLSEY Garments never shrink, and as a proof of good faith, the Manufacturers will replace, free of charge, any garment shrunk in washing.

For Men, Women, and Childrens' wear, in all sizes, Qualities, and Prices.

Of all Drapers, Hosiers, and Outfitters.

KEITH'S "CADZOW" OLD LIQUEUR WHISKY

SOLA NOBILITAT VIRTUS

AN EXQUISITE SPIRIT

KEPT IN BOND FROM 10 TO 13 YEARS

44/- PER DOZ. CASE CARRIAGE PAID

SAMPLE BOTTLE 4s

CASH WITH ORDER OR REFERENCE

JAMES KEITH, HAMILTON N.B.

OR ANY WINE MERCHANT.

Digitized by Google

One is always ready for company and never short of a quick meal when the pantry contains a tin of

Libby's whole Ox-Tongue

Makes dainty sandwiches for al-fresco lunches and picnic parties.

A boon to seaside visitors and holiday makers.

Gives an appetising and satisfying knife-and-fork meal without the trouble of cooking.

Libby's Tongues are whole Ox-Tongues put up in tins of various sizes with patent key opener. The Tongues are very carefully selected, thoroughly cooked and delicately flavoured, and the contents of every tin guaranteed. They slice evenly right through, and whether eaten from the plate or made up into sandwiches present a most inviting and appetising appearance. A tin of Libby's Ox-Tongue should be in every home during the summer months, while to those holidaying in the country or at the seaside and "finding themselves," it is well nigh indispensable.

When in doubt, try a tin of Libby's Ox-Tongue.

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.

Equal in size and quality to any machine. Will work by hand or treadle. 4 years' guarantee. To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. If desired can be paid 5s. **Monthly.** Write for terms, designs, samples of work. **Atlas Sewing Machine Co.,** 162E, High St., Camden Town, London; or 61, Seven Sisters Rd., and 14, High Rd., Kilburn. Mention ROYAL MAGAZINE.

MACKINTOSH'S EXTRA CREAM TOFFEE

is DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS! Purest of the Pure.

Sold everywhere. A Large Sample Packet sent Post Free 8 penny stamps.

J. Mackintosh Ld. The Toffee Mills, Halifax. Wholesale Dealers should stock this Toffee as it sells at sight.

HUMBER CYCLES

Strong, Light, Graceful *Smart, Speedy, Durable.*

Artistic Catalogue post free.

HUMBER, Ltd. 32, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Agents Everywhere.

THE POPULAR

SCOTCH IS "BLACK & WHITE"

WHISKY.

Those **Perfect Curves**

which give to women a beautiful figure, are produced quickly by **Diano.** It fills out all hollow and flat places, adds grace and beauty to the neck, so tens and clears the skin, adds charm and attraction to the plainest women. **Beautiful Women** everywhere owe their superb figures, perfect health and matchless loveliness to DIANO. Absolutely unfailing. Full information, new "Beauty Book," testimonials, etc., sealed. Free, in plain package. Address, Lady Manager, Espanola Medicine Co., A. T., Dept. 109, 203A, Regent Street, London, W.

Digitized by Google

Keep Cool and Healthy

. . by drinking regularly . .

"Montserrat"

Lime-Fruit Juice

which is universally admitted to be the purest and best, being pressed from the juice of *cultivated* Limes grown in the famous Island of Montserrat.

Dr. Inman mentions that neither tartaric acid, nor citric acids, nor lemon juice can be substituted for the real Lime-Fruit juice. Hence the powders and chemical crystals now advertised for making instantaneous lemonade and substitutes for Lime Juice have not the real thirst-quenching properties of "MONTSERRAT" Lime-Fruit Juice, and have no healthful effect.

The Public are warned against the many cheap imitations on the market. Lime Juice Cordial is now a fashionable as well as a healthful beverage, but the approved brand is the **"Montserrat" Limetta Cordial.** Strongly recommended as a healthful beverage by the Medical Profession.

"Montserrat"

Lime-Fruit Juice

"Montserrat" Lime-Fruit Juice was ordered by Lord Kitchener for Troops in Soudan and South Africa, and by American Government in Cuba and Philippines.

Digitized by Google

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding (48 pages) Free

The 'Allenburys' Foods.

Infants fed on the "ALLENBURYS" FOODS are saved from many of the digestive troubles and other disorders so common to hand-fed infants. *Write for Pamphlet.*

MILK FOOD No. 1.	MILK FOOD No. 2.	MALTED FOOD No. 3.
From birth to three months.	From three to six months.	From six months and upwards.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Plough Court, Lombard Street, LONDON.

AS SUPPLIED TO H.M. GOVERNMENT

THE GEM PURE WATER STILL

A Lesson from the South African War.

A recent Government Report states that, out of a total of 21,007 deaths from all causes, there were no less than 12,664 due to sickness, principally enteric fever, caused by drinking poisonous, microbe-laden water. The importance of pure water in relation to health needs no stronger testimony, showing, as this report does, that the ravages of water-borne disease are far more deadly than the hail of Mauser bullets.

Physicians are well aware that even ordinary misnamed "good" water is responsible for most of the sufferings of humanity in the guise of rheumatic and kindred complaints, kidney troubles, skin and blood diseases, liver complaints, stone in bladder, &c. Mere filtering is a subterfuge of no value, for so small are the germs of disease that they can escape through the pores of a filter hundreds abreast.

There is, indeed, only one method of obtaining pure water, and that is by distillation, and the only satisfactory, simple, economical domestic apparatus is the Gem Pure Water Still, which yields a plentiful supply of sparkling, oxygenated, palatable, distilled water. The apparatus, made from the finest copper plate lined with tin, is so simple that a child can operate it, yet is so efficient that it has received the endorsement of eminent physicians, scientists, travellers, missionaries, and others in all parts of the world.

Send for full particulars, free, or call and inspect it in operation.

Please mention ROYAL MAGAZINE.

SOLE MAKERS AND PATENTEES: The GEM SUPPLIES Co., Ltd.,
No. 11 Dept., 121, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

A REMARKABLE OFFER!

A TEST HOROSCOPE

For One Shilling.

Send a Postal Order for One Shilling, or 14 stamps, with the time, date, year, and birthplace, and we will satisfy you.
Address: R., EDITOR, "MODERN ASTROLOGY," 9, Lyncroft Grdns., West Hampstead, London, N.W.

MARTIN-SILENT:
CYCLE TOOL BAG.
Always Neat and Tidy.
More than Half Million Sold.

MARTIN-SILENT CYCLE SADDLES—OPINIONS

W. E. Simpson, Esq., writes "I have just completed 10,000 miles on your 070 saddle and cannot speak too highly in its praise."
Mrs. Housian says, she has ridden over 6,000 miles on our 075 saddle and has never known what it is to be saddle sore.
MARTINS-BIRMINGHAM, LTD. Granville St., Birmingham.

FREE! The BOOK of the *The British Masterpiece.* RALEIGH

Containing illustrated articles on cycle construction, &c. *Raleighs are recommended by all C.T.C. and other experts.* From £10 10/- or on easy terms.
THE BOOK, which also contains catalogue, may be obtained free from Raleigh agents everywhere, London Depot—41, Holborn Viaduct, or post free from The Raleigh Cycle Co., Ltd., Nottingham.

IS BEAUTIFULLY ENAMELLED IN ALL COLOURS

MAINTAINS A BRIGHT METALLIC & PLEASING APPEARANCE

VENETIAN BLIND

FIXES IN HALF THE SPACE OF A WOOD BLIND

HODKINSON & Co LTD SMALL HEATH BIRMINGHAM.

Digitized by Google

SOLD IN 16 OZ. TINS AT 1s.

"FRAME-FOOD" Best for Infants.

FREE TEST.
Sample of "FRAME-FOOD" or "FRAME-FOOD" JELLY sent free on receipt of 3d. for postage; both sent for 4d. postage. *(Mention this Magazine.)*

Full Particulars, with Analysis and Testimonials, sent free on application.

FRAME-FOOD CO., Ltd., Battersea, London, S.W.

Trial Bottle Post Free 7D.

N. M. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861), 30, Westbourne Grove, and 85, Great Portland St., London, W.

TO COLOUR
GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

MEDICAL GALVANISM.

HALE'S IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELTS and BATTERIES, for wearing next the body without blistering or injuring the skin. These appliances are PERFECT GENERATORS OF ELECTRICITY, and are most comfortable to wear. Price ONE GUINEA. RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, AND GOUT are speedily REMOVED by this Powerful Agent. ELECTRIC BELT and SUSPENSOR, price 42/-, for Men, for VARICOCELE, Nervous Debility, and Exhaustion. Bladder Weakness, &c. Pamphlets Gratis. Consultations Free.—HALE & SON, Medical Galvanists, 105, Regent Street, London, W. (Close to St. James's Hall.)

SIX GOLD MEDALS.
New Zealand, 1882; Calcutta, 1884; London, 1885; New Orleans, 1885; Southern States, 1886.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.

OVER HALF-A-CENTURY'S unrivalled and universal reputation as the *Best* and *Safest* Article for cleaning Silver and Electro-Plate. Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

GODDARD'S POLISHING CLOTHS, 3 in a Box, 1s.

Agents: OSMOND & MATTHEWS, London.

M. (Mainly)
A. (About)
P. (People.)

THE BEST KNOWN SOCIETY WEEKLY.

EDITED BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

SOME OF ITS FEATURES:

M.A.P. in Society.
M.A.P. in the Green Room.
M.A.P. at the Bar.
M.A.P. in Paris.
M.A.P. in the Boudoir.
M.A.P. in Parliament.
M.A.P. in the City.
M.A.P. in the Studio.
In the Days of My Youth. (Autobiographies.)
A Complete Novel Every Week.
Advice in Investments.
&c., &c., &c.

AT ALL BOOKSTALLS AND NEWSAGENTS.
EVERY THURSDAY, 1d.

Digitized by Google

Are You Weak?

Do You Want to be Strong?

To feel as vigorous as you ever did in your life? To enjoy life again? To once more have bright eyes, healthy colour in your cheeks, and be confident that what other men can do is not impossible to you? There is nothing so penetrating, nothing so invigorating, nothing that will relieve weakness and pain as speedily and surely as the RICHARDSON ELECTRO-GALVANIC BELT—it supplies the system with the very essence of Nerve Vigour and Nerve Strength.

The Richardson Electric Belt cures Rheumatism, Gout and Kindred Ailments, speedily removes Indigestion and all Liver Troubles, and proves an unfailing remedy for all forms of Kidney Disease, Pain and Weakness in the Back. It speedily restores health to delicate Women, and is a certain cure for every form of Nervous Weakness and General Debility in Men.

Pamphlets, with Testimonials, sent Post Free.

30 Days' Free Trial.

Every sufferer should write fully in confidence, mentioning most disagreeable symptoms, when, **as we are certain it will cure,** we will send a Belt on thirty days' free trial - if you are not perfectly satisfied return it to us; it costs you nothing to try it. Call, or write to-day. Address letters:—

A. M. RICHARDSON & CO., Medical Galvanists,
25, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

ARE YOU DEAF?

Here's a new help for the ears—a greater help than has been before invented—THE MURRAY EAR DRUM. It does what all other ear-drums have been trying to do. It does more. It actually makes the ear better. INVISIBLE and harmless (*no rubber or metal*), as soft as the ear itself; it weighs nothing to speak of; it is easy to adjust and comfortable. *Send for our Booklet.*

THE A.T. MURRAY COMPANY,
11, Century House, 205, Regent St., London, W

MURRAY EAR DRUM

To Economical Mothers!

MAYPOLE SOAP

DYES ANY COLOUR

No mess No Trouble

For Home Dyeing

A NEW BLOUSE for 4d.

MAYPOLE SOAP dyes CURTAINS FROCKS SILKS SATINS COTTONS & in fact EVERYTHING

COLOURS 4d. BLACK 6d.

A PRACTICAL PORTABLE SHOWER BATH

Tones both Body and Brain

18/6

A SHOWER WITHOUT A SHOCK.

The "Crescent," unlike a ring or yoke, does not chill the entire body at once. The stimulating reaction is confined to one part at a time, and the spray can be instantly removed or cut off. Can be used in the bedroom or bathroom, or may be attached to any tap and full force from main obtained, either hot or cold.

EFFICIENT — SAFE — HEALTHFUL.

A real health-giving luxury. A morning shower is a tonic to both body and brain. It exhilarates and invigorates. With the "Crescent" you can take your shower bath without trouble.

NO SPLASHING.
NO WETTING OF THE HAIR.

Write to-day for ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET No. 49, SENT FREE, and learn more about this health necessity.

Century Thermal Bath Ltd.
(Dept. 49), 2, Century House,
203, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

MACONOCHIE'S

Dainty Foods ARE OBTAINABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Marmalades, Jams and Soups

are all most carefully made from the purest and best materials. Maconochie's unique experience in preparing many millions of Rations for the War Office enables them to give the Public the best possible value.

MACONOCHIE BROS., LTD., 131, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

Google

"Let's Talk of Graves"

Shakespeare

The "EXPRESS" (Regd.) ENGLISH LEVER, £2 10s. 0d.

is the Standard British Timekeeper, and is worn by more people than any other watch.

It is guaranteed Pure **British** Manufacture throughout and Warranted 7 Years.

SPECIFICATION. First-grade English Lever Movement Capped and Jewelled, Safety Winding Pinion, Chronometer Balance, and all Latest Improvements.

TERMS. Send 5s. and the watch will be forwarded to you. If satisfied, complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of the same amount; or, HANDSOME BONUS PRESENT for full cash payment. If the watch fails to meet with your approval, return it, and your deposit will be refunded in full.

Send for our No. 1 Catalogue of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Cutlery and Plate, Fancy Goods, etc., etc., Post Free.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED in spare time. Persons in regular employment should write for terms and particulars.

50/-

J. G. GRAVES, 67, DIVISION STREET, SHEFFIELD.

CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN?

I consider the Electrical Engineer Institute conducted by Messrs Wolfe and Martin to be of great value to those who desire an Electrical education.

Thomas A. Edison

Yes, you can. We teach **Electrical Engineering** at your home **by mail** at a cost within the reach of anyone. **No matter where you live,** if you can read and write, we guarantee to teach you thoroughly. Our Institute is **endorsed by Thomas A. Edison** and other prominent men of U.S. and England. We teach also **Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, Electric Railways, Electric Lighting, Electric Motorman's Course, Short Electrical Course, Dynamo Tender's Course,** by Mail. Thousands are successful and gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our correspondence system. Write for our **Free Illustrated Book,** "Can I become an Electrical Engineer?" Remember a letter to United States requires 2½d. postage.

The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, Dept. 29, 240-242 West 23rd Street New York, U.S.A.

CONSULT THE ORACLE;

Or, How to Read the Future.

Crown 8vo., cloth, price 1s.; or, post free, 1s. 3d.

SOME OF THE 39 CHAPTERS ARE:

CHAPTER
I.—The Meaning of Your Dreams.
III.—Omens, Charms, and Spells for Lovers.
VII.—Judging Character by the Hands and Fingers.
XV.—Married Life Begun as It Should Be.
XXIV.—Table-Turning.
XXVIII.—Mystery and Danger of Mesmerism.

HOW to TAKE and FAKE PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY

CLIVE HOLLAND.

Author of "Practical Hints on Photography," "The Artistic in Photography," &c.

Crown 8vo., cloth, price 1s., or post free, 1s. 2d.

SOME OF THE CHAPTERS ARE:

The Dark Room. Cameras, Plates, and Films.
Exposure. Development of Negatives.
Printing Processes. Hints.

THE ART OF BEAUTY.

BY A

TOILET SPECIALIST.

Crown 8vo., cloth, price 1s., or post free, 1s. 2d.

Some of the Chapters are.

The Cure of Stoutness. The Cure of Leanness.
Exercise. The Figure.

THINGS A WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

With an Illustrated Section on

THE FOLDING of SERVIETTES.

Edited by "ISOBEL" of "Home Notes."

Crown 8vo., cloth, price 1s.; postage 2d. extra.

ORDER FORM, R.M.] *TO THE BOOK PUBLISHER,*
17, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Please send me a copy of **CONSULT THE ORACLE,** for which I enclose the sum of **1s. 3d.**
" " " **THINGS A WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW** " " " **1s. 2d.**
" " " **HOW TO TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS** " " " **1s. 2d.**
" " " **THE ART OF BEAUTY** " " " **1s. 2d.**

Name .....
Address .....

Digitized by Google

A GRAND INVENTION

For taking TURKISH (Hot Air or Vapour) Baths at Home for 1½d. each. It opens the millions of pores and draws out the poisons which cause disease. Thousands enjoy the **CENTURY THERMAL BATH** Weekly. It beautifies the complexion, prevents disease, cures colds, fevers, rheumatism, influenza, and all blood, skin, kidney, and nerve troubles. GUARANTEED. Thirty days' trial.

7/6 Book to buyers FREE. Price of Cabinet complete **25/-** to **70/-**. Write to-day, mentioning "Royal Magazine," for Catalogue No. 16, and Valuable Book FREE, CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, LTD. (Dept. 16), 203, Regent Street, London, W.

Hobbies

You Want a Camera,

but you are not sure which is the best kind to buy. Before you decide, send Sevenpence for Hobbies New Handbook on "**Hand Cameras and How to Use Them.**" This will give you all the information you want, and it will also tell you how to secure good photographs after you have bought your Camera.

HOBBIES NO. 4 HAND CAMERA.

This Camera costs 30s., or post free 30s. 6d. It holds twelve plates, and has the most modern movements. It is beautifully made and finished, and there is no Camera on the market at anything like the same price which can compare with it. We have sent this Camera literally all over the world, and we consider it to be by far the cheapest Hand Camera we have ever sold.

Send a Stamp for our Photographic Catalogue.

We sell Hand Cameras at from *5s. 6d.* to *42s.*, and Stand Cameras from *30s.* to *90s.*

Any of our Camera Outfits may be paid for by Weekly Instalments.

HOBBIES LIMITED, 12R, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

Also at the HOBBIES SUPPLY STORES:

166, Aldersgate Street, E.C.
153, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.C.
79, Walworth Road, S.E.
11, Lime Street, Liverpool.
75, High Street, Birmingham
326, Argyle Street, Glasgow.
118, Powis Street, Woolwich.

Agents in all Towns.

Write for No. 27 Catalogue.

From 10 guineas, including Free Wheel, 2 brakes, highest grade tyres.
The SWIFT CYCLE CO., LTD., COVENTRY.
London Depot: 15 & 16, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

CURES ANY DISEASE

A new and Wonderfully Successful Method of Curing all Chronic and Lingering Afflictions.

A Free Trial Package of this Remarkable Discovery will be Mailed to All Who Write.

Anyone who suffers from a weak, disordered condition of the heart, lungs, kidneys, stomach, blood, liver, skin, muscles, or nervous system should write at once for a free trial treatment of a new method that is rapidly displacing the old ways of curing disease.

Gout, partial paralysis, dropsy, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, neuralgia, or any other disease resulting from high living quickly and permanently removed by the new method.

Weakness or debility in any form, whether in man or woman, entirely eradicated from the system by the new treatment.

Consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, impure blood, heart disease, kidney and bladder trouble, and liver complaint cured to stay cured by the doctor's wonderful remedies.

If you are the victim of any malady or sickness which you have long wanted to get rid of, try one of Dr. Kidd's free treatments, and see how easy it is to be cured when the proper means are employed.

If you have aches or pains, don't feel well at times, if you are despondent and discouraged, tired out, it is because you have some terrible disease lurking in your system.

Why not write to Dr. Kidd, get a free trial treatment, and let him show you how quickly you can be cured by his new method? It makes no difference what your peculiar ailment may be. Dr. Kidd will send you a trial treatment entirely free of charge to prove to you that he can do as he claims.

Write to-day telling the doctor what you wish to be cured of, and receive the free treatment for it by return mail. There are no conditions whatever. Dr. Kidd's generous offer is meant for everybody who suffers from disease in any of its various forms. Address Dr. Jas. W. Kidd, 430, Baltes Block, Fort Wayne, Ind., U.S.A. No one should miss this grand opportunity of securing the benefits of the doctor's latest discovery, since it costs you nothing.

Digitized by Google

WHAT'S IN YOUR FUTURE?

You Can Make or Mar it as You Will— Success May Be Yours.

What is your future to be? Do you want and expect power, position and authority? Do you hope for wealth, fame or renown? Would you possess those forceful magnetic qualities that bend other men's wills to your own—those latent forces that enable you to make master strokes in the world of business and finance and become a leader of men in every sense the term implies? Do you long for social power? Do you care to be able to cure all diseases and bad habits without drugs or medicines of any kind?

All these things are possible for those who master the hidden mysteries of **Personal Magnetism** and **Hypnotism.** Over 100,000 men and women have made themselves wealthier, more successful, blessed with power over their fellows and a complete mastery over disease simply by following the methods we teach. In business, in politics, in the home, in the church, in society, at school and college, the master of hypnotic power succeeds where others fail.

Your future depends on yourself

You can overcome the difficulties of circumstances and environments and be absolute master of your destiny. You can triumph over obstacles, become a power among men and make your life a grand success if you will but master the most wonderful sciences of a scientific age—Hypnotism and Personal Magnetism.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING

to obtain a copy of our beautifully illustrated book by Dr. X. LaMotte Sage. It tells you all about **Personal Magnetism, Hypnotism** and **Magnetic Healing,** etc. You can learn at home in a few days and wield a wonderful power and influence. **We guarantee success or forfeit $1,000 in gold.** Read the unsolicited testimony of those who know from actual experience whereof they speak, and write for this wonderful book today. **Remember, it's free.**

CHAS. M. EWARD, BOX 471, Kalamazoo, Mich., writes:—"Your work has been a complete revelation to me. I have developed a power I never dreamed I could acquire."

G. B. STEWART, of Elkhart, Ind., writes:—"I advise every person who wants to better his condition in life to write for your free book; it is full of invaluable information." Address a 1d. post-card

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE,
Dept. K.L. 11, Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED

Woman's Exhibition, London, 1900.

NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR

INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN INVALIDS AND THE AGED.

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, City, and County Analyst.

"This is an excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

JAMES COLE.

HOLDICH STREET,
MIDLAND ROAD,
PETERBOROUGH,
December 16th, 1901.

DR. RICE.

Dear Sir,

It gives me great pleasure to bear testimony as to the efficacy of your treatment for your cure of Rupture. Mine was a bad rupture, and when I saw your advertisement in the paper I felt rather doubtful as to a permanent cure; but I am thankful that I tried it, and am glad to say that I do not feel anything of it now. It was just the treatment I wanted, and I have not been disappointed, as it has quite cured me. I shall be glad if I can be helpful to any of my fellow sufferers by telling them of your remedy for Rupture, and you are at liberty to use this letter in any way you think best to induce others afflicted with rupture to avail themselves of your valuable remedy.

Very gratefully yours—JAMES COLE.

I publish this letter, with Mr. Cole's permission, to show that Rupture can be cured. To more fully introduce this method, I will send, in a plain sealed package, a sample of the treatment, a book explaining the method, and a list of cures.

Address all letters to

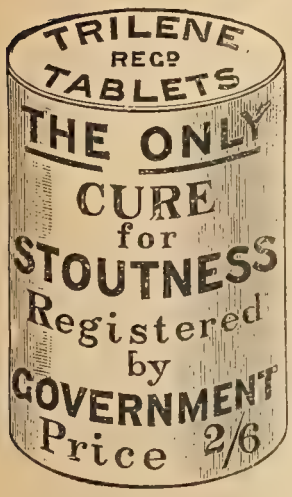
DR. W. S. RICE,
229, STONECUTTER ST., LONDON, E.C.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

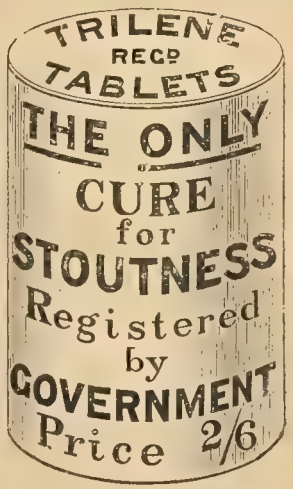


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough, says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Rollit, of North Farm, Letwell, says: "Tablets have done a world of good—reduced 14lb. already without altering diet."

Mr. Gibbs, 147, Richmond Park, Kimberworth, writes: "Pleased to say Tablets reduced me 31lb."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid; as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same comp'etely.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Suffered untold trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs O'Connor, 2, Kensington Square Mansions, London, writes: "I am much less stout for taking them."

Mrs. Pearce, of Armstrong Road, Benwell, writes: "I am reduced from 12st. to 9½st., and do not get any heavier."

Count Ehrenwaud, of Liatorp, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. Kay, of "The Cross Keys," Upwood, writes: "Great benefit from Tablets. To my surprise they reduced me 8lb. the first week."

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

Miss Jane Carter, of Forthampton House, Tewkesbury, says: "The Tablets are of the greatest value. I am reduced many stone, and shall be pleased to recommend them."

Mr. Thos. Blakely, of 37, The Grove, Bedford, writes: "I have lost a little over 42lb since taking your Tablets, and my case causes much local interest."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

KODAK

PHOTOGRAPHY IS EASY PHOTOGRAPHY.

No need of any previous experience or any technical knowledge whatever. No need for a dark room for changing the films. Kodak cameras are readily mastered by anyone in a few minutes from perusal of the handbook of simple instructions.

Kodaks from 5s. to £7 7s.

Of all leading photographic dealers, or of—

KODAK Ltd. and Reduced, **43, CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C.**

Branches:—

96, Bold Street, Liverpool.
72-74, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.
59, Brompton Road, S.W.
60, Cheapside, E.C.
115, Oxford Street, W.
171-173, Regent Street, W.
40, Strand, W.C.

IMPORTANT.—Beware of imitations of Kodak Cameras, and of Kodak Roll Films. None are genuine unless bearing the registered name *KODAK*.

Is your Coffee all it might be?

Good Coffee depends on so many things—care in making, properly roasted and newly ground beans, amongst others—and usually the time and trouble involved in ensuring these things right does not repay you.

Your Coffee will be all it should be if you use

PATERSON'S

"CAMP"

COFFEE,

which has the strength, aroma, and richness of newly roasted, newly ground Coffee in a handy, portable and imperishable form.

No uncertainty as to results. The same quality always. No labour.

Boiling Water only required. All leading grocers keep it.

One large Bottle will make 40 cups of Delicious Coffee.

HAVE A FILTER

and Avoid the many Dangers of **BAD WATER.**

MAIGNEN'S

"FILTRE RAPIDE"

Is the most suitable for household use.

Lord Wolseley says: "It filtered the water both quickly and well."

Prices from 12/6.

From all Chemists and Ironmongers, or

MAIGNEN'S Ltd
15, Ct MARLBORO' ST,
LONDON, W.

Ugly Boots

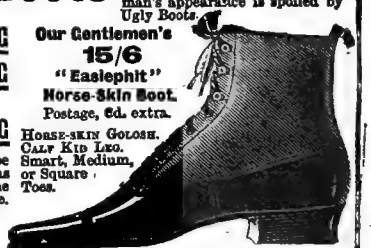
Too little attention is often devoted to the selection of footwear, and many a well-dressed man's appearance is spoiled by Ugly Boots.

GOOD LOOKING
GOOD FITTING
AND
GOOD WEARING

Boots can be had just as cheap as the ugly article.

Our Gentlemen's 15/6 "Easiephit" Horse-Skin Boot.
Postage, 6d. extra.

HORSE-SKIN GOLOSH.
CALF KID LEG.
Smart, Medium, or Square Toes.



Write for our Catalogue (over 300 illustrations) sent post free. When ordering state size usually worn, send shape of foot on paper or an old boot. Terms, Cash with order.

GREENLEES & SONS,
341 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

BENGER'S FOOD is not only highly nutritive, but is most easily digested, and is so delicious that it is enjoyed by Infants, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.

Benger's Food

The *London Medical Record* says:
'It is retained when all other foods are rejected.'
The *British Medical Journal* says:
"Benger's Food has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists &c., everywhere

Digitized by Google

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

The copyright in the contents of this number, both letterpress and illustrations, is strictly reserved.

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1902.

		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER designed by S. Nation.		
MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER IN "BEN HUR"... ... ... From a Photograph by Langfier.		*Frontispiece*
FROM THE STALLS ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.		307
THE STORY OF A SUBMARINE. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by Warwick Goble.	W. F. ALEXANDER	312
FIRE FIGHTERS ... ... Illustrated by J. J. Cameron.	L. CORBALLY	321
FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE. The Great Competition		329
THE TEMERITY OF THEODORE. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by R. Pannett.	JOHN TOMPKINS	331
THE ROOF DWELLERS IN NEW YORK ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	GEORGE E. MAYOR	336
MY LITTLE HOLIDAY. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by Tom Browne.	FOX RUSSELL	339
SHADOWS ON THE SCREEN ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	C. LANG NEIL	346
THE EDINBURGH MYSTERY. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by P. B. Hickling.	BARONESS E. ORCZY	349
LIGHT WEIGHTS AND FALSE MEASURES ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	H. J. HOLMES	358
THE LETTER... ... ... Illustrated with Drawings.	MARGARET E. CALDWELL	361
HOW NAT MARKS BOUGHT THE REGALIA. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by P. Bell.	HEADON HILL	362
HIGH ART IN THE KITCHEN ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	W. T. CAROLAN	369
PHŒBE OF "THE THREE PIGEONS." A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated with Drawings.	SEWELL FORD	375
LIONS AS FAMILY FRIENDS ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	ERROLL STANHOPE	381
THE BURGLARS' ALARM. A Poem ... ... Illustrated by Lawson Wood.	B. F. H. P.	385
ANSWERED IN PERSON. A Story in Documents	OWEN OLIVER	388
CARPET SPINNING ... ... Illustrated with Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.	PHIL LANDER	393
CAP AND BELLS. Illustrated with Drawings		397

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—VII. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 may also be had, price 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

We desire to express our indebtedness to Mlle. Genée, of the Empire, for her valuable assistance in preparing the article entitled "The Art and Agony of Toe-Dancing" in the June Number of the ROYAL.

Printed by HORACE COX, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS ABROAD.

GAZE'S POPULAR TOURS

leave LONDON frequently during the season for

PARIS, ANTWERP & BRUSSELS,

HOLLAND, THE RHINE & BELGIUM,

and other favourite resorts.

Gaze's new programmes, sent gratis.

Gaze's Continental Time Table, correct, compact, complete, of all Booksellers, 1/-; or from Publishers by post, 1/2.

Address correspondence to—

HENRY GAZE & SONS, Gaze House, London, E.C.;

or apply at branches, 53, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; 150, Piccadilly, W.; 32, Westbourne Grove, W.

Telegrams, "Gaze, London." Telephone 3,000, 1, 2, 3, Holborn.

Gaze's Interpreters at the Chief Continental Termini.

"THE SUN NEVER SETS"

THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

UPON THE MILLIONS CONSUMING

BIRD'S CUSTARD

POWDER

The unfailing resource of every successful housekeeper.
NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Photo by Langfier.

CONSTANCE COLLIER.

A veritable Cleopatra among women; gorgeously beautiful of face, magnificent of figure, with a voice so musical and resonant that once having heard it you can never forget it—such is Miss Collier. And yet the possessor of all these charms is the most modest and retiring of women. To the blandishments of the enterprising journalist, which so few modern actresses can withstand, she shows a very cold shoulder. "I make it a rule never to be interviewed"—and this rule is a veritable law of the Medes and Persians. Her superb art is all she allows the public to know of her, and if the public is not satisfied with this it is indeed hard to please.

Google

FROM THE STALLS

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

ETHEL IRVING.

Delicate, pretty, naïve, *chic*, and any amount of other adjectives belong to this young lady, whom everybody should see in "The Country Girl." "I am never so happy as when at the theatre, and always look forward to the evening simply because I am keenly fond of my profession. Otherwise, gardening is my favourite hobby; I love riding, and last, but not least, fishing. I am proud to say that many a fat trout has fallen to my rod."

All this is very charming, and completes the picture of a really delightful girl.

Vol. VIII.—August, 1902.—No. 46.

Digitized by Google

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

MADGE VINCENT.

She is only nineteen, and has been on the stage since she was fourteen, starting under the wise auspices of the late Mr. R. Doyly Carte. "Have you heard me sing?" she writes: "I have an exceptional voice (soprano), and I train with Mr. G. K. Alderson, and he is very proud of me, and he reckons I will make a name for myself, as I am such an excellent actress. Everybody thought me great as 'Nancy'." Off the stage she dearly loves a gallop over the fields of her Norfolk home, and as an equestrienne is unsurpassed.

Google

Paolo, Ellis and Walery.

HENRY AINLEY.

It is said that on the first night of "Paolo and Francesca," Mr. Stephen Phillips's beautiful play, when Mr. Ainley stepped on the stage, a faint sigh of admiration greeted him from all the fairer members of the audience. And if, instead of being brilliant as it was, his performance had been bad, he would certainly have been forgiven—by the ladies at least. Such is the power of a handsome face and superb presence. Mr. Ainley is very young—only twenty-one—and very lucky to have been cast for such a magnificent *rôle* as Paolo so early in his career.

Digitized by Google

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT (Mrs. Forbes-Robertson).

The spare moments of this charming lady, and they are few, for there is no harder worker on the stage than Gertrude Elliott, are given to out-of-door amusements — gardening, golfing (she is a most enthusiastic devotee), and riding. An accomplished actress, she is also an accomplished musician and singer and takes a weird delight in whistling solos in the privacy of her garden.

J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

The photograph shows him as Mark Embury in the delightful comedy "Mice and Men." Don't you think the costume suits him wonderfully? But he looks well in every costume. Mr. Forbes-Robertson was not originally meant for the stage. He started life as a painter, but threw it up—to the joy of all lovers of the theatre—for acting many years ago. Like his charming wife, "Miss Ge trude Elliott," he is a zealous patron of the golf links.

Photos by Downey.

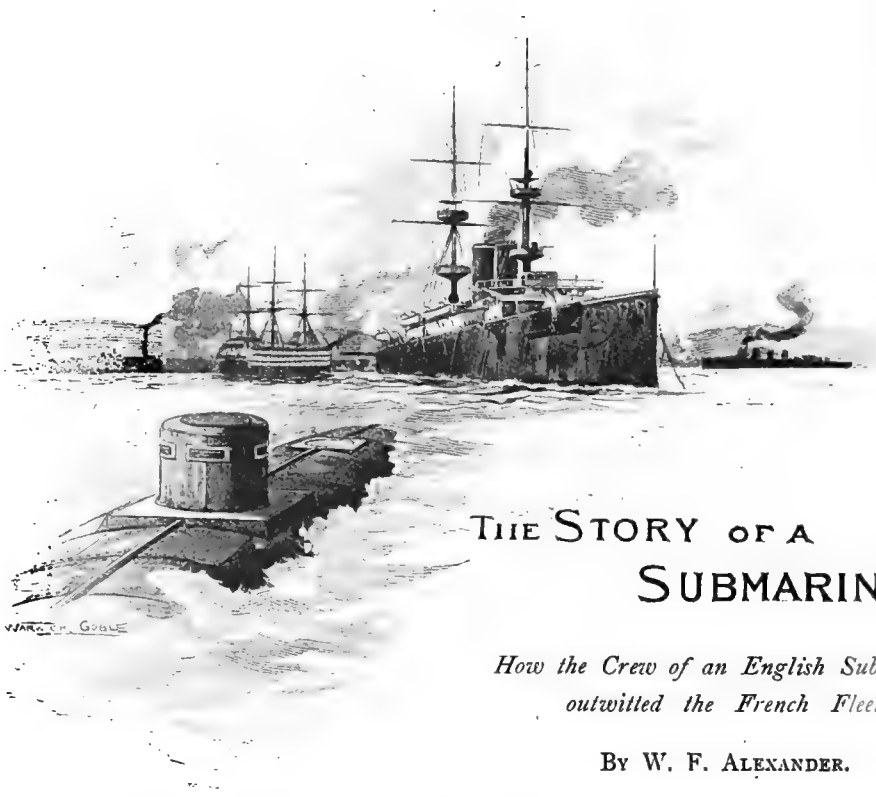
Digitized by Google

Photo by Reutlinger.

ANNA HELD.

She has the reputation of having played and sung in more towns and cities than any living actress, and of dressing with even more daring magnificence than Liane de Pougy and the celebrated Otero. She is Parisian to her finger tips—very Parisian; but she hails originally from the United States, which may account for the wonderful beauty of her complexion—a beauty French women cannot be said to possess, although they are experts at acquiring it. And Anna Held nurses this complexion of hers with daily milk baths. She has, moreover, beautiful eyes.

Digitized by Google



The Story of a Submarine

How the Crew of an English Submarine outwitted the French Fleet.

By W. F. Alexander.

It was an ugly moment for the watchers on the deck of the big cruiser when H.M.S. *Intrepid* disappeared from sight. Her queer, porpoise-shaped hull went down without a sound, leaving the little round conning-tower sticking out of the waves like an exaggerated oil-cask ; then, in the time a man took to rub his eyes, that had gone too, not leaving so much as a ripple on the wintry sea.

War had broken out a couple of months before, but in spite of the feverish expectations of the world at large, nothing decisive had yet happened. There had been captures of merchant vessels, running fights between small craft; but the great battles that had flamed on evening posters, shaking the Stock Exchange and terrifying the suburbs, had none of them occurred. The most striking event hitherto had been the blowing up of an English first-class cruiser in the Channel. Many people were positive that this sudden and murderous catastrophe was the work of one of the enemy's submarine boats; others said the unlucky ship had blundered on to a mine.

But the British public at large leapt at the former view, and roared with all its might to the Admiralty to let our side have a turn with a submarine or two. Then the Admiralty, though visibly shrugging its shoulders at the whole thing, hastily commissioned a craft, not by any means of the most modern construction, which they had christened H.M.S. *Intrepid*. Well they might, for it was this vessel that was now engaged in the dark and desperate attempt to creep into Brest harbour and there inflict what damage she might.

The men on board her, all volunteers for this particular service, called her H.M.S. *Dead-an'-done-with*. The name seemed to the point, when those who had time to spare took their last look at a grey sea and lowering sky, and Lieutenant Cust, in command, took his stand by the lever connections and started the submersion. The actual sinking was nothing, it was rather like the motion of a lift in an hotel, but the moral sensation was indescribable. All the more so perhaps, because, to a casual glance, the between decks of the *Dead-an'-done-with* presented a very ordinary spectacle.

It was a small iron-walled space, half of it full of cylinders and electrical apparatus; near the centre stood the wheel with Quartermaster Binns handling the spokes, in front

Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

under a white-hot circle of light the compass and table with charts spread out. The men were mostly forward by the torpedo tubes; some of the officers, Harding, the second lieutenant, and Devine, a midshipman awaiting his step, were not in evidence just now. Bending over the chart stood the Commander, rigid as the iron fittings round him, his eyes following the ship's course and never lifted for a second except when he shot a word over his shoulder at the equally rigid quartermaster.

The exact nature of their mission was well known to every man on board. *The Dead-an'-done-with* was to creep along in that strange underworld of sea, with no lights, with not even the sight of rocks or the white splash of breakers to help her shape her course through the network of shoals where tides and currents played in a devil's maze, nothing but compass bearings and the dead reckoning to be held with an iron grasp of the brain, to take her through.

She would rise again then, strike her blow, and Hell would open round her. A wild dance of searchlights, the crash of shells, the tearing of maxims, and as her torpedoes flew to their aim the *Dead-an'-done-with* was to sink once more—with a whole skin if she could—and the problem of rising again was a thing it was better to keep one's mind away from. "Day o' Judgment most likely," said the seamen, at least those who said anything.

The silence in that brightly lighted cabin, the hollow steel cylinder in which they were imprisoned, was a rare and terrible one. As the submarine crept steadily on, the throb of the electrical engine could scarcely be heard, and the sound of the sub-lieutenant's feet as he paced the length of the vessel began to grow monotonous.

* * * *

The vessel was now barely half a mile from the enemy's mines.

"We're in thirteen fathoms here, we go down nine," Cust explained in an aside to his sub.—then his eyes fixed themselves on the pulsating needles of the instruments ranged in front of him. For about ninety seconds not a sound, but now and then a man's breath drawn in a quick hiss, then the order "Stop," and the bell rang sharply once.

"Well under them, I think," Cust remarked.

He laid the emphasis on "think"; the fifty odd feet of water over their head, sufficiently dreadful before, seemed slight protection against the mines charged with high explosives that must be floating and bobbing with the tide a few yards away. The ship forged ahead again, or at least the needle said so; and just then young Devine came aft to report "tackle all right, sir," seemingly quite unaware of their interesting position. And so they continued for about four minutes, or time to cover half a sea mile.

Suddenly there was a faint, dull shock, as though the *Dead-an'-done-with* was rubbing shoulders with somebody, and for a second panic came to those on board her. The eyes of the men at the levers looked wild in the glare of the electric light, young Devine went pale; perhaps no one but Cust was not visibly shaken.

"That's not a rock or a shoal; it didn't grind, it gave a bit, eh?" the Commander said to Harding, the second lieutenant.

"Can't make it out," said the latter.

"Beg pardon, sir, p'rhaps a ship sunk there," put in the quartermaster from the wheel.

"Hm'm," the sub-lieutenant whispered to Cust, "I was thinking it might be one of their submarines, eh?" and for a moment the two men looked haggardly at each other.

"They can't find us any more than we can find them, d'ye suppose?" the sub. concluded.

Cust changed the conversation.

"We are about two miles up the harbour now, Mr. Harding. I shall rise slowly at an angle of about one in forty. Of course, we can't count on the currents at this depth, so she may come up a bit off her course. When a submersion of only ten feet is indicated will you kindly go to the conning-tower and report to me as soon as any of her is clear?"

Harding first went forward and had a good look at the torpedo tubes, which were thoroughly ready for business. Then a glance at the indicator, and he swung himself up the little steel ladder and glued his face to the glazed porthole. All he had to do was to watch that dank, self-crusted dead-light, till the darkness of the water gave place to the darkness of the night, when the *Dead-an'-done-with* put her head out into it.

Minutes passed; then a whistle from the engine-room tube. Half involuntarily he bent over the companion-ladder to listen, and heard a voice reporting: "Engineer says, sir, the propeller's running stiff. He thinks it's fouled something!" Harding whistled on his own account, and turned back to his watch at the dead-light. The propeller, thank goodness, was no business of his.

More minutes went by, and the silence of

Digitized by Google

the dark little conning-tower got decidedly unpleasant. Harding pressed his ear against the glass, listening for that first wash of the sea; but not a sound, for the deadly quiet of the water round and above him, the ship might as well have been at the bottom of the Atlantic.

At last he bent down to the light on the stairway, and looked at his chronometer. It was 12.40—twenty minutes later than the time when they should have got to the surface, allowing ample margin for unforeseen delay.

The *Dead-an'-done-with* would want a long spell of night to escape in, supposing she got the chance; but the probability of this spell being shortened was not so bad as the startling question of what it was that delayed her.

Harding's mind revolved ugly possibilities —failure of the generators, or of the pressure gauges, or any of those immensely delicate machines with which the *Dead-an'-done-with* was crammed. They were not good to think about, these chances; yet they forced themselves on one's contemplation in that grimly silent spell of waiting. And still not a sign of the ship emerging; no change at all that a man's senses could observe. At last a whistle, and the speaking-tube summoned him below.

* * * *

In descending he missed the second rung of the ladder, which struck him as odd, and somehow shook his nerve. Cust still stood over the chart, as outwardly imperturbable as ever.

"It's a rum thing," he said. "The engineer says the propellers are working worse all the time. He can hardly get four knots out of her now; but look at the gauge. Only two feet submersion, and twenty minutes ago there were over five. Seems she is moving slower and rising faster. Now, what in thunder does that mean?"

"Tide?" said Harding doubtfully.

"The tide's stronger against her," answered the Commander. "I can't figure it out, can you?"

For a moment Harding said nothing. He was looking along the deck with a glance that travelled several times over the same space.

"Isn't she canted up rather queerly?" he said at last in a voice not like his own.

"You notice it too? I thought it was fancy. Then we're stuck!"

The sick look that passed between the two men said measureless things. A moment after Cust had rung up the engines and given the order for full speed astern.

"We'll see if that moves her," he said coolly. "Heaven knows how long she has been pounding into it."

It was the indicator's turn to speak now. If it showed an increasing depth of water above, the *Dead-an'-done-with* would be moving back from the shoal that held her in its slimy clutch; if not—well, then, her name just told the truth. Minutes passed while they watched the oscillating needles, and very slowly they spelled out their final message. Inch by inch the submersion grew less, till from two feet it had gone down to eighteen inches, and the situation grew clear beyond doubt. It was the ebbing tide overhead creeping down to them, and the *Dead-an'-done-with* was stuck fast.

"Three hours to ebb yet," said Harding at last. "We can get the hands ashore all right."

"Yes, that's right enough," Cust answered in a curiously dead voice. "But the ship's lost——" and he turned sharply away, for it was his first command.

* * * *

Very slowly the water sank away from the deadlight in the conning-tower, till at last the thing could be opened, and Harding had his chance of a look round. The clear night air rushed against his face with an immense refreshment, but outside everything was pitch black, not a star to be seen and no lights visible, of course, on the ships or shore. After a time his seaman's eye could make out the curve of the great land-locked bay, then a few dim shapes, where the grey of the nearer water merged in the general murkiness, and these probably were some of the enemy's torpedo craft. The *Dead-an'-done-with* was lying close to the shore, and nearly a mile out of her course.

"The confounded under current," Cust said briefly when the sub. reported. "Get out that collapsible boat; we shall want it soon."

The first boat load—the little craft only carried eight—rowed ashore with muffled oars, and so the mournful procession went on, two men working the boat each journey till all had landed.

As Cust stepped off the dripping deck he looked like a man whose spring had gone, a man simply and stoically accepting disaster. There was a miserable, hang-dog look about the little crowd when mustered on the beach, and for a minute or two the Commander did and said nothing to check the depression.

Digitized by Google

For at least a minute Cust had been standing stock-still, while his sub-lieutenant awaited instructions.

"There's one thing," he said at last, in a pondering way, "we didn't expect to be here, and they don't expect us here, either."

"No more idea than the dead," said Harding with a hollow cheerfulness.

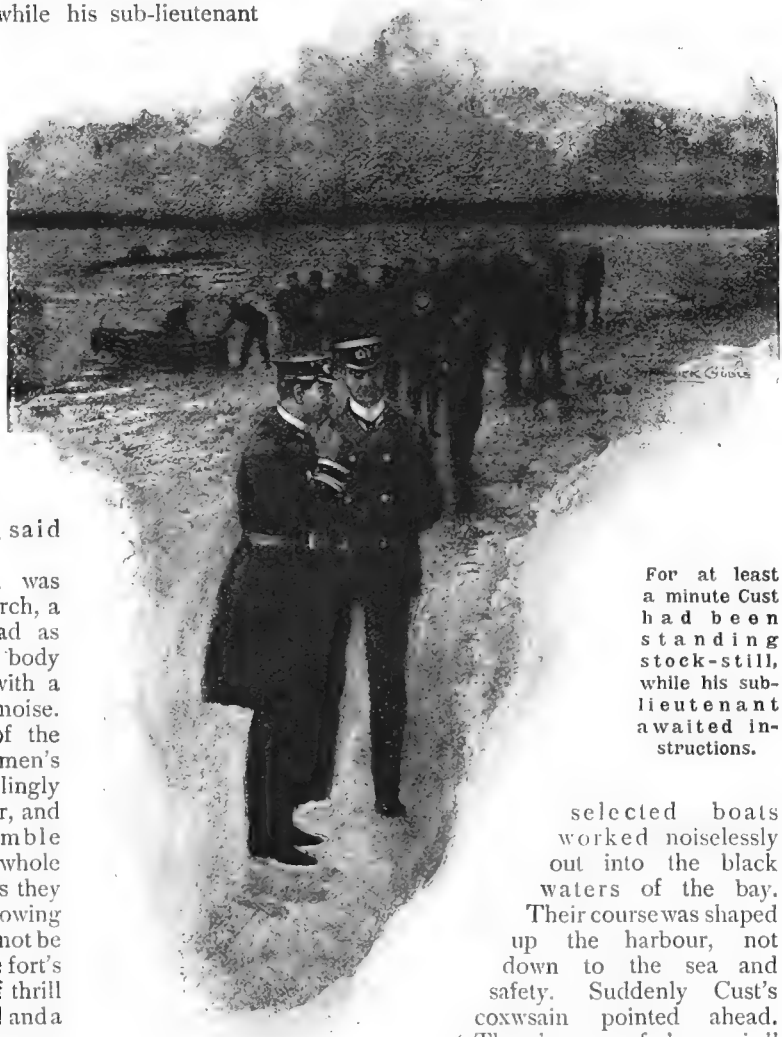
"Then we may do something. We must find boats," the Commander said calmly.

The little crowd was soon got on the march, a few men going ahead as scouts, the main body spread out loosely with a view to minimise noise. But the crackling of the shingle under the men's feet sounded appallingly loud on the night air, and an occasional stumble seemed to set the whole bay echoing. Then as they plodded on, not knowing if the next step would not be into the radius of some fort's quick firers, a sort of thrill ran through the crowd and a rapidly whispered message came back. "Boats—they've found boats, sir."

The boats, four or five of them, were drawn far up on the beach. The officers hastily took stock of them, then consulted together, while the late *Dead-an'-done-with's* stood by with reawakening interest.

"They think the entrance is guarded—not expecting anything here," they heard the Commander say in his unagitated voice; then short phrases, caught on the wing: "Best try it," "we must do something," and—"Run out in her afterwards." And the last phrase, without explanation or comment, sent an electric shock among the *Dead-an'-done-with's* that made them alive again. The three selected boats worked noiselessly out into the black waters of the bay. Their course was shaped up the harbour, not down to the sea and safety. Suddenly Cust's coxwsain pointed ahead. "There's one of 'em, sir," he whispered. About two hundred yards from them was the long rakish hull of a torpedo boat, lying at her moorings and showing no light, and at a sign from Cust's hand the men eased.

"Not a shot to be fired," he said sharply, as men began to feel after their revolvers. "They don't expect us in row-boats; we may surprise 'em—no noise!" The men kept still as mummies, but at that moment the sentry on the torpedo boat challenged and the click of his rifle followed. The answer he got was a peculiar one. Young Devine standing up in the stern of his boat began to sing, rollicking out a song in French, or a colourable imitation of it, with a kind of gusto and



For at least a minute Cust had been standing stock-still, while his sub-lieutenant awaited instructions.

Digitized by Google

a certain quaver that lent an admirable effect of intoxication.

Madame Thomas
Est ma voisine——

"Gone off his chump, ought to be knocked on the head," growled one of the hands.

"Give way, men, slow stroke, and splash your oars," Cust ordered. The sentry seemed struck by the jovial air of his visitors, he was talking now, his voice plainly indicating perplexed inquiry and remonstrance. To fire on intoxicated fellow-countrymen would be doubly harsh, yet the accent of his next sentence was menacing.

Cust raised himself in the stern sheets holding something in his hand, while young Devine sang on with mad gaiety.

Elle est plate devant,
Elle est plate derr——

Whizz!—the boat-hook flew like an assegai from Cust's hand straight for the unlucky sentry whom it felled, his rifle clanging loudly on the deck. In another moment the boats were alongside, the men climbing like cats over the low freeboard, and in a very few minutes the Frenchmen were prisoners and the vessel was in the hands of the British crew.

The *Hirondelle*—that was her name—was a fair prize. But a moment or two later the engineer of the *Dead-an'done-with* emerged from below with a singularly blank face.

"There's no steam on her, sir; fires all cold, sir," he said, with a voice that implied utter irresponsibility.

"Well, get it up now," Cust ordered.

"I don't fairly understand these engines, sir," the man said apologetically; "but it can't be done, anyways, not before morning."

"Very well, get it up then," Cust replied with entire calm. "That will suit us very well," he added, turning to Harding.

The latter stared, as perhaps was excusable. The prize was as incapable of motion as any log till day lit up the hostile port, where she lay surrounded by big ships and forts that could crush her as easily as a man crushes a fly.

Harding permitted himself the liberty of advising his superior officer.

"If you try running out of this by daylight they'll sink us as easy as sneezing," he observed, waving a hand at large towards the still invisible enemy.

"Just so; but I don't propose to run out till to-morrow evening," the Commander said blandly.

Harding stared again.

"D'ye think we can keep it up all that time?"

"I don't know. We must get hold of their signal book," said the Commander.

Day dawned upon two officers of the British Navy engaged with drawn faces and haggard eyes in studying a quite infernal complication of unfamiliar flags comprising the enemy's secret code of signals. Deep as they were in it, they were roused to look at the enemy himself, visible at last in the sharp light of the winter morning. In the inner harbour some half mile away lay the big fleet, the dark heavy hulls of the battleships seeming to loom up close and threatening, and beyond them black wreaths of smoke and a distant clang of hammers marked the dockyard. Much nearer was a long row of torpedo boats, of which the *Hirondelle* was No. 1, but with a gap of two places in the line between her and her nearest neighbour, a gap which explained a good deal. And as they gazed at it all, what caught men's eyes most was a flag, the enemy's flag, flying on ships and forts, with its three colours flaunting the light with a gay air of being at home.

"We won't be showing our colours at present," the sub-lieutenant remarked.

Presently a steam launch came puffing out of the inner harbour, threading her way, as was judged by her course, through a network of sunken defence.

She came nearer, heading straight on, then, at about a quarter of a mile's distance, she was seen to intend passing them just ahead.

The launch went about her business, but scarcely were they quit of her when a new trouble was upon them. A long row of signal flags fluttered from the rigging of one of the big battleships, and set the two Britons tearing feverishly through the pages of the (extra-private) code. "That's the flagship, anyway," Cust said, pausing. "Now, who the blazes is she talking to?"

He turned more pages and swore softly, for the signal was still gibberish to him.

Harding swept the harbour with his glass. "It's all right," he said; "they're answering from over there."

"Yes, but I'd give three months' pay to know what our dashed number is," Cust complained. For that vital fact was just what they did not know.

The first hours of the morning passed slowly, punctuated by little incidents like these. At any moment the flagship might address herself to the *Hirondelle*, and, if the answer was unsatisfactory, investigation would follow. And then?

Digitized by Google

"Cut, and run; but no chance," the commander snapped, when the question was put to him.

It was about noon when the admiral hung out a whole screed of signals, which was promptly answered by one of the torpedo craft astern. Then a second screed, and the sense of an awful pause, while the leaves of the secret code were fluttered rapidly.

"Can't quite make it out. I say," Harding suggested, "how would it be to take one of those beggars below and make him signal—with a revolver, you know?"

"No go—might be a good man and give us away," Cust said tersely. "We must spell it out ourselves somehow."

"Someone is to go to sea," Harding remarked, spelling it out. "Reconnoitre about ten miles out. By Gad, Cust, it's us, we are to go to sea. They are sending us out; that's what that other signal means. And no one else is answering it," he concluded irresistibly.

"Hm-m," Cust said, thoughtfully; "you are not to engage the enemy," he went on, reading the signal. "Well, I must say, that's thoughtful of him. Now, I suppose, we must repeat it."

As the news spread among the crew, a large guffaw went round, and young Devine, who had been soundly asleep for some hours, was only restrained by his superior officers' presence from dancing a triumphant breakdown on deck.

"There is one thing that bothers me," Harding was saying, presently. "Suppose they expect us to go out first; we don't know the channel, you see—we might knock up against mines and things."

"Ah! but there's another fellow getting up steam too. She must give us a lead," Cust said, with a sort of chuckle.

In another moment the boats were alongside, the men climbing like cats over the low freeboard.

When the critical moment came, the seamanship displayed by the *Hirondelle* was positively abject. She failed to answer her helm, grotesquely started at a tangent across the harbour, pulled herself up, backed, snorted, till spectators anxious about the efficiency of the French navy must have felt bilious, and the flagship hung out whole volleys of censuring signals. The consort took advantage of it all to forge ahead and lead the way proudly, shaping a really beautiful course. The *Hirondelle*, apparently sobered by reflection, stood after her, bowling along in her wake with a very fair degree of steadiness.

"I am really sorry for that poor beggar below," said the sub-lieutenant softly, as they slipped down the harbour.

It was only a matter of keeping in the consort's wake, to dodge through the mines slumbering under water at the entrance. The grim forts on either side of the narrow channel had nothing to say to them, though they involuntarily held their breath going through and looked at the water ahead with a curious blinking of the eyes. Outside it was misty weather with a drizzle of snow

Digitized by Google

over a lead-coloured sea, and as the *Hirondelle* edged away from her consort—a natural proceeding for two vessels on scouting service—the little handful of *Dead-an'-done-with's* began to think of themselves as saved men. The land astern dropped back into the mist, and presently the *Hirondelle's* speed slackened. She was almost motionless now, just keeping steerage way on and marking time in the same dull circle of wintry sea.

To all but one man aboard the thing was unintelligible. Queer glances turned towards Cust, as he stood motionless near the wheel. "Why in thunder," the men muttered, "didn't he take his chance now he had it?" It was telling on their nerves, when at last Harding with all deference ventured on a hint—might he ask what the commander thought of doing next? "Waiting for that beggar to pilot us back," said Cust with the blandest intonation he was capable of.

"Oh, I see." Harding was entirely staggered. "You didn't think of smashing them up out here, I suppose?"

"No, couldn't get back then, you know," Cust answered, much as though he was expected home at Brest.

The men looked blank, when the consort's grey hull showed through the fog again, and the *Hirondelle* once more shaped to follow her. The thing looked too insane—but the traditions of the service insured absolute obedience, of course; but there was a badly strained feeling on board, and some men laughed with a curious rickety note as the vessel glided between the silent forts.

The *Hirondelle* was in no hurry to get back, and she mooned up the harbour with a quite funereal slowness. When she reached her moorings again the afternoon of the luckily short day was nearly gone.

"Do you see that—he says, 'Commander of *Hirondelle* to report himself aboard me at once.'"

"Look here," Cust said, reviewing the situation, "if we can keep them amused till dark, we may cut and run, and just possibly we may get out. But anything we do now will be suspicious. What we want is to be able to signal this ship's number; that's at the bottom of most of the trouble, d'ye see. Well, you must go to that beggar below, the skipper, and put it to him. We're going to run out, say—don't mention about doing anything first—but tell him we expect to be sunk if we don't make the number, and he'll be sunk too. Take young Devine with you, he knows the lingo more or less."

Harding and Devine went down together to the after-cabin, where the ex-skipper was still confined. He seemed sunk in the profoundest depression, and received his visitors with a rigid politeness.

When young Devine intimated the nature of his errand the Frenchman spoke with calm assurance.

"What's he saying?" asked Harding, to whom French was a jargon.

"He says he won't have any truck with the enemy."

"Well, tell him that if we sink he goes with us."

"Oh, I have. But I'll have another shot," Devine said, and plunged into French anew. The point of the Frenchman's response was given by the magnificent gesture with which he folded his arms on his chest and stood a picture of heroism.

"He says he prefers to sink," Devine translated desperately.

"Tell him his men are in the same boat," said Harding; and it was told him, apparently in vain.

"He says he knows that and doesn't care, and a lot of stuff about his duty," said Devine.

There was nothing for the pair but to return on deck and report to Cust the failure of their mission.

"Thought so," that gentleman remarked. "But look here; I've fobbed them off a bit. When you went below I signalled, 'Commander indisposed, but coming at once.' Dragging himself from a bed of sickness, you know, and just now I had a boat lowered. They've seen that, and it's keeping them quiet, I think. And it's not long to dark now."

* * * *

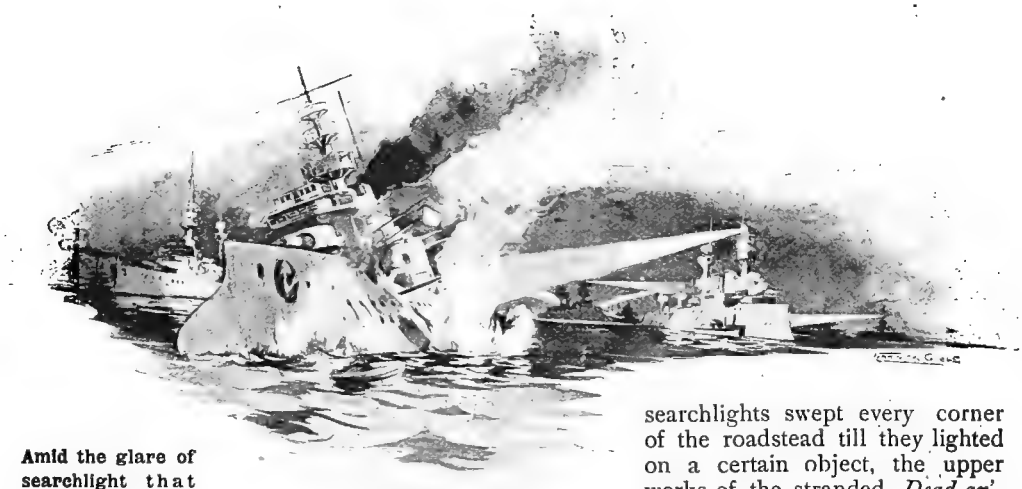
The minutes passed with leaden slowness, as evening fell upon the harbour. Still no further signal came from the flagship, either because the people there supposed that the *Hirondelle's* boat, which they had seen launched, was now making its way through the twilight, or else simply because the admiral proposed to nurse his wrath till the following morning. The twilight steadily deepened, and every degree of shadow was an added chance for the *Hirondelle*.

"I say, Harding," the Commander said suddenly; "could you steer her out of this place?"

"I could make a shot at it if there was any light," the sub. said without marked enthusiasm.

Now, with a thousand guns round them ready to open fire, escape seemed hopeless,

Digitized by Google



Amid the glare of searchlight that instantly flashed out, they saw the enemy's great ship reel and stagger.

and they looked at each other as men might going to the scaffold. But what seemed principally to interest Cust was his watch. He consulted it repeatedly, compared it with the others', and finally shut it with a click.

"Now, Harding," he said; "we will train two torpedoes on that ship if you please."

The torpedoes were pointed in silence, while men's eyes strained through the darkness towards the invisible enemy. A sharp low word of command, and the long slim missiles sped away with a faint swishing sound as they took the water.

Then a silence that was somehow not like the silence of the living world. It was broken by a rending, crashing explosion, and amid the glare of searchlight that instantly flashed out, they saw the enemy's great ship reel and stagger and then lurch fatally, sliding with all her mighty weight of armament into her grave.

"Slip moorings there," Cust shouted and ran to the wheel. But in that second's space the whole harbour was alive with light, the great comet-like beams swirled this way and that, illuminating every yard of water, crossing each other in weird sword-like patterns in brilliant, maddening confusion. Yet for the moment not a gun spoke. The enemy saw nothing but his vessels lying in their regular positions, and as yet Cust had given no order for the desperate rush.

* * * *

And then the critical thing happened. The searchlights swept every corner of the roadstead till they lighted on a certain object, the upper works of the stranded *Dead-an'-done-with* lying now exposed by the tide as she had been twelve hours before. Instantly a crushing cannonade was turned on her, every gun that could be trained that way roaring out a torrent of steel that burst and blazed around her till the water she lay in was whipped into a whirlpool of foam.

And as the old submarine crumbled away under this furious attack, the *Hirondelle* began to steal slowly down the harbour, dodging under as many of the searchlights as she could.

But, for all the precautions in the world, she was bound to attract notice, and the telephone would be beforehand with them. What it was saying to the forts at the entrance at that very moment was matter for speculation; there remained one small card to play, and that a poor one, useless, in fact, unless, as was likely enough, confusion prevailed at headquarters.

As the *Hirondelle* cleared the area swept by the searchlights she began to race, her engines straining to their utmost power. Cust stood at the helm like a man of bronze, his eye fixed on a luminous zone ahead, the lights thrown from the forts on the narrow channel. The water flew like smoke from the bow as she rushed on, then, like a crash, the blinding glare of the searchlight fell full across the deck.

The forts on either side were within shot now; the pale faces on deck, lit up by that unearthly illumination, seemed to be looking down the muzzles of the guns. Only Cust was unaware of them—nothing but the

Google

mines and the channel between them existed for him.

Suddenly, it might have been two seconds later, one of the forts began to signal.

"They see we're one of their's," was the curious sentence that passed along the deck. Then a light was hoisted on the *Hirondelle's* mast and moved up and down at quick intervals, to make a pretence at answering. Thin as the stratagem was, it gained a moment, and every moment was a chance of life. The little *Hirondelle* rushed quivering on. Still the guns were quiet.

The telephone must be talking again; a few seconds more and it would be the end. But the seconds passed, and the open sea was just ahead, the shores widening out, receding, and hope beginning to be real. Then a flash from the shore, followed by a score of others lighting up the headlands, and a howling and crashing of shell that seemed to fill the air round the creeping vessel. But it was the water that suffered, not the *Hirondelle*, for the attenuated stern of a torpedo boat when fast receding from you is not an easy mark.

"*Bon soir, messieurs*," Harding murmured softly, as the shots splashed further and further behind them.

* * * *

They were well in the open sea when Cust relinquished the helm and circumstances allowed of conversation.

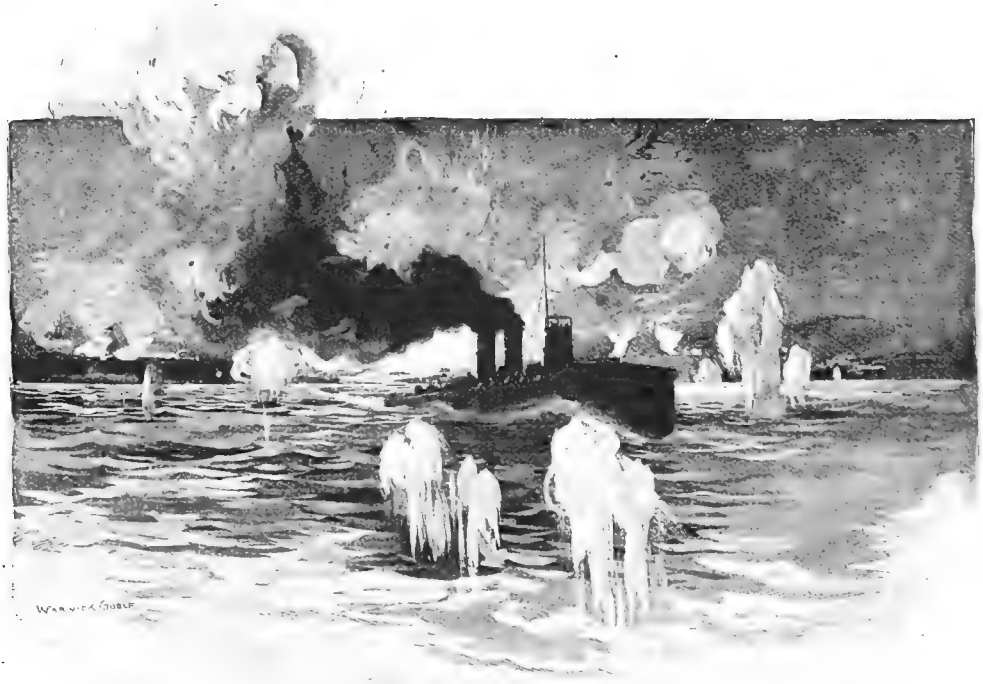
"It was ripping, old man, simply ripping," Harding said. "But there was just one thing."

"What's that?" inquired Cust, gruffer than ever.

"You might have dropped a hint about the old hulk drawing their fire. It would have eased the men's minds a bit."

For the first time Cust seemed embarrassed. He cleared his throat once or twice.

"Well-er—the fact is, it didn't occur to me till the firing began."

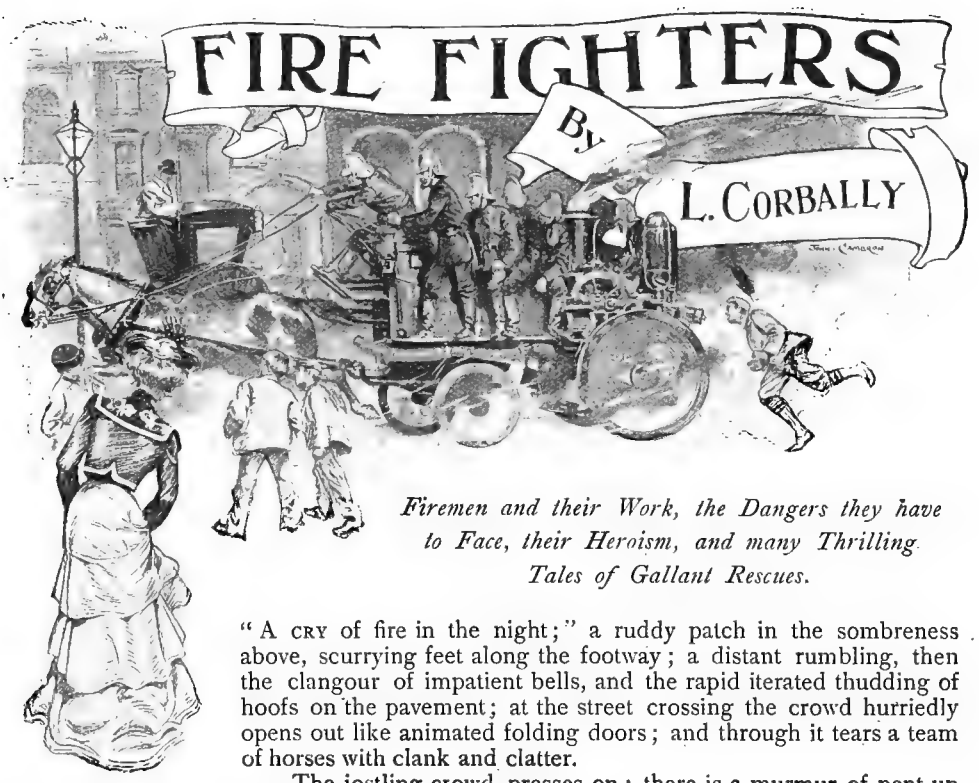


But it was the water that suffered, not the *Hirondelle*.

Google

FIRE FIGHTERS

By L. CORBALLY



Firemen and their Work, the Dangers they have to Face, their Heroism, and many Thrilling Tales of Gallant Rescues.

"A CRY of fire in the night;" a ruddy patch in the sombreness above, scurrying feet along the footway; a distant rumbling, then the clangour of impatient bells, and the rapid iterated thudding of hoofs on the pavement; at the street crossing the crowd hurriedly opens out like animated folding doors; and through it tears a team of horses with clank and clatter.

The jostling crowd presses on; there is a murmur of pent up feelings, now and then the sharp question—"Where is it?"—cries of—"Prince's Street"—"Portland Street." The heated repetition and angrily—"It is so, I tell you," for tempers are also nigh fever heat. Progress becomes slower, here a van stops the way, here a string of 'busses; women and children draw back on the pavement fearfully, as the thundering engine tears by, heralded by the shouts of the populace. The sky becomes more lurid; at length on turning a street corner the conflagration bursts into view; flames playing over a large block of buildings, leaping and racing, flaring up to subside again like a huge wave; above a great rolling canopy of smoke, below the reflection of the flames on a field of hats and faces, a floor of black and white mosaic. And in your ears are the crackling and roaring of fire, the thudding of engines, the swish of water and baying of the crowd.

"There is a man on the roof."

Everyone simultaneously becomes aware of it; but he cannot be still alive—the firemen are going to make sure. Many slender waterspouts are directed towards one part of the building where they break, hissing. A fire-escape is run up there; it is too short, a good yard or so below the iron gutter of the roof; there is a groan of disappointment; word flashes round that a longer escape has been sent for from headquarters. Then suddenly two firemen quickly swarm up the insufficient ladder placed at its utmost extent, almost flat against the wall.

The two firemen, Lawrence and Clayton, had tried to go up through the burning house, but smoke and flame met them on the stairs, driving them back. Now they were attempting to get on to the roof, where they believed the man to be—unconscious, too, as he had not appeared. Up the perpendicular ladder they climbed, which sways terribly with every step, threatening to topple sideways, past smoke-belching windows, along the burning wall. Then they got to the top. Their climb seemed futile; the gutter of the roof was still beyond reach. Clayton gripped the top rung with one hand, pressing his other to the wall, straining his arm.

Using this as a step, Lawrence just managed to catch the gutter, by which he hauled himself on to the roof. After a few minutes he again appeared, bearing a helpless form. This he lowered to his comrade, poised on the dizzy ladder top. Clayton slowly descended with

Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

the rescued man, soon followed by Lawrence, who had dropped from the roof on to the ladder, a hazardous feat at that height. Then the feelings of the crowd burst into unrestrained cheering.

It was a fine example of the indomitable pluck of our firemen. In Manchester the occasion is still fresh in many memories, when a large block of warehouses at Prince's Street and Portland Street corner took fire in May, 1894.

Such deeds are not necessarily the bravest: every battle with fire teems with event and incident; almost every fireman present performs not one, but many acts which testify to his valour, his coolness, his ingenuity, his resource. It is easy to recognise the existence of the fine qualities that direct his every action, but difficult to realise his heroism unless it be displayed in some very striking way.

Dangerous work is a fireman's business in life, imminent risk is to be expected, and the performance of great feats is merely his duty. See him at drill and you will begin to appreciate this.

The Fireman's Drill and its Perils.

There is a tall building in the yard; smoke is rolling out from the top windows. "That house is supposed to be on fire; there are people in the upper floors held prisoners by the flames below!" is explained to you.

A man strolls into the yard reading a paper. He is the passer-by. A cry attracts his notice; he looks up and sees the smoke. He hesitates a moment, then rushes to the street alarm close by, yelling involuntarily: "Fire! Fire!" He rouses the fireman in charge of the escape.

A glance at the house tells the trained eye what is happening; a telephone message is sent, everything done at the run; the escapes and ladders arrive; next manual engines, then more clanging of bells and the shouting of a crowd; galloping horses dash into the yard with hissing steamers; all is quick movement, and trained promptitude, without fussing or confusion.

Before you realise what is being done, streams of water are playing on the house, ladders and escapes are run up, and firemen swarm up them, in through windows, up on roofs to every point of vantage. Presently helpless forms are being carried down from housetops and upper windows.

It is only practice—that limp form, as of a woman being borne gently down the escape, is really a strong fireman masquerading in a dressing-gown; the smoke is artificially contrived from fire deliberately kindled by its make-believe victims. But there is something serious in the display which convinces; there is danger, too; carrying heavy deadweights down a high ladder is not child's play, neither is that running along parapets sixty or more feet above the paved yard. Lives depend on speed in actual combat with the flames; speed can only be acquired by practice; the only fatal accident that has occurred in the London Fire Brigade for some years happened at such a drill.

The Heroism of Fireman Cragg.

Deeds of valour are frequently done through ignorance or blind excitement. Repetition puts their quality to the test. The case of Fireman Cragg (a name to conjure with still in the North, and indeed wherever fires or firemen are discussed) is illustrative. Fire broke out in a shop in Rochdale, Lancashire; it quickly assumed mastery; a number of girls, a lady and some children occupied the upper storeys, which were soon filled with smoke.

Some threw themselves from the windows and were caught below in blankets stretched by willing hands. Some faced the dense smoke rolling up the stairway and escaped through the lower windows.

Two little boys, terrorised to inertness, were abandoned in the confusion; hearing of their peril, Fireman Cragg struggled up the stairs through the stifling vapour; a low moaning sound called him; he entered a room to find a boy unconscious on a bed, while a dog, whose appealing note had guided the rescuer, lay half suffocated beside his little master. Cragg seized the helpless form and carried it as quickly as possible, feeling his way and fighting for breath, down the stairs when he gave it over to a comrade.

For a few moments he snatched breaths of fresh air, reviving his overtaxed strength; then he returned to seek the other child. The heat increased. The smoke grew heavier, but Cragg persevered. The second child was found and saved, and then a third time the indomitable man faced the danger and the more dreaded ordeal, now to save the dog that by this time was almost overcome by the smoke.

Success was this gallant fireman's greatest reward; public recognition and many tributes of appreciation and gratitude speedily followed.

A Life Offered for a Mere Chance.

Firemen never avail themselves of the many excuses offered to deter them from

Digitized by Google

attempting deeds of rescue in face of overwhelming odds, a striking tribute to the thoroughness of their courage. It was at a fire in Old Street, St. Luke's. When the escapes and engines arrived the flames had already invested the building. With great difficulty, and by the concentration of their attack on one point, the firemen under Engineer Dane brought a man and woman down the escape from a second-floor window. Then it was said that a child was still in the burning house.

It was almost inconceivable that she could be alive; the fire had taken complete possession of the upper storeys, where it was raging uncontrolled. It seemed sheer recklessness to enter the building on the slender chance of saving a life, when probably the attempt would but result in another life being fruitlessly thrown away; but Engineer Dane scorned such ready excuses; he would make sure that no life was lost through chance-work or unwillingness on his part.

So he determined to enter the building. Two firemen directed streams of water on the window, itself ablaze, from which volumes of smoke were rolling. A ladder was run up, and Dane hastily crossed the threshold, and disappeared on what seemed a hopeless mission.

Within, the heat and smoke immediately threatened repulse, but he intrepidly persevered, dropping on his hands and knees to crawl along the floor, where, if at all, he might find a current of air. He wriggled along, his face to the boards, feeling his way through the suffocating darkness, and scorched by the heat. At length his hand touched something soft huddled in a big chair. Seizing up the bundle, he hastily scrambled towards the window, guided by the dim light and the splashing of water.

When he reached the ground he found that the child, though badly burned was still

Lawrence just managed to catch the gutter, by which he hauled himself on to the roof.

Google

alive; this was his magnificent reward. His action points to a noteworthy order of things in fire fighting—the man in command leads his men in encouraging them by his example, not cheering them by word from the rear. James Braidwood, the great fireman who early last century "made" the Edinburgh Brigade, and subsequently came to London, where he became superintendent, and now may well be called the Father of the London Fire Brigade, throughout his career magnificently exemplified this method.

The complete fireman must be an athlete of no mean calibre. At any moment he may be called upon to attempt a feat requiring great strength and activity. At a fire in Seventh Avenue, New York, some years ago, a lady ventured back up the stairway to rescue a parrot. The flames followed her, cutting off her retreat. She appeared at a top-floor window, calling the attention of the firemen below—who, unaware of her return, were satisfied that the building was cleared of human beings—by her cries for help.

Swinging from Death to Life.

Some people on the roof lowered a rope, but the woman was too distracted to avail herself of it. So Fireman Dennis Ryer hitched it round his waist and had himself lowered over the projecting cornice. He reached the window and grasped the woman, still holding her precious pet in her arms. Those above were now straining to support the double weight on the rope, to haul up the burden was out of the question; even if they had managed to do it they could never have got them over the cornice.

For a moment Ryer and his heavy burden hung helplessly; no ladder could reach them from below, those above seemed powerless to assist him in any way. If anything was to be done he must himself do it. Then he noticed that the next window—of an adjoining house—was free from the signs of fire; how to reach it was the question—and that immediately for the heavy weight and strained position were telling on his strength.

By kicking the wall he set himself in motion, swinging to and fro, getting nearer safety at every turn. At last he swung as far as the window; with a shout in the terrified woman's ear to let go, and a herculean effort, he thrust her through, sash and glass giving way to the weight and force; on his next return he caught the frame and scrambled through himself. Nerves, daring, muscle, and resource were put to a severe test; none but an athlete could have come through with success.

It would be merely invidious to draw comparisons between the English and American fire brigades, particularly so were the *personnel* included. Different exigencies must be coped with in the two countries, and so different methods must be employed. Though filled with admiration at the smartness and efficiency of the American brigade, at first sight one is inclined to think that an eye for dramatic effect occasionally influences their proceedings: in America we look for the sensational, and deem it in part purposely contrived.

How the Yankees Fight Fire.

As regards their fire-fighting, this is absurdly wrong; the nature of their work shapes their methods. For instance, in New York, as in most great cities in the States, the buildings run much higher than in Great Britain; there are many sky-scrapers, as the immensely tall, tower-like edifices are aptly named, so the ordinary pattern of fire escape becomes inadequate. To fill the want the scaling ladder has been adopted. This ingenious contrivance consists of a single pole some twelve feet long, with cross sticks for steps, and armed at the top with a big toothed hook.

In using it, the spectacular is quite unavoidable. The fireman who is to climb to the upper floor of a mammoth pile to succour someone cut off by the flames, which are working up through the elevator shaft and stairway (the fireman's bogie in such houses, supplying the flames with passage and draught), begins by lifting his scaling ladder by the narrow end and driving the hook through a higher window; there it grips by its hook, and is so shaped that the fireman's weight on it pulls in exactly the right direction to insure a firm hold.

Up the ladder he swarms carrying another one. To the top of the first he clips the big hook on his belt, thus having both hands free to fix the second ladder in position in the window above. In this hand over hand fashion he swarms up the face of a perpendicular wall with ease and security to himself, though to the onlooker it seems an extraordinary feat of reckless daring.

Up and still upwards he climbs; right under the cornice ledge of the roof he stops and scrambles through a window; presently he appears with a limp clumsy load; with some difficulty he gets on to his ladder again, then steadily and confidently he begins his descent, while intent eyes make out that he is

Digitized by Google

carrying a human form; at length without mishap he reaches the ground; while you look up at the sheer height of wall and can scarce believe you have seen what you have seen.

It tightens nerves to watch scaling ladder work, even at practice, but in reality it is not nearly the most difficult or dangerous part of the American fireman's duties. His most trying work, and that which he with good reason dreads most, is in connection with cellar fires.

There is the thick choking smoke to contend with, which hangs heavily, having no vent or outlet save that through which the fireman must crawl to his suffocating labours. It is not on the ladder top or the parapet or at great heights in the full view of breathless crowds that the fireman's finest deeds are done and his heroism put to the sternest trial; it is rather down among foundations underground away from view where smoke and poisonous vapours possess the darkness.

Fighting Smoke and Water Underground.

There was such a fight in New York, May, 1897, at the burning of a paper shop in Chambers Street. Fire had broken out in the cellars, giving out those heavy rank fumes which seem to defy human opposition. But the firemen dauntlessly faced them and penetrated the underground smoke pit, only to stagger back in a moment in ones and twos, begrimed and gasping, and drop helplessly to the ground; then when they had come to, with the assistance of the ambulance corps, to return to their choking work, doing it in short runs, the periods of which were marked by the limits of human endurance.

One of the firemen had got out of touch with his comrades, and, overpowered by the smoke, had fallen into the water that now swirled about the floor. The others missed him, and knew that he must be lying helpless somewhere near, in immediate danger of either suffocation or drowning. They couldn't find him, though they redoubled their efforts, returning time after time to their hopeless quest, maintaining the stifling fight to the last moment of consciousness, or falling at their work, to be dragged in a state of collapse back to the air for the interval of recovery.

At last the missing man was found. A rope was tied round him and he was hauled to the street, but to die. Even his death was worthy the struggle; it points a finger to the magnificent example of intrepid courage and grit proved on that day. Had he lived,

By kicking the wall he set himself in motion, swinging to and fro, getting nearer safety at every turn.

Digitized by Google

it might have been forgotten as an incident; his dying indelibly confirms its high place in the annals of heroism.

Saved by a Human Bridge.

A day of giant feats—the burning of the Hotel Royal, New York, with its awful roll of fatality and accident, is still fresh in our memory; it was a fitting occasion for such heroic deeds as Sergeant Vaughan accomplished. When the brigade arrived, the fire had established itself throughout the building.

The elevator shaft and stairway were again to blame. The terrified inhabitants were leaping from windows in despair or hanging on or waiting hopelessly expectant. Sergeant Vaughan rushed up through the next building to a window on the top storey. One of his men held one leg within, the other he jammed inside some electric wires attached to the wall. By stretching out he could just reach the nearest window of the burning hotel; there were four people in the room who had almost abandoned hope; they seemed beyond all chance of rescue; but Sergeant Vaughan made a human bridge of his body along which they crawled back to life.

Next—he went up on the roof. Looking over the courtyard of the hotel, he saw a man on the opposite side on a top storey window sill. Rushing down through the house, followed by a few of his men, he went up through another which formed the angle with the hotel wing. Arriving on the roof he saw the blackened form standing in the window wrapt in smoke calmly awaiting the end.

He was out of reach by only a few feet; a rope, a bit of wood or piping—anything would do to save him, but there was nothing about of any use.

Vaughan's resource was taxed and found ready. He ordered his men to hold his legs, sitting on them and straining against the ledge. Then, leaning over the parapet, he reached towards the man, but failed by a few inches. Vaughan called to him to jump towards him, which he promptly did, and, gripping each other, they hung swaying, sixty feet above the courtyard.

The men above tried to haul him up; they strained and tugged as if their comrade were a rope, racking joint and muscle; but they could not even get him and his burden to move. Head to head, with arms interlaced, the two swung, gasping impotently. Their motion suggested the idea to Vaughan—he would swing his load on to the roof. His comrades above watched breathlessly. To and fro he swung with increasing impetus, his joints creaking horridly.

At last he came within reach; they seized the rescued man, hauling him on the roof, and then the rescuer. Both men lay exhausted by their efforts. The sergeant first recovered, brought to by the cold spray from the engines below; he carried the man he had saved, who was still unconscious, safe to the ground, and then went on with his work; but the superhuman strain and labour of that day told on his strength when the fever of work abated.

Months passed before he had completely recovered.

At the headquarters of the London Fire Brigade there is a museum where are kept the curious relics connected with the fireman's calling. At the end of this room there is a large glass-fronted case, on the shelves of which stand rows of battered and broken helmets, mute records of heroism, of injury and death suffered in a noble cause.

One moment we are being told that this helmet, crushed and torn as it is, saved a man's life from the blow of a falling beam, by deflecting it and breaking the shock; next, the fireman's triumphant appreciation of the brazen headpiece as a trusty friend changes abruptly as he points to a few bits of blackened and twisted metal, and remnants of burnt cloth and leather: "That's all was found of Jacobs' kit, who was killed in '89."

"All that was Found of Jacobs' Kit."

It was at a fire in a chemical factory—a high, three-storeyed building in Bell Lane, Wandsworth. Two firemen, Jacobs and Ashby, took the hose up through the house to deal with the fire, which then was raging in the second floor. As the staircase was clear as yet, being at the other end of the building, they used it to get to the top floor, from which they could direct the water-nozzle from above.

They were calmly at work, when the crash of an explosion shivered the air. The staircase had collapsed; its supports were blown away, leaving a great flue, through which the red flames chased the thick smoke into the room. The two men rushed to the window. Baffled! The frame was of iron, bedded in masonry, with a swinging ventilator, through which it seemed impossible that a man could pass.

The flames, now unrestrained, fed by a draught from below, darted into the room, lapping eagerly. The men strove desperately to break the iron bars; the stout metal

Digitized by Google

mocked their efforts; they were prisoners awaiting an inevitable death and the torture of fire.

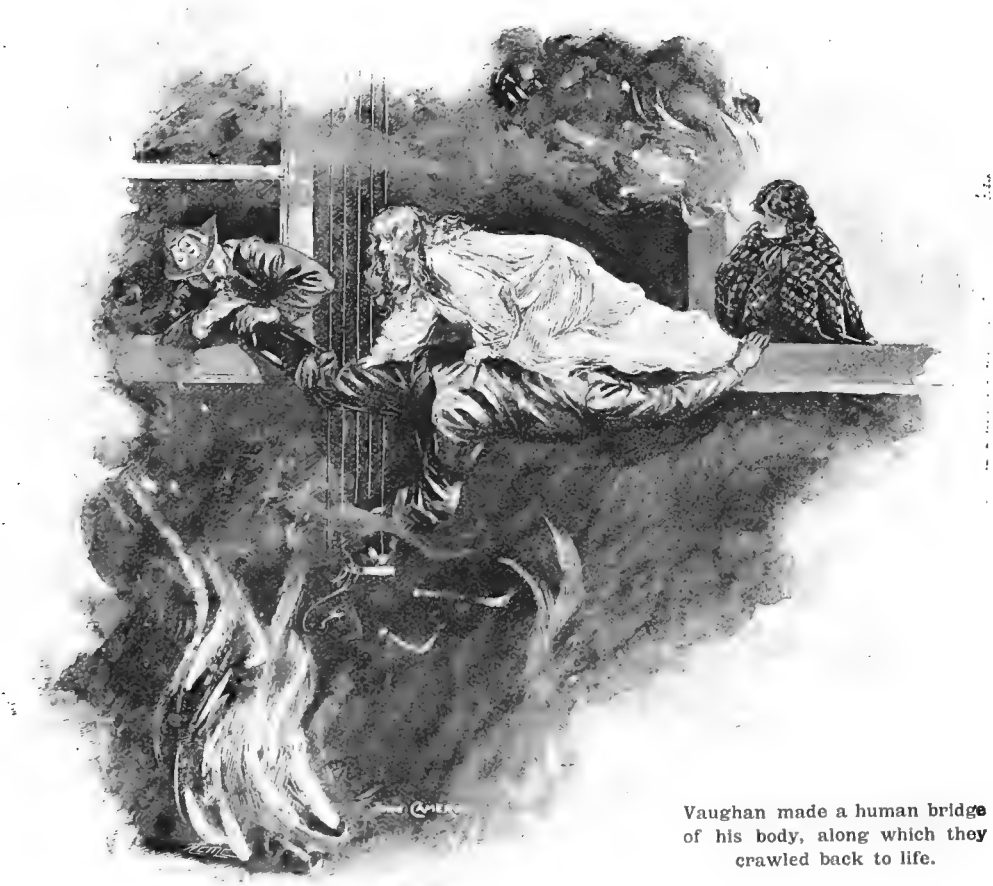
Jacobs was a large man, physically and in heart; the ventilator offered no chance to his bulk, but Ashby's slighter frame might be squeezed through. He unhesitatingly directed all his energies towards this object—to save his comrade. With his sturdy help the other was forced through the small aperture; a ladder had been run up, but it did not quite reach the window; Ashby dropped on to it, and, clinging, slid to the ground, saved.

The great crowd, numbed by hopeless anxiety and impotence, watched the figure framed in the window, silhouetted against the hungry glare beyond; there was a deep groaning when his efforts became visibly more feeble, to the helpless horror of the crowd.

Then he disappeared—overcome by the heat and smoke, he had fallen back among the burning wreckage—"and these are all was found of his kit."

In the terrible fire which broke out last June in Queen Victoria Street, London, Fireman J. H. West, of the Salvage Corps, was undoubtedly the hero. The fire-escapes had been found over six feet too short, and the terror-stricken victims stood shrieking for help in the upper storey windows. It was then that Major Fox, armed with a coil of wire rope and accompanied by West and other firemen, climbed on to the roof. The rope was wound round West's waist, and he was lowered until he could reach the window at which the victims stood. He seized a girl, and was lowered with her in his arms until the men on the escape could take hold of her. This gallant operation he managed twice, rescuing two girls.

"I have only done my duty," is a saying frequently put into the mouth of a popular hero. Sometimes, no doubt, it is modest hypocrisy, but it is nearly always the honest



Vaughan made a human bridge of his body, along which they crawled back to life.

Digitized by Google

conviction of the fireman—heroism, the readiness to risk his life, and, if necessary to lay it down in the saving of others, to him seems merely his duty.

Enter the engine shed at a fire brigade station. There is the engine, scarlet, brass, and polished steel; handsome, a trifle gaudy, perhaps; ingenious, no doubt, and admirably constructed, but as yet not appealing to you with any peculiar interest. But listen! There is a faint hissing sound; a glance at the indicator explains: there is pressure of steam in the boiler.

Instantly the engine is changed: it is no longer the machine of your first impression; it is now a thing of life, and even its surroundings, the atmosphere in the shed, the helmets and belts hanging on the wall seem altered. The fireman in charge explains, "She is kept under steam night and day. You see if that bell there rang, in a couple of minutes she'd be out of this, and while galloping along we'd get her under full pressure." He pats the polished tubes while speaking, and the warm metal seems to glow responsively.

They hung . . . sixty feet above the courtyard.

As he dilates on the details of construction, your thoughts slip away, your imagination works, and you hear the bell going, outside the cry of fire, in the distance the dull roar of alarmed multitudes; while within are the clatter of horses, the expectant whistle of the engine, and then the place is empty, while you are still wondering why the man left off so suddenly in his interesting discourse.

Like engine, like fireman. The fireman is, if anything, the more passive and yet the readier; for him as for it the fire alarm is always to be expected; he also is always under steam, ready for instant emergency. The fire bell strikes the note of his existence. There it is on the wall with striker poised ready. A button pressed at one of the many street alarms may set it going at any moment, and almost before it has ceased striking our hero will be on his way to the scene of action.

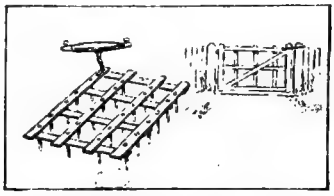
Digitized by Google

4th Set of Pictures.

5s. a Day for Life!

A UNIQUE PRIZE OFFERED TO MAGAZINE READERS.

Those competitors who were unable to obtain copies of the *Royal* containing the first three sets of pictures, now have an opportunity of securing them by purchasing a copy of the *Lady's Magazine* for July (on sale July 10th), price 6d.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.
INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE (for same reason).

NOTE THAT

The prize of **5s. a Day for Life** will *not* be divided—it will be won outright by *one* person (perhaps *you*).

The sum of £100 will be divided amongst those who come next.

No attempts should be sent in until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.

All competitors should carefully read the conditions.

What you have to do - - - -

ON THE NEXT PAGE you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from their phonetic equivalents).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown above, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next page, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you.

Another set of pictures will appear in the September number of the *Royal*.

CONDITIONS.

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen*).

2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.

3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.

4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and **keep it by you until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.**

5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.

6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.

7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.

8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.

9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

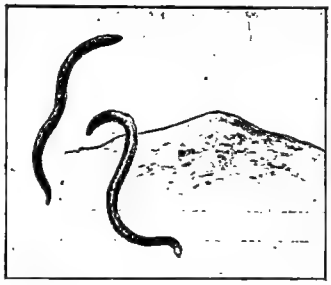
- - THE PRIZE OF 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE - -

Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

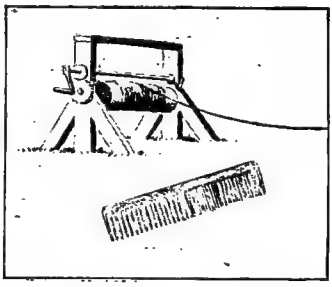
All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide, which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.

Digitized by Google

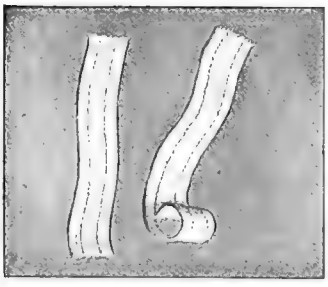


37.....

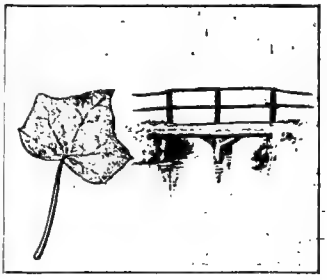
38.....



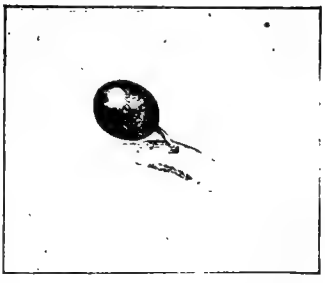
39.....



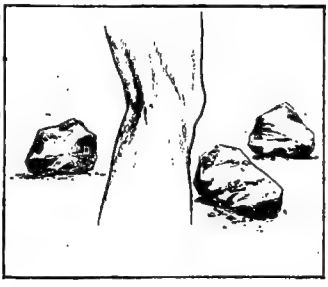
40.....



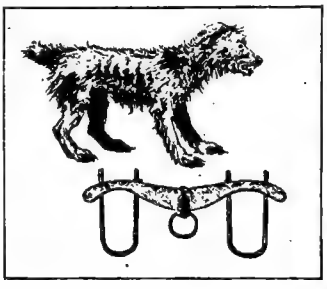
41.....



42.....

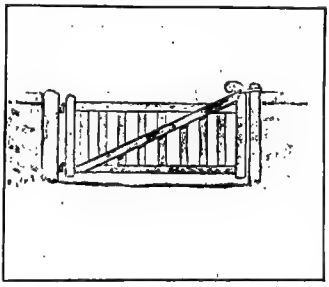


43.....

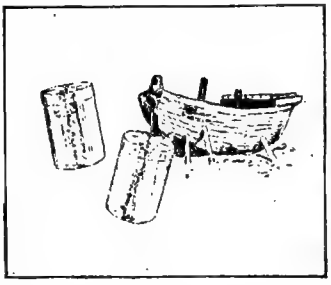


44.....

45.....



46.....



47.....

48.....

Name..... *Address*.....

Keep all your sets of pictures by you until the competition is finished.

Digitized by Google

THE TEMERITY OF THEODORE

By John Tompkins.

"Till to-morrow," I called to Ethel, as the train pulled out of the station; she waved her handkerchief to me, and—when a man is engaged what does it matter if people stare?—as the train pulled off I threw frantic kisses to her. Then, noticing with contempt the curious glances of the various loiterers at the railway station, I hurried back to my office.

The fact is, I had a little scheme of my own. I would finish all my work that afternoon and take the 5.18 train to Lakewood, and so have an extra evening with Ethel. An engaged man is magnificent as a strategist. As I hurried along, musing about the week we were to have together—the golf, the rides, the multitudinous unimportant yet fascinating occupations of engaged and foolish persons—I determined that nothing should hold me back.

When I arrived at the office I found my brother Theodore waiting for me. There were some family difficulties—a matter only I could attend to. He had come specially for me, and it was imperative that I should go to London at once. I fumed for a while, but it was no use. I saw that I had to go—even an engaged man has engagements. Still, I figured that I could get to Lakewood by Wednesday evening, and that would leave half a week. But think of Ethel with only her mother and her aunt. Ah! there was Theodore.

Theodore is a nice boy. He is a great satisfaction to me. I've had a great deal to do with his bringing up. It was I who decided what school he was to go to; it was I who insisted he should not waste his time taking piano lessons (though the lad has undeniable talent), but steered him straight to the tinkling mandolin, which is so good an accompaniment to a hammock. But apart from all this, there is another reason why he is a great source of comfort to me; for when I ask people whether I do not look like Teddy (our pet name for Theodore), they admit a certain resemblance, and Teddy is unquestionably a very well set up sort of lad.

It was, I think, a good idea to send Teddy; for he could entertain Ethel; and, besides, I wanted my people to know her. But as I consider the matter now, I must confess—though in the end no harm was done—that it was perhaps a mistake in me not to mention the engagement.

"Ted," said I, "I was intending to run down to Lakewood for a couple of days; if you'd like to act as my substitute, I think you'll pass the time pleasantly."

Of course he would do anything to oblige his brother—Theodore is the soul of amiability—but who was the particular girl? For there is always some particular girl, he said.

"There is no particular girl," I replied; "but here's a note to Miss Hastings, who, I believe, happens to be at Lakewood."

"What! Ethel?" exclaimed Ted.

"That is her Christian name, I am informed," said I.

"They say she's a daisy," said Ted (I am greatly averse to slang, but he insists on using it). "I'll do my best as your substitute, Jack. I've heard a lot about her. In fact, I've a great curiosity to meet her."

"You needn't do too well," I answered somewhat gruffly.

"It will only be as a substitute," said he conciliatingly.

"You'd better remember that, youngster."

"But," ventured Teddy, "isn't she rather —rather——"

"Nothing of the sort," I snapped.

"Lively?" Ted concluded.

"Ethel is one of my best friends, Teddy," said I, "and the finest girl in the world."

Digitized by Google

"Come now, old man, you always say that. Do you remember Daisy — Daisy Martin?" And the boy poked me unfeelingly in the ribs. Unfortunately I did remember Daisy.

"Seriously, Theodore," said I, "I want you to go down there and behave; take her mother driving, play patience with her aunt"—Teddy groaned— "and look after Ethel!"

When he had gone I felt some misgivings. Perhaps I ought to have told him. But somehow a man loses his nerve when he wants to tell his family that he has become engaged to the loveliest girl in all the world.

So Teddy went to Lakewood, and I went to London.

* * * * *

On Monday evening I received a letter from Ethel.

There was a good deal about Teddy, and all in the same strain.

I replied that I should in all probability be with her by Thursday noon; and that she had better not say anything about our engagement just yet. I reassured her about Teddy, and told her he always behaved so to a pretty girl, so she, of all girls, must expect it; and that it was no harm.

On Wednesday morning I received another communication from Ethel. It was considerably shorter. It was, in fact, a telegram. These were its contents: "Ted proposed. Please come at once." The words "at once" were underlined. It is the only time I ever knew a telegraph office to do that. But no doubt Ethel had asked the postmaster at Lakewood. Ethel has a way with her.

Much amused (for Ted had certainly not loitered) I sent a telegram to say I was coming, and, having finished my business at noon, returned to my hotel. Another telegram awaited me. 'Twas from Ted. "Proposed to Ethel. I am sure she will accept me. Wish me luck, Jack. You are right; she is the finest that walks." Ted certainly did not try to get his message down to twelve words.

* * * * *

When I arrived at the hotel the porter told me that Ted and Ethel had gone to the links. I met them at the fifteenth tee. Teddy was earnestly imploring Ethel to get her left shoulder into the drive. His two hands were on her shoulders.

"Hullo!" said I.

"Just a minute, Jack," said Ted; "Ethel's just getting the idea."

I stepped towards Ethel. She saw my intention—there are conventions which an engaged man ought to follow—and she gave a little nod or shrug. Call it what you will, I saw that she didn't want me to kiss her, so I refrained. Instead, I played out the last four holes with Jack, using Ethel's clubs, at that. Nobody said anything about the telegrams. When we were seated on the verandah of the club-house (there was nobody else about):

"Well, Ted," said I, "am I to congratulate you?"

Ted looked at Ethel.

"It all depends on you, Jack," he replied. "Ethel says she will do whatever you decide."

"I have put my heart wholly in your hands, Jack," said Ethel to me, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Ethel is a year—let me see—a year and a half older than you, Theodore. Have you considered that?" I replied gravely. "It will make a great difference when you are thirty-four. I had, in fact, been thinking of somebody else for you, Ted — Dorothy Wilton. She's a charming girl—just nineteen years old—and, you see, when you are twenty-nine——"

"Give it up, Jack," Theodore hotly interrupted. "This is no joking matter. I love Ethel."

Ethel's eyes met mine, and it was hard not to smile.

Irrelevantly I fished about in my inside coat pocket, and after some time drew forth a lavender-tinted envelope.

"I have a letter for you, Ted," said I, "it's from London. Perhaps you recognise the writing—Helen gave it to me for you last night. Be careful, don't drop the forget-me-not."

Theodore took the letter, and flushed guiltily.

"What?" cried Ethel, putting her handkerchief over her eyes. "Theodore, you are deceiving me, you don't love me," and she shook with ill-suppressed sobs.

Theodore looked at her helplessly, then he turned toward me.

"Why couldn't you keep that letter for another time, you confounded ass?" said he.

"You deceived me," wailed Ethel.

Teddy placed his hand lovingly upon her head.

"Dear, sweet Ethel," he began.

She jumped from the chair. Ethel is not a bad actress.

"How dare you 'dear' me!" she exclaimed.

Digitized by Google

I wondered whether Teddy would notice that her eyes were dry.

"Ethel," said he, "don't be jealous." (At that, for the life of me, I could not help bursting into laughter.) "Helen is a mere child — only sixteen."

"Then," said Ethel, "let me see the letter," and she had it in her hand before Ted knew what had happened.

"A mere child!" repeated Ethel. "Listen to this." And she read:

MY OWN DARLING TED,—How I have missed you, Ted, dear, these last three days, though I got your dear, sweet letter this morning. I've begged mamma to bring me to Lakewood, and I think she will. I do hope to come to Lakewood. I send you a thousand kisses to return yours. I am so jealous of that girl Ethel you wrote to me about, though you always said before you didn't like blue eyes. So, darling——

I met them at the fifteenth tee.

Ethel gave him a withering glance. "Here, take your letter," she exclaimed melodramatically; "and you would break the heart of two defenceless girls!" And she fell back into her chair.

Ted could stand it no longer. He flung his golf bag over his shoulder and stalked off. Then—for there was no reason for further delay—I kissed Ethel.

"Don't you think that touch about the defenceless girls was lovely?" Ethel asked. "It will teach Teddy a lesson."

"I didn't suppose Theodore could be such an ass," I laughed.

"He's a dear boy," said Ethel; "and so much like you."

* * * * *

Teddy came in late to dinner, and though Ethel greeted him with her very pleasantest smile and bravely hid her sorrow, and though I was in great form and kept the entire table laughing, and though Ethel's mamma sympathetically asked him what she could do for his headache, yes, and even though Aunt Maria slyly hinted at patience, Teddy remained silent and morose. I suppose it was

Digitized by Google

There lay Ted sprawling on the pine needles; his head was on Helen's lap; he was looking up into her eyes.

his conscience pricking him. And well it might—the young heart-breaker.

And if that was his condition at dinner, how shall I describe him when the fair Helen of the letter came tripping towards us at the breakfast table the next morning? Poor Ted! I was really sorry for him.

* * * * *

It was one of those lovely, mild September evenings when one can still sit outdoors. The breath of the summer was fragrant, and a light breeze stirred the pines. The stars shone brightly overhead. Ethel and I had been sitting together for a while. By-and-by we strolled out under the trees. A little way off we could hear the faint, sweet tinkle, tinkle, of a mandolin.

"It's Ted," said I. "Let's be nasty and take a peep."

"It would really be mean," said Ethel; so we started in the direction of the mandolin. Suddenly the mandolin stopped playing. We took a few more steps. There lay Ted sprawling on the pine-needles; his head was on Helen's lap; she was stroking his hair; he was looking up into her eyes.

"Isn't it sweet?" whispered Ethel, and we tip-toed off.

* * * * *

"We want to see you, Theodore," Ethel and I," I said solemnly.

Teddy looked at me doubtfully a moment, and followed me to the writing-room, where Ethel was sitting, her hands in her lap, and a serious, abstracted expression in her eyes.

I cleared my throat. "As you know, Theodore," I began formally, "Miss Hastings left the matter of the acceptance of your proposal with me. I have been considering the matter with the utmost care, and have indeed discussed it fully with her."

Teddy looked from one to the other.

"At first," I went on, "Miss Hastings stated to me that in view of your—your—conduct—she would positively refuse you. But I have urged the sincerity, the depth, the steadfastness of your love"—Ethel's lips trembled—"and she has consented to forgive and forget what is past. That leaves the matter wholly for my decision. As I have considered it further, I have come to share your view that the slight disparity of years should not stand in the way of a deep and sincere love, such as is undoubtedly yours, Theodore, and while I realise, Theodore ——"

The expression on my brother's countenance was curious to behold.

"And while I fully realise that you are not quite ready to marry for many reasons, including, among others, the matter of your allowance of two hundred pounds a year, which, I think, perhaps slightly insufficient to properly support Miss Hastings and yourself, still"—

Digitized by Google

and I waved my hand to brush such trifles aside—"still, having before me the qualities both of mind and person of Miss Hastings, considering the sobering effect upon your character that the seriousness of her nature will have, considering "—I could not resist adding—"her deeply religious nature.

"Weighing all these things, my dear brother, I have come to the conclusion, provided Miss Hastings is still of the same mind (and of her feelings towards you I can have no doubt, else she had refused at the very first), that such an alliance, especially in view of the deep feelings each entertains for the other, would, from every point of view, be——"

"Stop, Jack," cried Ted, "stop. You don't understand."

"Such an alliance would—" I continued imperturbably.

"Don't you see, Jack? Don't you see it's all a mistake? In Heaven's name——"

Ethel's emotions mastered her. She walked to the window, and turned her back to us.

"What?" I shouted. "Does a Tompkins withdraw such a proposal and to such a girl as Miss Hastings? See her there? Would you break her heart? Shame, Theodore," and I hid my face in my hands lest he might see me. "Shame," I repeated in a muffled voice.

Ted, mopping the drops of perspiration from his forehead, turned to Ethel. He caught her hand. "Miss Hastings," said he, "how can you forgive me? I have broken your poor heart; I see it all. How can you ever forgive me? Never again will I trifle with a young girl's affections. Believe me, I thought I loved you. But when Helen came—my Helen—I learned how things were. Oh, Ethel, look at me; say you will forgive me. So that some day you may forget and be happy once again." The self conceit of the young jackanapes!

"Oh, Theodore," murmured Ethel.

"Say you will forgive me, please," Ted implored.

It had gone far enough, I suppose. What was the use of rubbing it in?

Ethel wheeled suddenly round.

"It's all right, dear boy, I do forgive you," and she laid her hand on his arm, "especially, dear boy, because——" and she flashed the engagement ring before his eyes.

"It's a fair lesson, Ted," I said. "You must never be too good a substitute."

Theodore looked wonderingly, first at Ethel, then at me. Then he looked at the ring. Then a wide grin gradually o'erspread his face.

"Oh, oh," said he, "and it has just happened. I see."

"Two weeks ago yesterday, dear boy," I replied.

Teddy ran his hand through his hair a moment. From the expression of his face, it appeared that he was learning a great many things quite suddenly.

"Pshaw!" the rascal said after a minute, "I knew it all along."

"Of course you did." Ethel rejoined, "no doubt of it. And oh! oh! Theodore, my broken heart!"

Theodore looked sheepish.

"And now, don't you think Helen is waiting for you?"

"You're all right, Jack," said Ted, gripping my hand, "and if it wasn't for Helen, I'd cut you out yet." Then he put his arm round Ethel's waist and kissed her full on the lips.

Just then Helen happened to step into the room. Her eyes popped open like saucers.

"It's all right, Helen," said I.

"My new sister," Ted explained.

"There! I knew it was coming," said Helen.

But as Ted's arm still lurked round Ethel's waist, I hastened to occupy myself as well.

"Oh! oh!" was Helen's smothered exclamation.

"It's all right, Helen," I repeated, "we are all brothers and sisters."

"Kind of kith and kin," lisped Helen, which was assuredly rather pat for a girl who still wears her hair in a braid.

. . . TO NEW READERS . . .

who wish to enter for the 5s. A DAY PRIZE.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE for July, now on sale, price sixpence, contains on pages 82, 83, & 84 the first three sets of pictures. The fourth set will be found on page 330 of this issue of the ROYAL.

Digitized by Google

THE ROOF DWELLERS OF NEW YORK

Beautiful is the view from the top of a twenty-storey building across the harbour and city.

By George E. Mayor.

The rapid multiplication of "sky-scrapers" throughout the business section of New York has developed a race of modern American cliff dwellers whose habitation is the lower end of Manhattan island.

Three hundred feet and more the walls of some of these gigantic structures rise, and a spectator standing on the roof of such a one looks down upon the streets below and sees thousands of little black specks rushing about — apparently in the most foolish and purposeless manner.

Although the homes of red brick and brown stone that were once the abodes of wealth and fashion have disappeared from Broadway, the New York Cheapside, there are many residents within this district still. A visitor to the city would never guess their presence, and even the New Yorker seldom stops to give them a thought. For the Twentieth Century cliff dweller, though located in the busiest part of the great city, is quite aloof from all the bewildering noises and activities that make a bedlam of this section of New York throughout the business day.

A quaint photo of a New York "sky-scraper," on the top of which the roof dwellers have their cottages.

Perched up high in mid air, at the top of these lofty buildings, are little homes as quiet and secluded as though they stood beside some country lane instead of directly above throbbing, hurrying, maddening Broadway. Quaint little houses they are, with ample doorways, many of which are filled with ightly coloured flower-beds. To one who is hungry for a glimpse of country greenery they are as oases

Google

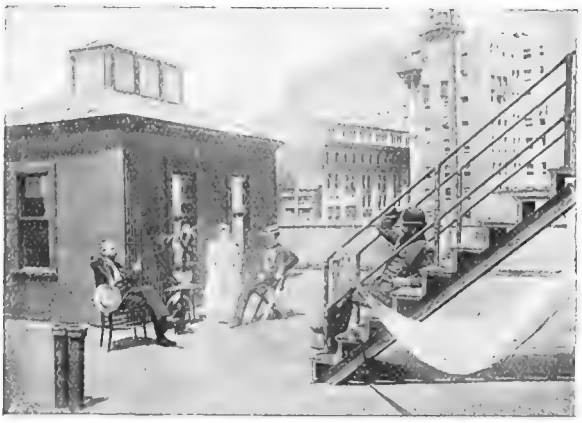
in the great stone desert that constitutes the business section of New York.

But, you may well ask, who is this roof dweller? He is the caretaker of the buildings. In this country he would probably live in the basement, in close, unhealthy quarters, seldom seeing the sun and blue sky, always breathing the same air, the contaminated air of the great city. His children, too, born and brought up in these lower storeys, would never be really healthy. At first thought it might seem that the life of the roof-dweller must be a lonely one, but he has his own diversions, and enjoys many advantages not to be obtained by other residents of the city, not even by the wealthy householders of the fashionable quarters. Sunlight and fresh air are enjoyed by the resident of the roof in unstinted quantities. He is not crowded by his neighbours, he enjoys a delightful seclusion, while at his very feet is spread the vast and ever-changing panorama of the city and its glorious harbour.

In spite of its fifteen storeys, there is a veritable flower paradise on the top of this house.

From his aerial home the new cliff man can look down upon the streets below with their crowding swarms of what, from his lofty perch, look like scurrying ants. He can see the "elevated" trains puffing along, looking almost like toys. The great metropolis stretches away to the northward between its confining rivers as far as eye can reach.

Southward the harbour's broad expanse, alive with craft of every sort, invites his eye. Here pass the gigantic ocean greyhounds—the ferries of the Atlantic; here, too, are tramp steamers from the ports of



A roof dwelling is always cool, however hot the street below may be.

Digitized by Google

A dainty little cottage at the top of a twenty-storey building.

all the seas, high-masted schooners of the coasting trade and white-winged yachts on pleasure bent.

On the other hand—scarce more than a bow-shot distant it seems from this height — lies Brooklyn, the city of homes and churches, with the mighty span of Brooklyn Bridge like a ribbon across the stream.

An enterprising housewife among these denizens of the roof is able to brighten her home with many delightful features. She may have her flower-gardens and even a little patch of vegetables reared in soil brought from below. Trailing vines may be trained along the cottage walls, and with shrubs and plants disposed about the borders of the roof it is possible to transform the whole into a delightful hanging garden.

Cats and dogs, goats and other domestic pets, thrive and grow fat in these lofty houses, and the roof constitutes an ideal playground for the children. There is always a substantial railing to prevent them from falling off, and they are always kept within bounds while enjoying ample space in which to disport themselves.

The children can play in uninterrupted quiet, can romp, and can enjoy themselves to their heart's content on the highest swings in the world far above the busy humming of the bustling town.

As a consequence of the freedom and abundance of sunlight and fresh air the roof children are noticeably happy and healthy in appearance.

The housewife of a roof dwelling busying herself with flowers and plants far from the madding crowd.

Google

MY LITTLE HOLIDAY

BY FOX RUSSELL

I HAD never looked forward so keenly to a holiday before, for I had only just become engaged to Editha, and her parents had invited me to spend a week with them and their somewhat numerous family at Shrimpton-super-Mare.

Editha Biggins was the eldest of eight. Mr. Biggins was something in the city—I also was something—a clerk—in the city. And it was in the city that I first met Papa Biggins; he was short, stout, very bald, and obliged to wear extremely roomy waistcoats. He was very civil to young men, and always liked to ask the apparently prosperous ones to his house at Clapham. He asked me. I went, I saw, and was conquered.

Editha was charming, though she looked a little worried at times with the incessant noise of the four younger children—such little bea—uties, I mean. And although I tried to spread my great love for Editha over the rest of the family, the project didn't seem to work, somehow. Papa Biggins was rather an old bo—rather pros—I should say, rather fond of detail, and always repeating stories of his own preternatural acumen. The stories usually ended in "So you see, my dear young friend, if I wasn't pretty sharp, why where should I be now?"

I often felt that I knew where I *wished* him.

Mamma Biggins was red-faced, sharp-tongued and snappish. Mr. Biggins had my sympathies as far as his wife went, and Mrs. Biggins "went" a very long way.

From the first I knew that Editha loved me—well, for the matter of that, so did Mabel, the second daughter—and if I'd wanted the third, I don't think there'd have been any difficulty. Editha actually couldn't refrain from paying me open compliments, and I—well, I was only twenty-three—I was so flattered that I fell hopelessly in love with her at once.

My prospects were pretty good—though I could hardly marry on my salary (ninety pounds a year), but my father was well off, having retired from the tea trade with a comfortable competence—and I was the only son. I ought to have waited, but something which Editha hinted, with a deep sigh, about her father forcing her into a hated marriage with a City millionaire, determined me to propose at once. True, the City millionaire never seemed to come to the house—and nobody but Editha ever mentioned him—nevertheless, this mystic personage evidently exercised a positive terror over my loved one, and I determined to win her, even out of the jaws of the bloated financier.

So one evening—when I had been to Clapham to high-tea and progressive whist—I followed Mr. Biggins so sharply into his "den" that I nearly trod on his heels.

"What can I do for you, my boy?" he asked, regarding me blandly through his *pince-nez*.

"Mr. Biggins," I said, "I will not beat about the bush—I love your eldest daughter—have I your consent to——"

"Certainly, my boy, certainly," he answered, with, I thought at the time, some unnecessary haste. Then he made a few inquiries about my salary and prospects, and finally said he supposed my father would "do something."

Knowing my revered progenitor's irascible temper, I was rather inclined to think that he

Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

would indeed "do something" directly I acquainted him with the facts. I went to the back dining-room where Editha sat alone. There was no need to ruin a pair of irreproachable shepherd's plaid trousers, so I deftly pushed a cushion down on the floor and flung myself thereon. I don't know what I said; but I poured out a wealth of impassioned words—I know they were impassioned, because Editha told me so next day—and then my loved one said "this is all so sudden" and, after that, she put her arms round my neck and observed that she was "mine till death."

Nothing could have been more satisfactory.

And so we were engaged and I gave her a forty-five shilling ring next day. My mother and sister sniffed, and exchanged cutting remarks anent young men who were "caught in the toils" and who "walked into traps with their eyes shut," speaking not *to* me, but *at* me; whilst even if I were inclined to pollute my pen by writing the words my father used, at the announcement of my coming happiness, I am sure that any self-respecting compositor would decline to set them up in type. It is beneath one's dignity to argue with an angry man—as well as being highly dangerous.

Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Biggins announced that the following week they were going to Shrimpton. Mrs. B., though quite a lady, of course, and, indeed, of very old family—she told me so herself—had a curious habit of drop — of — I mean she used aspirates in quite unconventional places; it was really rather interesting, though it sometimes made me feel a little hot when strangers—who didn't, perhaps, understand this idiosyncrasy—were present. On this occasion she said:

"Harthur, we shall expect you down to stay a week with us at Shrimpton; a breath o' the sea hair will do you 'eaps of good, and put some colour into those pasty cheeks of yours."

Which was really very kind, only that I wished she had not called my cheeks "pasty." I always try to get sunburnt, and go through all sorts of inconvenience, amounting sometimes to physical suffering, in sitting for hours in the back garden on Sunday mornings, and taking unpleasant journeys on penny steamers in order to obtain a weather-beaten appearance.

I had an hour's leave from the office to see the Bigginses off at the station. The place was crammed—being the Friday before Bank Holiday—and whilst Papa Biggins struggled with the luggage, I was requested to get the tickets. After waiting in an ever-lengthening queue I at last succeeded, and fortunately found just enough in my purse to pay—Mrs. B. having forgotten to give me the money. I fought my way back, handed her the tickets, and was about to have a quiet word with Editha, when Mrs. B. begged me to obtain an empty third-class carriage for them.

I shoved my way through the crowd, tripping over luggage of every description, and travelling the whole length of train. Of course there was no vacant carriage; this I knew before I started. Mrs. B. very annoyed and very warm. Quite evident that they must separate and go in different carriages.

Papa B. arrived, also very annoyed and very warm—inclined to quarrel with railway officials for not finding him empty carriage—Alexander and Reginald making no attempt to assist with the innumerable parcels. Billy—*aetat* eleven—whistling distractingly, with hands in pockets—Editha standing rather helplessly by.

"Room for two in here!" cries a perspiring and much harassed guard. "Look sharp, take yer places if yer goin' on!"

Dismal groan from Mrs. B. "Oh, we shall all be left be'ind—here, jump in, nurse, you must stand, if you can't sit. Editha, don't stand starin' about you!—you and Mabel too, get in the next carriage. No, it isn't full—you just do as I tell you," and the two girls disappear. I was about to follow, in order to have a word with Editha, when Mr. B. exclaims: "Catch hold of this Gladstone, will you, Arthur, and shove it under the seat."

Do so, and again try to edge over to where Editha and Mabel sit. No good. Mrs. B. calls loudly from her window, "Harthur!" I pretended not to hear, as just then I caught sight of Mrs. and Miss Meldrum—wife and daughter of Admiral Meldrum, our most distinguished neighbour—bowing from the window of a carriage near. Was in act of raising my hat, when another even more imperative cry from Mrs. Biggins salutes my ear.

"Har—thur! Mr. 'Utchings!"—my name is Arthur Hutchings. I forgot to mention it before.

"Good-bye." Train begins to move. "We shall expect you, Thursday!" came the voice. Then the large, warm red face was withdrawn; Editha leant out of the window

Digitized by Google

and waved me a pretty little farewell, and they were gone.

The train had started late, and I found that I had exceeded my office leave. So I had to take a hansom. When I arrived I was obliged to borrow a shilling from our junior clerk for the fare — rather humiliating — Mr. Biggins, in his hurry, had forgotten to reimburse me for the railway tickets.

Next morning I overheard my father describe Editha as "a commonplace young person with chubby cheeks and a vacant simper." And then he had the bad taste to add "Bah!"

I thought I had never heard anything so rude.

On the following Thursday I travelled down to Shrimpton, and Editha met me at the station. When she pinched my arm with a delicious air of proprietorship I could have embraced her on the crowded platform.

"Room for two in here!" cries a perspiring and much harassed guard.

We drove in a cab to Beach Villa, and it felt so delightfully improper. Mr. B. welcomed me in the passage, whilst little Billy put a jammy hand, most cordially, on my trousers. And Mrs. Biggins called out from the sitting-room, where tea was going on:

"Come in 'ere, Mr. 'Utchings—there, why should I call you 'Utchings?" (why, indeed?) "we are all to be one fambly, soon! Come in, Harthur, and set down, and 'ave a cup o' tea and some srimps. It'll do yer good after that 'ot crowded journey. You'll 'ave to share a room with the boys."

I joined the famb—family—circle, and drank a cup of cold tea and ate shrimps—and tea-cake—the latter also cold—it was not an inspiriting meal after a long railway journey, but——

"Your train's late, you see; that's why everything's cold," explained my hostess genially.

It was a beautiful evening, and Editha and I were about to start for a ramble "on the front"—Shrimpton has a kind of wharf, which its inhabitants call the Grand Parade—when Reg. volunteered to accompany us.

I am afraid we didn't appreciate the advantage of Reg.'s proposition. We had hoped for a *tête-à-tête*.

Editha said feebly: "Oh, you don't want to come to-night, Reg."

"Why shouldn't 'e come if 'e likes? Leave the boy alone," cried Mrs. B. tartly.

I was just about to explain that that was precisely what we both desired to do, when Editha nudged me, and said hopelessly:

"Oh, it's no good. If mother says he may come he will." D—ear Reg.!

After an hour's walk, we sit and try a dozen ways of getting rid of Reginald. At last a bright thought struck me: "Reg.," I said, with well simulated indifference, "will

Digitized by Google

you go up the street and get some peppermints (I had forgotten that I had to share the same room with him); if so, you can have half for yourself, and then——"

"Give us the oof," he said greedily, holding out a dirty paw.

I handed him a shilling, and he vanished. We rose and walked off hurriedly to the sands.

Bliss at last! we sat on a rock in the deep shadow cast by the moon, and I passed my arm round Editha's waist and kissed her.

"Oh, do look out! I'm sure they'll see us from the parade," she said fearfully. "Oh, Arthur!" she resumed. "I have so longed for——"

"Here you are!" broke in a puffing, panting voice. "here's the stuff! ain't I been quick?" (puff—pant)—"run all the way"—(puff)—"and here"—(puff) "am!"

We rose and walked slowly home.

"Supper'll be ready at half past eight," said Reginald. "We've got hash and the cold mutton."

I affected an interest in these details, by way of conciliation. He put two fingers into his capacious mouth—all the family are gifted in this respect—and emitted an ear-piercing, shrieking whistle.

"Oh, don't do that!" said Editha wearily.

"Shall!" was the only answer. How I did hate that boy.

I sat between Billy, on one side, and my hostess on the other at supper, rather an unfortunate arrangement, as Mrs. B. was continually leaning across me to supply Billy's wants, and handing him edibles, material portions of which never got as far as Billy. But I took it calmly, even when a thickly spread piece of bread and jam over-balanced and fell, jam side down, on to my lap. I only said "Jam!"—but I said it so hastily that Mrs. B. regarded me with a long stare of wonderment as to whether she had caught the word aright.

After supper, Mr. B. and I took a turn on the front. After telling me seven prosy stories, he suddenly said: "By the way, what assistance will your father give you, eh?"

I replied that the only assistance he was likely to afford would be down the front steps with the toe of his boot, and Papa Biggins looked glum. Then I began speaking casually of railway tickets, hoping Mr. B. might remember that I had not yet been paid—curiously enough, he seemed to have quite forgotten the circumstance.

At ten, my hostess asked me if I would mind going to bed, as otherwise I might keep the boys awake. Now, Editha and I had planned a few minutes to ourselves after the others had retired. However, there was no help for it, and with the best grace possible, I said goodnight, and went.

I crept upstairs and pushed open the bedroom door, quietly, so as not to disturb the boys. Immediately I was overwhelmed with a shower of books, pillows and sofa-cushions—a "booby trap" thoughtfully arranged for me. Smothered giggles from the two occupied beds greeted me, as I hastily struck a match. No use getting angry. Had to look pleasant and thought it politic to even say "Ha, ha!"

Undressed hurriedly and found my pyjamas had been sewn up at the ends. Second outburst of giggles. Began to feel rather mad; however, made the best of it, and go into bed at last.

Bed apparently stuffed with lumps of coal.

Room close—got out and opened window.

"You mustn't do that," observes Alexander, "I've got a sore throat."

Got out again, and shut window.

Reginald commences coughing. "Shut up," says Alexander.

"Shan't!" defiantly from Reginald—Alexander gets out of bed and bashes Reginald with pillow. Scuffle ensues, in midst of which Alexander hits his nose violently against bedpost, and emits dismal yell. Get out of bed (third time) and strike match. Then Mrs. Biggins, without knocking, hastily enters room and demands to know what is the matter. Explain. "Well, I should 'ave thought any man could keep these children from fightin'," she says reproachfully. Then, with great impartiality, she smacks both their heads, and retires.

With these trifling exceptions, I had quite a good night.

Seeing no bath when I woke next morning, dressed and went down to beach to bathe. Peculiar sea at Shrimpton: deep, rich, brown colour—shuddered, and chartered bathing-machine. Rushed into sea. Dirty, cold and shallow. Retired to machine again, shivering, got back to Beach Villa at eight—re-made toilet and waited for breakfast. Half-an-hour later Mrs. B. appeared, looking decidedly frowsy—still waiting for meal—then Mrs. B. takes charge of baby and sends nurse out to buy "something for breakfast."

Rest of family trickle down at intervals. Breakfast at last. I sit opposite Editha and cannot but admit that what my father said

Digitized by Google

has substratum of truth in it; she has chubby cheeks, but not, oh *not* a vacant simper.

"Reg." came down to breakfast wearing my pyjamas over his own suit. This evidently looked upon as charming example of humour by most of family, though Editha blushed painfully. I tried to join in joke and said feebly, "Ha! Ha!"—but it was an even weaker effort than that of the previous night. My "Ha Ha's" lack spontaneity at Shrimpton, somehow.

During breakfast Reg. and Alexander make remarks, disclosing certain matters of my toilet arrangements which I would willingly have suppressed. So jovial of them. Not jovial myself—felt hot all over, and wondered what was coming next. My hostess frowned severely and said:

"'Ush!"

Felt even worse after that.

"I say, will you play leap-frog with us on the common?" asked Alexander, with his mouth full of bread and butter. I now notice, for the first time, Alexander, an absurd and vulgar caricature of Editha.

Profess my inefficiency at leap-frog. "Oh, Reg. and me'll soon teach you!" Say I would rather not learn.

"Let's start for the sands," suggests Mr. B., and, laden with pails, spades, apples, Robb's biscuits, crab nets, and ginger beer, we start away *en route* for the shore. With difficulty—for the place is crammed—we select a spot near large rock, and encamp.

"Now this is what I call jolly, you know!" says Papa Biggins.

"So 'omely," chimes in Mrs. B.

I assent without any fervour, and watch for chance to escape with Editha. Boys insist upon my help in constructing sand castle. So I set to work, while Mrs. B. says playfully: "You can 'ave a stroll with your young lady" (rather grating, this) "soon as you've done the carstle."

Immediately I was overwhelmed with a shower of books, pillows, and sofa-cushions.

Digitized by Google

I fell backwards, my heels almost hitting Editha in the face, as I disappeared over the seat.

With this incentive I take off my coat and dig with desperate energy. I rush after big stones, delve channels to conduct sea water, and am generally getting hot and flushed when, happening to look up, I see Miss Meldrum and her mother passing along the whar—parade. They bowed—distantly, I thought—and Mary Meldrum indulged in a quiet, half-suppressed smile.

At that moment I could have scalped the baby, without compunction.

When, at last, I had finished my allotted task, and played an exhausting game at rounders with the three little boys, I dragged on my coat, and suggested a row to Editha. Mamma inclined to interfere, but saw that I might, like the worm, "turn"; so she reluctantly consented.

"At last!" I said, as we walked down to the sea to hire a boat, "really, Editha—those boys are—are very high-spirited boys," I ended, rather lamely.

She sighed wearily and said: "They're awful."

"Never mind, darling. When we are married——"

"Yes—*when,*" she repeated in scornful tones. Papa had evidently told her of our overnight conversation. I felt annoyed. *I* couldn't help it that Baker, Bones & Co. only gave me ninety pounds a year.

We entered the boat in silence. Nor did we speak until I had rowed out some distance.

"Don't go so far away from land. Suppose we were to be upset?" she snapped.

I assumed a dignified air, as I replied: "I *am* upset, Editha. What you have just said implies that it is *my* fault I have not enough to marry on. I *am* upset." I gave a vicious tug at the oar and missed the water, with the inevitable result that I fell backwards, my heels almost hitting Editha in the face, as I disappeared over the seat.

I know no more unenviable position than this, and it struck me as rather brutal that Editha should laugh.

I righted myself and took the oars again; then I said, with fine sarcasm:

"I should not have laughed if you had had a similar misfortune, Editha."

Editha blushed ruby red, and called me a "nasty wretch." I—I turned red, too, then, feeling that my last remark had not been a happy one.

We relapsed into silence again, and I pulled savagely on, unheeding of the fact that the sea had become much rougher.

Digitized by Google

Editha drew out her handkerchief and wiped away a tear; but it did not move me—in fact, I soon began to feel a sort of indifference, not only to Editha, but to all mundane affairs. My strokes became slower as the boat pitched and tossed, until, at last, I ceased rowing altogether.

I was feeling far from well.

When, with dull, heavy eyes, I looked up, Editha, her face very white, was in the act of speaking:

"I think we'd better go back. I feel rather——"

She broke off there. But I understood, and with feeble strokes made for the shore.

We were met by the three boys standing on the beach, hands in pockets, and Alexander, grinning coarsely, shouted:

"'Ullo! You two bin sea-sick?"

Whereat the vulgar herd around laughed loud.

I tried to say "Ha! Ha!" again—but the effort ended in a groan.

We walked back to Beach Villa in silence, and parted on the door-mat.

After lying down for half-an-hour, trying vainly to ignore the smell of onions and boiling cabbage, I felt that I could stand the strain of the situation no longer. My infatuation was over. I weakly staggered to my feet, pencilled a note to my hostess saying I was suddenly recalled to town, hailed a passing cab and fled.

Next morning I wrote briefly to Editha releasing her from our engagement, and with withering irony I left her free to marry "the City millionaire," of whom I had heard so much and seen nothing.

Two days later I received a blustering letter from old Biggins, demanding to know what were my intentions?

To which I replied "Strictly honourable, but no longer matrimonial."

I thought that was "Check."

But at the end of a fortnight—most agreeably diversified by dallyings with Mary Meldrum—the following communication burst upon me like a bombshell.

203, Clutchcosts Buildings,
Lincoln's Inn.

SIR,

BIGGINS VERSUS YOURSELF.

We are instructed by our client, MISS EDITHA MAUDE BIGGINS, to commence an action against you to recover damages for breach of a promise to marry.

Kindly send us address of your solicitor who will accept service on your behalf and oblige,

Yours faithfully,
HOLDON, TIGHT & CO.

A. HUTCHINGS, ESQ.

This was "Check-mate."

And that bald-headed old miscreant, Biggins, has not even mentioned those railway tickets! I fear I am likely to pay dearly for "my little holiday."

A WONDERFUL PAIR.

BY JESSIE CARR.

THERE'S a man and a maiden I know of,
Who love with a wonderful love;
This earth cannot match their devotion,
Nor even the heavens above.
Though others may love in a fashion,
It is but a second-rate bliss,
While theirs is the deepest and truest!
(They're perfectly certain of this).

Other girls, he declares with conviction,
May be charming enough to behold,
But they haven't such blue eyes as she has,
Nor hair of such wonderful gold.
And there isn't another girl living
So utterly tempting to kiss!
She's the sweetest and dearest and nicest!
(He's perfectly certain of this).

She admits other men may be pleasant
(A wondrous concession, indeed!)
That they all have some points in their favour
She is graciously pleased to concede.
But the others, she sees very clearly,
Perfection undoubtedly miss,
While he!—he's the one man who doesn't!
(She's perfectly certain of this).

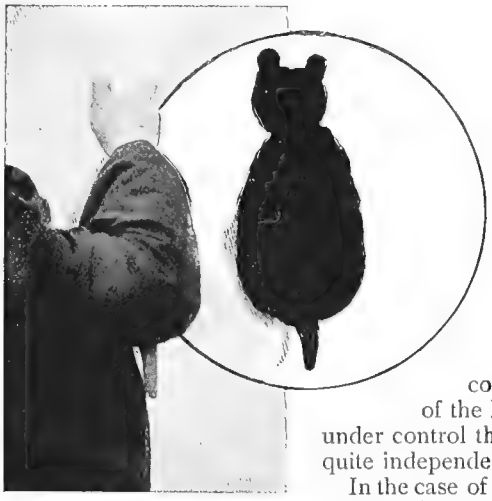
Do you know of this man and this maiden?
Their names can you promptly supply?
Have you witnessed their matchless devotion,
And heard their superlatives fly?
Just listen while *any* young lovers
Enlarge on their newly found bliss,
And this wonderful pair you'll discover!
(I'm perfectly certain of this).

Digitized by Google

SHADOWS ON THE SCREEN

By C. Lang Neil.

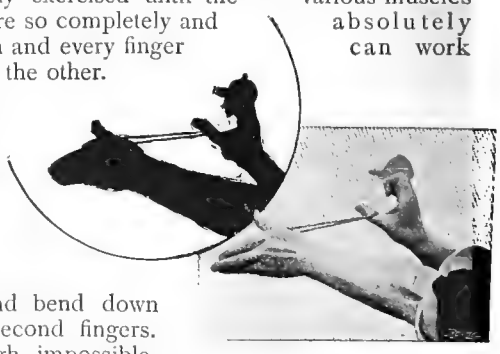
A Bright Description of a Popular Entertainment illustrated with Photographs from the Hand of Mons. Trewy.



A very simple shadow. Raise the outside knuckles of the right hand and put a cloth over the arm to show pussy. Her tail can be made by the first finger of the left hand hanging down below the right elbow.

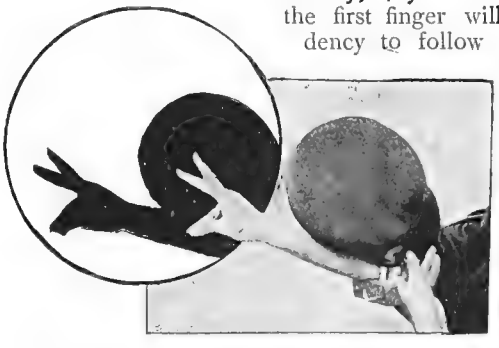
The art of producing shadows is simple and delightful, and with a little practice can be made really very attractive. A great deal depends on the manipulation of the muscles of the fingers and the hand. These should be carefully and continually exercised until the various muscles of the hand are so completely and absolutely under control that each and every finger can work quite independently of the other.

In the case of most people's hands there seems to be a general agreement between the various fingers to the effect that if one be bidden to bend itself down, the others will follow. To illustrate this, hold your hand straight out, and bend down the little finger without moving the third and second fingers. You will find it hard, and, at first, well-nigh impossible. Similarly, if you bend down your thumb the first finger will show a slight tendency to follow in its wake.



It is quite easy to make a capital jockey. Hold the fingers of the left hand close together, the thumb pointing upwards to form the ears of the horse. A piece of cardboard will form the jockey's cap.

Would you succeed in making good shadows you must first overcome these tendencies, and so rule your hand that each and every finger can do just what you wish without any others interfering.



This represents a snail. A piece of cardboard may be used instead of a cap. The snail should be made to emerge from the shell.

The rabbit is most realistic. The left hand is placed on the right, back to back, first finger and thumb of the left grasping the first and second of the right. The thumb should point downwards, and the third and fourth fingers of the right hand straight out. A little movement of the fingers will give life to the bunny.

Having thus gained the upper hand over your fingers, you can set to work at making shadows.

Either you may take a few of the subjects given here and make a study of them; or, which is really the better of the two, invent studies for yourself.

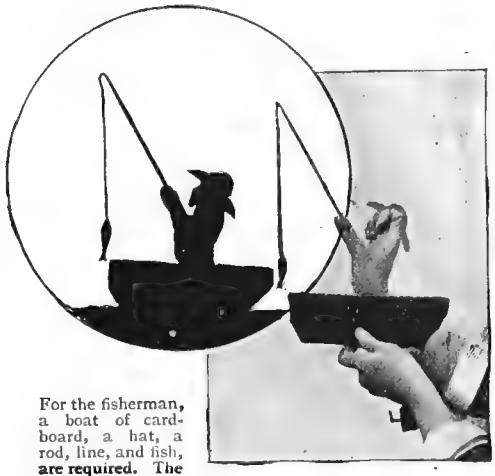
Put a strong light before a white wall or screen, place your hands between the two, and work your fingers together, until you see in the strong circle of light formed on your screen or wall a resemblance to something or other, an animal, a face, or

Digitized by Google

The two hands are brought into play for the swan. This is a difficult position for the fingers of the right hand, the first two being bent and the others straight. The left hand forms the swan's wing.

whatever it may be. Then, with your eyes on the shadow, so work and shift your fingers until you have as perfect as possible a representation of your subject.

Then quickly release your hands, with-



For the fisherman, a boat of cardboard, a hat, a rod, line, and fish, are required. The left hand holds the cardboard boat, the rod being fastened on to the right thumb, while the hat is held between the first and second fingers.

drawing them at once. Next try the same subject as before, practising with a view to arrive at your required shadow as quickly as possible. Continue practising it again and again, until you can immediately produce your shadow on the screen quite perfectly. The quicker you can do it the better.

You may try some other subjects, the number of which is as the sand of the sea. For the purpose of giving a "show" about fifteen or twenty subjects, at least, should be mastered.

The majority of studies can be done by the hands and arms alone, which is a great boon. However, for a few of them a little outside help is required, such as in the shadow representing a man in a boat fishing, or a schoolmaster with his cap on his head.

The dread of small boys—the schoolmaster. The scholastic cap is made of simple cardboard, and, with a tassel, is very effective. The nose of the master is the joint of the first finger.

But in these cases the requisite outside help can be easily and quickly fashioned from a piece of ordinary cardboard, so should give little or no trouble.

But, of course, the best shadows are those in which the hands alone are involved. Of these, the prettiest examples are those of a rabbit, where the fingers are ingeniously entwined, and of a dog, in which the movement of the fingers will give the

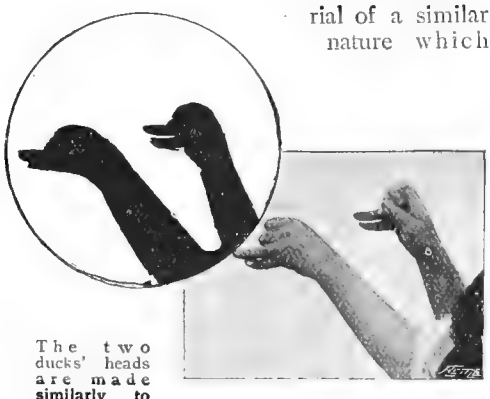
As in the previous tableau, a boat and hat are required, the alligator being supplied by pieces of cardboard. The boat must be tilted up to give it the impression of capsizing.

Digitized by Google

impression of the dog opening and shutting his mouth.

In a few cases, such as that of a dog, an imitation of a bark is a very useful addition to the entertainment. Similarly, when giving a cat in shadow and other animals, appropriate noises are always amusing, and in no way out of place.

Although for ordinary practice a wall will do perfectly well on which to throw the silhouettes, for a performance a screen must be used and the light behind, thus giving the audience a clear, uninterrupted view of the shadows. The screen should in this case be of a thin, white material, such as linen, or some other material of a similar nature which



The two ducks' heads are made similarly to that of the swan, but without the bending of the wrist found there.

can be tightly stretched and fixed into a frame.

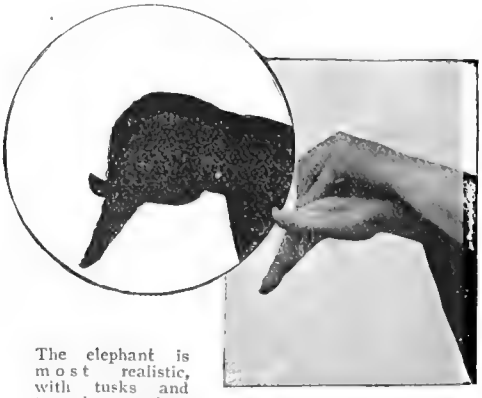
If the stuff be thoroughly wetted previously and then tacked on to the framework it will, when dry, have shrunk so as to stretch it to its full extent, thus giving excellent results. To give good and really sharp black shadows, the light should be as strong as possible,

The dog is, perhaps, a shade harder to contrive. The two thumbs point upwards, while the fingers of the hands are slanting, the left hand over the right, the first finger of the latter hanging below the left hand, to form the dog's lower lip.

Here is a subject for which only the two hands are necessary, and no outside help is required. The flying bird is very easy. Draw the fingers together a little, and cross the thumbs. The bird can be made to flap its wings.

such as acetylene or, if possible, limelight, and the rays of the lamp should not be permitted to extend beyond the screen in any way.

This form of entertainment is really ideal for young people, combining, in its other interesting faculties, a charming simplicity that will appeal to young and old. Children



The elephant is most realistic, with tusks and trunk complete. Bend down the fingers of the right hand and hold the thumb straight out. This will give the tusks and trunk. Place the left hand over the right with the fingers easily bent to complete the shadow.

who have seen a good exhibition of shadowgraphy will want to try it themselves at home, and thus will have excellent opportunities of training the muscles of their fingers and keeping their time occupied in a perfectly harmless and pleasant way.

Digitized by Google

THE EDINBURGH MYSTERY.

Being the Fifth of a Series of Stories entitled "The Mysteries of Great Cities."

Illustrated by P. B. Hickling.

By Baroness E. Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man in the Corner *who tells the story to the*
Lady Journalist.
Mr. Graham.
David Graham.
Lady Donaldson.
Miss Crawford
Tremlett (*maid*).
Sir James Fenwick.

I.

The man in the corner had not enjoyed his lunch. I could see that he had something on his mind, for, even before he began to talk that morning, he was fidgeting with his bit of string, and setting all my nerves on the jar.

"Have you ever felt real sympathy with a criminal or a thief?" he asked after a while.

"Only once, I think," I replied, "and then I am not quite sure that the unfortunate woman who did enlist my sympathies was the criminal you make her out to be."

"You mean the heroine of the York mystery?" he replied blandly. "I know that you tried very hard that time to discredit the only possible version of that mysterious murder, the version which is my own. Now, I am equally sure that you have at the present moment no more notion as to who killed and robbed poor Lady Donaldson in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, than the police have themselves, and yet you are fully prepared to pooh-pooh my arguments, and to disbelieve my version of the mystery. Such is the lady journalist's mind."

"If you have some cock and bull story to explain that extraordinary case," I retorted, "of course I shall disbelieve it. Certainly, if you are going to try and enlist my sympathies on behalf of Edith Crawford, I can assure you you won't succeed."

"Well, I don't know that that is altogether my intention. I see you are interested in the case, but I dare say you don't remember all the circumstances. You must forgive me if I repeat that which you know already. If you have ever been to Edinburgh at all, you will have heard of Graham's bank, and Mr. Andrew Graham, the present head of the firm, is undoubtedly one of the most prominent notabilities of 'modern Athens.'"

The man in the corner took two or three photos from his pocket-book and placed them before me; then pointing at them with his long bony finger—

"That," he said, "is Mr. Elphinstone Graham, the eldest son, a typical young Scotchman, as you see, and this is David Graham, the second son."

I looked more closely at this last photo, and saw before me a young face, upon which some lasting sorrow seemed already to have left its mark. The face was delicate and thin, the features pinched, and the eyes seemed almost unnaturally large and prominent.

"He was deformed," commented the man in the corner in answer to my thoughts,

Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

"and, as such, an object of pity and even of repugnance to most of his friends. There was also a good deal of talk in Edinburgh society as to his mental condition, his mind, according to many intimate friends of the Grahams, being at times decidedly unhinged. Be that as it may, I fancy that his life must have been a very sad one; he had lost his mother when quite a baby, and his father seemed, strangely enough, to have an almost unconquerable dislike towards him.

"Everyone got to know presently of David Graham's sad position in his father's own house, and also of the great affection lavished upon him by his godmother, Lady Donaldson, who was a sister of Mr. Graham's.

"She was a lady of considerable wealth, being the widow of Sir George Donaldson, the great distiller, but she seems to have been decidedly eccentric. Latterly she had astonished all her family—who were rigid Presbyterians—by announcing her intention of embracing the Roman Catholic faith, and then retiring to the convent of St. Augustine's at Newton Abbot in Devonshire.

"She had sole and absolute control of the vast fortune a doting husband had bequeathed to her. Clearly, therefore, she was at liberty to bestow it upon a Devonshire convent if she chose. But this evidently was not altogether her intention.

"I told you how fond she was of her deformed godson, did I not? Being a bundle of eccentricities, she had many hobbies, none more pronounced than the fixed determination to see—before retiring from the world altogether—David Graham happily married.

"Now, it appears that David Graham, ugly, deformed, half-demented as he was, had fallen desperately in love with Miss Edith Crawford, daughter of the late Dr. Crawford of Prince's Gardens. The young lady, however—very naturally, perhaps—fought shy of David Graham, who, about this time, certainly seemed very queer and morose, but Lady Donaldson, with characteristic determination, seems to have made up her mind to melt Miss Crawford's heart towards her unfortunate nephew.

"On October the 2nd, at a family party given by Mr. Graham in his fine mansion in Charlotte Square, Lady Donaldson openly announced her intention of making over, by deed of gift, to her nephew, David Graham, certain property, money and shares, amounting in total value to the sum of £100,000, and also her magnificent diamonds, which were worth £50,000, for the use of the said David's wife. Keith Macfinlay, a lawyer of Prince's Street, received the next day instructions for drawing up the necessary deed of gift, which she pledged herself to sign the day of her godson's wedding.

"A week later *The Scotsman* contained the following paragraph:

> "A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between David, younger son of Andrew Graham, Esq., of Charlotte Square, Edinburgh and Dochnakirk, Perthshire, and Edith Lillian, only surviving daughter of the late Dr. Kenneth Crawford, of Prince's Gardens.

"In Edinburgh society comments were loud and various upon the forthcoming marriage, and, on the whole, these comments were far from complimentary to the families concerned. I do not think that the Scotch are a particularly sentimental race, but there was such obvious buying, selling, and bargaining about this marriage that Scottish chivalry rose in revolt at the thought.

"Against that the three people most concerned seemed perfectly satisfied. David Graham was positively transformed; his moroseness was gone from him, he lost his queer ways and wild manners, and became gentle and affectionate in the midst of this great and unexpected happiness. Miss Edith Crawford ordered her trousseau, and talked of the diamonds to her friends, and Lady Donaldson was only waiting for the consummation of this marriage—her heart's desire—before she finally retired from the world, at peace with it and with herself.

"The deed of gift was ready for signature on the wedding day, which was fixed for November 7th, and Lady Donaldson took up her abode temporarily in her brother's house in Charlotte Square.

"Mr. Graham gave a large ball on October 23rd. Special interest is attached to this ball, from the fact that for this occasion Lady Donaldson insisted that David's future wife should wear the magnificent diamonds which were soon to be hers.

"They were, it seems, superb, and became Miss Crawford's stately beauty to perfection. The ball was a brilliant success, the last guest leaving at four a.m. The next day it was the universal topic of conversation, and the day after that, when Edinburgh unfolded the late editions of its morning papers, it learned with horror and dismay that Lady Donaldson had been found murdered in her room, and that the celebrated diamonds had been stolen.

"Hardly had the beautiful little city, however, recovered from this awful shock than

Digitized by Google

its newspapers had another thrilling sensation ready for their readers.

"Already all Scotch and English papers had mysteriously hinted at 'startling information' obtained by the Procurator Fiscal, and at an 'impending sensational arrest.'

"Then the announcement came, and everyone in Edinburgh read, horror-struck and aghast, that the 'sensational arrest' was none other than that of Miss Edith Crawford, for murder and robbery, both so daring and horrible that reason refused to believe that a young lady, born and bred in the best social circle, could have conceived, much less executed, so heinous a crime. She had been arrested in London at the Midland Hotel, and brought to Edinburgh, where she was judicially examined, bail being refused."

II.

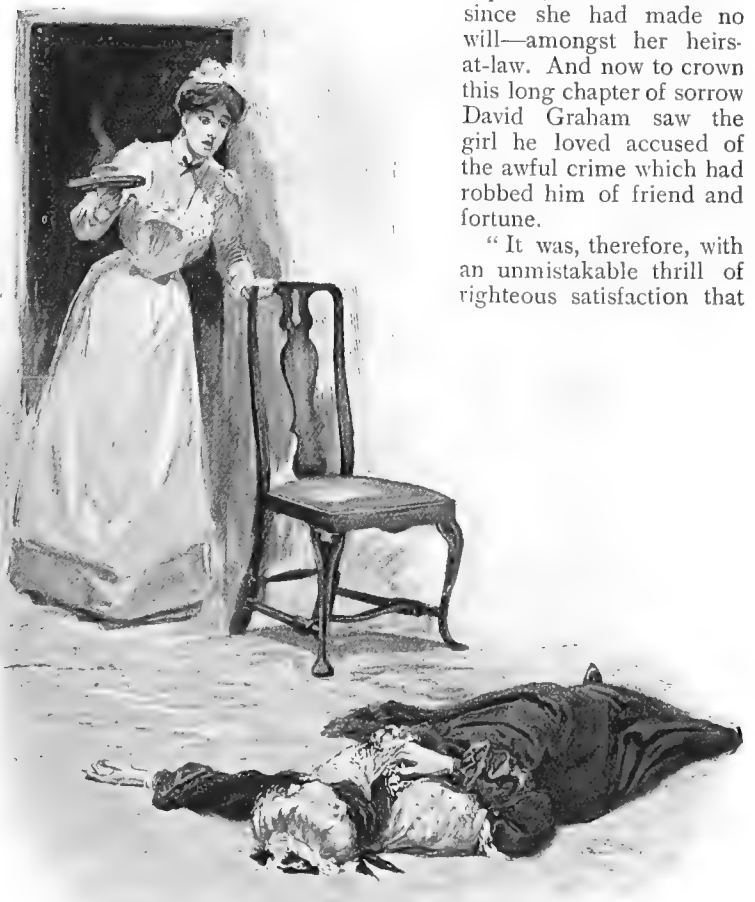
"Little more than a fortnight after that, Edith Crawford was duly committed to stand her trial before the High Court of Justiciary. She had pleaded 'Not Guilty' at the pleading diet, and her defence was intrusted to Sir James Fenwick, one of the most eminent advocates at the Criminal Bar.

"Strange to say," continued the man in the corner after awhile, "public opinion from the first went dead against the accused. The public is absolutely like a child, perfectly irresponsible and wholly illogical; it argued that since Miss Crawford had been ready to contract a marriage with a half-demented, deformed creature for the sake of £100,000, she must have been equally ready to murder and rob an old lady for the sake of £50,000 worth of jewellery, without the incumbrance of so undesirable a husband.

"Perhaps the great sympathy aroused in the popular mind for David Graham had much to do with this ill-feeling against the accused. David Graham had, by this cruel and dastardly murder, lost the best—if not the only—friend he possessed. He had also lost at one fell swoop the large fortune which Lady Donaldson had been about to assign to him.

"The deed of gift had never been signed, and the old lady's vast wealth, instead of enriching her favourite nephew, was distributed—since she had made no will—amongst her heirs-at-law. And now to crown this long chapter of sorrow David Graham saw the girl he loved accused of the awful crime which had robbed him of friend and fortune.

"It was, therefore, with an unmistakable thrill of righteous satisfaction that



'Lady Donaldson had been found murdered in her room.

Digitized by Google

Edinburgh society saw this 'mercenary girl' in so terrible a plight.

"I was immensely interested in the case, and journeyed down to Edinburgh in order to get a good view of the chief actors in the thrilling drama which was about to be unfolded there.

"I succeeded—I generally do—in securing one of the front seats among the audience, and was already comfortably installed in my place in court when through the trap door I saw the head of the prisoner emerge. She was very becomingly dressed in deep black, and, led by two policemen, she took her place in the dock. Sir James Fenwick shook hands with her very warmly, and I could almost hear him instilling words of comfort into her.

"The trial lasted six clear days, during which time more than forty persons were examined for the prosecution, and as many for the defence. But the most interesting witnesses were certainly the two doctors, the maid Tremlett, Campbell, the High Street jeweller, and David Graham.

"There was, of course, a great deal of medical evidence to go through. Poor Lady Donaldson had been found with a silk scarf tied tightly round her neck, her face showing even to the inexperienced eye every symptom of strangulation.

"Then Tremlett, Lady Donaldson's confidential maid was called. Closely examined by Crown Counsel she gave an account of the ball at Charlotte Square on the 23rd, and the wearing of the jewels by Miss Crawford on that occasion.

"'I helped Miss Crawford on with the tiara over her hair,' she said; 'and my lady put the two necklaces round Miss Crawford's neck herself. There were also some beautiful brooches, bracelets and earrings. At four o'clock in the morning when the ball was over, Miss Crawford brought the jewels back to my lady's room. My lady had already gone to bed, and I had put out the electric light, as I was going, too. There was only one candle left in the room, close to the bed.

"'Miss Crawford took all the jewels off, and asked Lady Donaldson for the key of the safe, so that she might put them away. My lady gave her the key, and said to me: "You can go to bed, Tremlett, you must be dead tired." I was glad to go, for I could hardly stand up—I was so tired. I said "Good-night!" to my lady and also to Miss Crawford, who was busy putting the jewels away. As I was going out of the room, I heard Lady Donaldson saying: "Have you managed it, my dear?" Miss Crawford said: "I have put everything away very nicely."'

"In answer to Sir James Fenwick, Tremlett said that Lady Donaldson always carried the key of her jewel safe on a ribbon round her neck, and had done so the whole day preceding her death.

"'On the night of the 24th,' she continued, 'Lady Donaldson still seemed rather tired, and went up to her room directly after dinner, and while the family were still sitting in the dining room. She made me dress her hair, then she slipped on her dressing gown, and sat in the armchair with a book. She told me then that she felt strangely uncomfortable and nervous and could not account for it.

"'However, she did not want me to sit with her, so I thought that the best thing I could do was to tell Mr. David Graham that her Ladyship did not seem very cheerful. Her Ladyship was so fond of Mr. David; it always made her happy to have him with her. I then went to my room, and at half-past eight Mr. David called me. He said: "Your mistress does seem a little restless to-night. If I were you I would just go and listen at her door in about an hour's time, and if she has not gone to bed I would go in and stay with her until she has." At about ten o'clock I did as Mr. David suggested, and listened at her Ladyship's door. However, all was quiet in the room, and, thinking her Ladyship had gone to sleep, I went back to bed.

"'The next morning at eight o'clock, when I took in my mistress's cup of tea, I saw her lying on the floor, her poor dear face all purple and distorted. I screamed, and the other servants came rushing along. Then Mr. Graham had the door locked and sent for the doctor and the police.'

"The poor woman seemed to find it very difficult not to break down. She was closely questioned by Sir James Fenwick, but had nothing further to say. She had last seen her mistress alive at eight o'clock on the evening of the 24th.

"'And when you listened at her door at ten o'clock,' asked Sir James, 'did you try to open it?'

"'I did, but it was locked,' she replied.

"'Did Lady Donaldson usually lock her bedroom at night?'

"'Nearly always.'

"'And in the morning when you took in the tea?'

"'The door was open. I walked straight in.'

"'You are quite sure?' insisted Sir James.

"'I swear it,' solemnly asserted the woman.

Digitized by Google

"After that we were informed by several members of Mr. Graham's establishment that Miss Crawford had been in to tea at Charlotte Square in the afternoon of the 24th, that she told everyone she was going to London by the night mail, as she had some special shopping she wished to do there. It appears that Mr. Graham and David both tried to persuade her to stay to dinner, and then to go by the 9.10 p.m. from the Caledonian Station. Miss Crawford, however, had refused, saying she always preferred to go from the Waverley Station. It was nearer to her own rooms, and she still had a good deal of writing to do.

"In spite of this, two witnesses saw the accused in Charlotte Square later on in the evening. She was carrying a bag which seemed heavy, and was walking towards the Caledonian Railway Station.

"But the most thrilling moment in that sensational trial was reached on the second day, when David Graham, looking wretchedly ill, unkempt, and haggard, stepped into the witness-box. A murmur of sympathy went round the audience at sight of him, who was the second, perhaps, most deeply stricken victim of the Charlotte Square tragedy.

"David Graham, in answer to Crown Counsel, gave an account of his last interview with Lady Donaldson.

"'Tremlett had told me that she seemed anxious and upset, and I went to have a chat with her; she soon cheered up and . . . .'

"There the unfortunate young man hesitated visibly, but after a while resumed with an obvious effort.

"'She spoke of my marriage, and of the gift she was about to bestow upon me. She said the diamonds would be for my wife, and after that for my daughter if I had one. She also complained that Mr. Macfinlay had been so punctilious about preparing the deed of gift, and that it was a

"My lady put the two necklaces round Miss Crawford's neck herself."

Digitized by Google

great pity the £100,000 could not just pass from her hands to mine, without so much fuss.

"'I stayed talking with her for about half an hour; then I left her as she seemed ready to go to bed, but I told her maid to listen at the door in about an hour's time.'

"There was deep silence in the court for a few moments, a silence which to me seemed almost electrical. It was as if, some time before it was uttered, the next question put by Crown Counsel to the witness—had hovered in the air.

"'You were engaged to Miss Edith Crawford at one time, were you not?'

"One felt, rather than heard, the almost inaudible 'Yes,' which escaped from David Graham's compressed lips.

"'Under what circumstances was that engagement broken off?'

"Sir James Fenwick had already risen in protest, but David Graham had been the first to speak.

"'I do not think that I need answer that question.'

"'I will put it in a different form then,' said Crown Counsel urbanely—'one to which my learned friend cannot possibly take exception. Did you or did you not on October 27th receive a letter from the accused, in which she desired to be released from her promise of marriage to you?'

"Again David Graham would have refused to answer, and he certainly gave no audible reply to the learned counsel's question; but every one in the audience there present—aye, every member of the jury and of the bar—read upon David Graham's pale countenance and large, sorrowful eyes that ominous 'Yes!' which had failed to reach his trembling lips."

III.

"There is no doubt," continued the man in the corner, "that what little sympathy the young girl's terrible position had aroused in the public mind, had died out the moment that David Graham left the witness box on the second day of the trial. Whether Edith Crawford was guilty of murder or not, the callous way, in which she had accepted a deformed lover, and then thrown him over, had set every one's mind against her.

"It was Mr. Graham himself who had been the first to put the Procurator Fiscal in possession of the fact that the accused had written to David from London, breaking off her engagement. This information had, no doubt, directed the attention of the Fiscal to Miss Crawford, and the police soon brought forward the evidence which had led to her arrest.

"We had a final sensation on the third day, when Mr. Campbell, jeweller, of High Street, gave his evidence. He said that on October 25th a lady came to his shop, and offered to sell him a pair of diamond earrings. Trade had been very bad, and he had refused the bargain, although the lady seemed ready to part with the earrings for an extraordinarily low sum considering the beauty of the stones.

"In fact it was because of this evident desire on the lady's part to sell at *any* cost that he had looked at her more keenly than he otherwise would have done. He was now ready to swear that the lady that offered him the diamond earrings was the prisoner in the dock.

"I can assure you that as we all listened to this apparently damnatory evidence you might have heard a pin drop amongst the audience in that crowded court. The girl alone, there in the dock, remained calm and unmoved. Remember that for two days we had heard evidence to prove that old Dr. Crawford had died leaving his daughter penniless, that having no mother she had been brought up by a maiden aunt, who had trained her to be a governess, which occupation she had followed for years, and that certainly she had never been known by any of her friends to be in possession of solitaire diamond earrings.

"The prosecution had certainly secured an ace of trumps, but Sir James Fenwick, who during the whole of that day, had seemed to take little interest in the proceedings, here rose from his seat, and I knew at once that he had got a tit-bit in the way of a 'point' up his sleeve. Gaunt, and unusually tall, and with his beak-like nose, he always looks strangely impressive when he seriously tackles a witness. He did it this time with a vengeance, I can tell you. He was all over the pompous little jeweller in a moment.

"'Had Mr. Campbell made a special entry in his book, as to the visit of the lady in question?'

"'No.'

"'Had he any special means of ascertaining when that visit did actually take place?'

"'No—but——'

"'What record had he of the visit?'

"Mr. Campbell had none. In fact, after about twenty minutes of cross-examination, he had to admit that he had given but little thought to the interview with the lady at the

Digitized by Google

time, and certainly not in connection with the murder of Lady Donaldson, until he had read in the papers that a young lady had been arrested.

"Then he and his clerk talked the matter over, it appears, and together they had certainly recollected that a lady had brought some beautiful earrings for sale on a day which *must have been* the very morning after the murder. If Sir James Fenwick's object was to discredit this special witness, he certainly gained his point.

"All the pomposity went out of Mr. Campbell; he became flurried, then excited, then he lost his temper. After that he was allowed to leave the court, and Sir James Fenwick resumed his seat, and waited like a vulture for its prey.

"It presented itself in the person of Mr. Campbell's clerk, who, before the Procurator Fiscal, had corroborated his employer's evidence in every respect. In Scotland no witness in any one case is present in court during the examination of another, and Mr. Macfarlane, the clerk, was, therefore, quite unprepared for the pitfalls which Sir James Fenwick had prepared for him. He tumbled into them, head foremost, and the eminent advocate turned him inside out like a glove.

"Mr. Macfarlane did not lose his temper, he was of too humble a frame of mind to do that, but he got into a hopeless quagmire of mixed recollections, and he too left the witness-box quite unprepared to swear as to the day of the interview with the lady with the diamond earrings.

"I dare say, mind you," continued the man in the corner, with a chuckle, "that to most people present, Sir James Fenwick's cross-questioning seemed completely irrelevant. Both Mr. Campbell and his clerk were quite ready to swear that they had had an interview concerning some diamond earrings with a lady, of whose identity with the accused they were perfectly convinced, and to the casual observer the question as to the time or even the day when that interview took place could make but little difference in the ultimate issue.

"Now I took in, in a moment, the entire drift of Sir James Fenwick's defence of Edith Crawford. When Mr. Macfarlane left the witness box, the second victim of the eminent advocate's caustic tongue, I could read as in a book the whole history of that crime, its investigation and the mistakes made by the police first and the public prosecution afterwards.

"Sir James Fenwick knew them, too, of course, and he placed a finger upon each one, demolishing—like a child who blows upon a house of cards—the entire scaffolding erected by the prosecution.

"Mr. Campbell's and Mr. Macfarlane's identification of the accused with the lady who, on some date—admitted to be uncertain—had tried to sell a pair of diamond earrings, was the first point. Sir James had plenty of witnesses to prove that on the 25th, the day after the murder, the accused was in London, whilst, the day before, Mr. Campbell's shop had been closed long before the family circle had seen the last of Lady Donaldson. Clearly the jeweller and his clerk must have seen some other lady, whom their vivid imagination had pictured as being identical with the accused.

"Then came the great question of time. Mr. David Graham had been evidently the last to see Lady Donaldson alive. He had spoken to her as late as 8.30 p.m. Sir James Fenwick had called two porters at the Caledonian Railway Station who testified to Miss Crawford having taken her seat in a first class carriage of the 9.10 train, some minutes before it started.

"'Was it conceivable therefore,' argued Sir James, 'that in the space of half-an-hour the accused—a young girl—could have found her way surreptitiously into the house, at a time when the entire household was still astir, that she should have strangled Lady Donaldson, forced open the safe, and made away with the jewels? A man—an experienced burglar might have done it, but I contend that the accused is physically incapable of accomplishing such a feat.

"'With regard to the broken engagement,' continued the eminent counsel with a smile, 'it may have seemed a little heartless, certainly, but heartlessness is no crime in the eyes of the law. The accused has stated in her declaration that at the time she wrote to Mr. David Graham, breaking off her engagement, she had heard nothing of the Edinburgh tragedy.

"'The London papers had reported the crime very briefly: the accused was busy shopping, she knew nothing of Mr. David Graham's altered position. In no case was the breaking off of the engagement a proof that the accused had obtained possession of the jewels by so foul a deed.'

"It is, of course, impossible for me," continued the man in the corner apologetically, "to give you any idea of the eminent advocate's eloquence and masterful logic. It struck every one, I think, just as it did me,

Google

that he chiefly directed his attention to the fact that there was absolutely no *proof* against the accused.

"Be that as it may, the result of that remarkable trial, was a verdict of 'Non Proven.' The jury were absent forty minutes, and it appears that in the mind of all of them there remained, in spite of Sir James' arguments, a firmly rooted conviction—call it instinct, if you like—that Edith Crawford had done away with Lady Donaldson in order to become possessed of those jewels, and that in spite of the pompous jeweller's many contradictions, she had offered him some of those diamonds for sale. But there was not enough proof to convict, and she was given the benefit of the doubt.

"I have heard English people argue that in England she would have been hanged. Personally I doubt that. I think that an English jury—not having the judicial loophole of 'Non Proven' would have been bound to acquit her. What do you think?"

IV.

THERE was silence between us for a few moments, for I did not reply immediately, and he went on making impossible knots in his bit of string. Then I said:

"I think that I agree with those English people who say that an English jury would have condemned her. . . . I have no doubt that she was guilty. She may not have committed that awful deed herself. Someone in the Charlotte Square house may have been her accomplice and killed and robbed Lady Donaldson while Edith Crawford waited outside for the jewels. David Graham left his godmother at 8.30 p.m. If the accomplice was one of the servants in the house, he or she would have had plenty of time for any amount of villainy, and Edith Crawford could have yet caught the 9.10 p.m. train from the Caledonian Station."

"Then who, in your opinion," he asked sarcastically and cocking his funny birdlike head on one side, "tried to sell diamond earrings to Mr. Campbell the jeweller?"

"Edith Crawford, of course," I retorted triumphantly; "he and his clerk both recognised her."

"When did she try to sell them the earrings?"

"Ah! that is what I cannot quite make out, and there to my mind lies the only mystery in this case. On the 25th she was certainly in London, and it is not very likely that she would go back

David Graham.

Google

to Edinburgh in order to dispose of the jewels there, where they could most easily be traced."

"Not very likely, certainly," he assented drily.

"And," I added, "on the day before she left for London, Lady Donaldson was alive."

"And pray," he said suddenly, as with comic complacency he surveyed a beautiful knot, he had just twisted up between his long fingers, "what has that fact got to do with it?"

"But it has everything to do with it!" I retorted.

"Ah! there you go," he sighed with comic emphasis. "My teachings don't seem to have improved your powers of reasoning. You are as bad as the police. Lady Donaldson has been robbed and murdered, and you immediately argue that she was robbed and murdered by the same person."

"But——" I argued.

"There is no but," he said, getting more and more excited. "See how simple it is. Edith Crawford wears the diamonds one night, then she brings them back to Lady Donaldson's room. Remember the maid's statement: 'My lady said: "Have you put them back, my dear?"'—a simple statement, utterly ignored by the prosecution. But what did it mean? That Lady Donaldson could not see for herself whether Edith Crawford had put back the jewels or not, *since she asked the question.*"

"Then you argue——"

"I never argue," he interrupted excitedly, "I state undeniable facts. Edith Crawford, who wanted to steal the jewels, took them then and there, when she had the opportunity. Why in the world should she have waited? Lady Donaldson was in bed, and Tremlett, the maid, had gone.

"The next day—namely, the 25th—she tries to dispose of a pair of earrings to Mr. Campbell, she fails, and decides to go to London, where she has a better chance. Sir James Fenwick did not think it desirable to bring forward witnesses to prove what I have since ascertained is a fact, namely, that on the 27th of October, three days before her arrest, Miss Crawford crossed over to Belgium, and came back to London the next day. In Belgium, no doubt, Lady Donaldson's diamonds, taken out of their settings, calmly repose at this moment, while the money derived from their sale is safely deposited in a Belgian bank."

"But then who murdered Lady Donaldson, and why?" I gasped

"It was a daring, brutal murder, remember. Think of one who, not being the thief himself, would, nevertheless, have the strongest of all motives to shield the thief from the consequences of her own misdeed—since it would be absolutely illogical, nay, impossible, that he should be an accomplice."

"Surely——" I gasped.

"Think of a curious nature, warped morally, as well as physically—do you know how those natures feel? A thousand times more strongly than the even, straight natures in everyday life. Then think of such a nature brought face to face with this awful problem.

"Do you think that such a nature would hesitate a moment before committing a crime to save the loved one from the consequences of that deed? Mind you, I don't assert for a moment that David Graham had any *intention* of murdering Lady Donaldson. Tremlett tells him that she seems strangely upset, he goes to her room and finds that she has discovered that she has been robbed. She naturally suspects Edith Crawford, recollects the incidents of the other night, and probably expresses her feelings to David Graham, and threatens immediate prosecution, scandal, what you will, I repeat it again.

"I dare say he had no wish to kill her, probably he merely threatened to. A medical gentleman who spoke of sudden heart failure was no doubt right. hen imagine David Graham's remorse, his horror and his fears. The empty safe probably is the first object that suggested to him the grim tableau of robbery and murder, which he arranges, in order to insure his own safety.

"But remember one thing: no miscreant was seen to enter or leave the house surreptitiously, the murderer left no signs of entrance, and none of exit. An armed burglar would have left some trace—*someone* would have heard *something*. Then who locked and unlocked Lady Donaldson's door that night while she herself lay dead?

"Someone in the house, I tell you—Someone who left no trace—Someone against whom there could be no suspicion—Someone who killed without apparently the slightest premeditation, and without the slightest motive. Think of it. I know I am right, and then tell me if I have at all enlisted your sympathies in the author of the Edinburgh Mystery."

He was gone. I looked again at the photo of David Graham. Did a crooked mind really dwell in that crooked body, and were there in the world such crimes that were great enough to be deemed sublime?

Digitized by Google

LIGHT WEIGHTS AND FALSE MEASURES

The Ingenious Methods which Dishonest Shopkeepers Adopt in Order to Swindle their Customers, and How They are Frustrated.

By H. J. Holmes.

These articles were used by different shopkeepers, "in the same way, *i.e.*, slipped in between the pan of the scales and the metal cross-frame underneath.

A barefaced method of swindling used by a tea retailer. The string ran through the counter by way of a hollow tube, below the pan on the left. An attached weight, or a pull of the shopman's fingers, did the rest.

An enormous number of London shopkeepers apparently yearn to accumulate wealth quickly by swindling their customers.

This statement receives ample substantiation from last year's report of the Public Control Department of the London County Council. From it we learn that the total number of unjust weight and measure appliances seized during the twelve months reached the imposing figures of 63,950!

The amount of hard cash of which the public was robbed by such means can only be conjectured, but must have been a small fortune.

The L.C.C. employs a staff of officials whose duty it is to run to earth the perpetrators of this cruel system of fraud—cruel because its victims are mostly of the poorer class, who must feel acutely the loss of even the smallest sum.

As is well known, all weights, measures, and weighing instruments should, before being used in trade, bear the official stamp which records their honesty. Nearly three million appliances of the sort were duly marked in the London district last year. But it is one thing that they are correct when they leave the L.C.C. official residence: quite another matter whether they will be allowed to remain so!

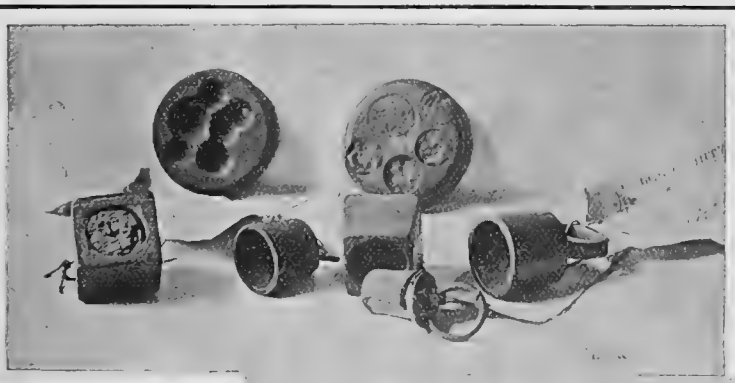
It requires the persistent efforts of ninety-one inspectors to limit the possibilities of the various appliances being tampered with, as the large number of seizures testify. And it must not be concluded that all the shop-keeping rogues are brought to book; some succeed in evading Nemesis for years. If eventually caught, their only punishment for the first two offences is being mulcted in a comparatively small fine—which, considering all things, they can well afford.

The dodges of the dishonest shopkeepers to evade detection are seemingly without limit. Swindling is a paying game, and those who practise such a lucrative profession can afford to devote much time to the study of the art of not being found out.

There is an instructive collection of swindling relics in the possession of Mr. Webb, the chief of the Newington Weights and Measures district office.

The collection of seized appliances includes a specimen of one of the most bare-faced devices ever discovered, even in daring London. It is a machine once used for weighing tea. To the customers' side of the scales a string was attached, running down a hollow socket and through a hole in the counter, a weight being fastened to the end of the string. The weight

Digitized by Google



A few of the hundreds of fraudulent weights seized in London recently. Holes are drilled or cut in the metal, and filled up with cork.

could be supplemented by a pull of the shopman's fingers when considered necessary! A big point about this contrivance was that the string could be detached at a moment's notice on the advent of the L.C.C. inspector.

Mr. Webb's collection also includes several pairs of scales possessing very valuable idiosyncrasies—for the trader. Some have the happy knack of insuring that a purchaser only receives thirteen or fourteen ounces for every pound-weight paid for! The weights used may be genuine enough, but the scales are so constructed that when, say, a one-pound weight is placed in a certain position near the side of the pan, the scale containing the goods descends several ounces short.

A customer could thus be swindled of from one ounce to four ounces in every pound, according to the distance from the centre of the pan that the shopman's conscience allowed him to place his weight.

How regretful must have been the parting between a certain marine-storekeeper and the useful dial-scale which favoured him either in buying or in selling. The registering hand was so fitted as to move backward or forward by a touch of the finger. In buying goods, the ingenuous proprietor naturally kept the dial register low; in selling he merely, with a casual and unobserved touch of his fore-fingers upon the back of the dial, pushed the hand on a few points.

Some fraudulent measures. False bottoms, as in the pot marked with a card and the pot on the right, thick sides, and drooping spouts are amongst the dodges used. The oil measures on the left are half filled with congealed oil and dirt.

This photograph illustrates how the weights are stamped with the trade mark of honesty. However, this does not prevent dishonest tradesmen from reducing their weights by drilling holes.

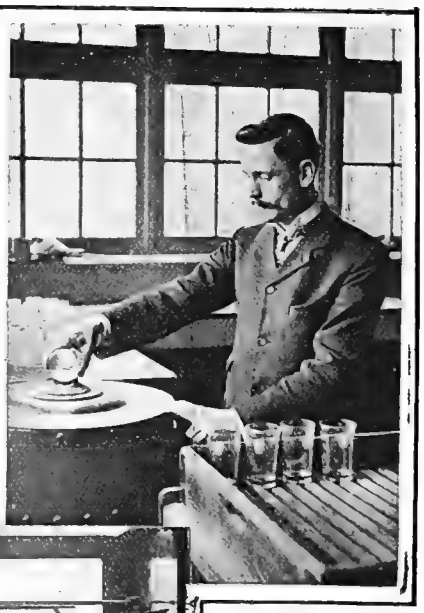
Google

As for fraudulent weights, Mr. Webb's collection forms an admirable object lesson of the lengths to which a thoroughly enterprising shopkeeper will go.

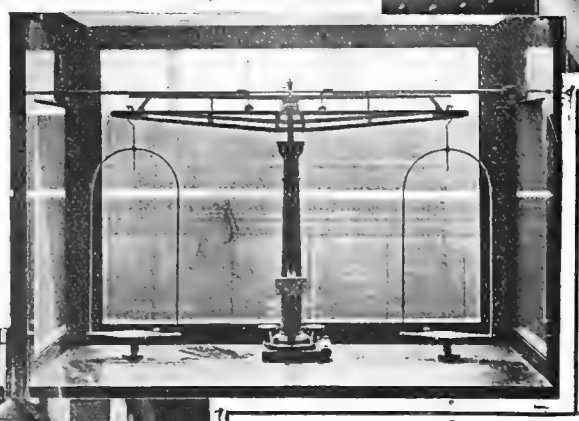
There are scores of weights, for the most part bearing the official stamp of honesty, but each one in itself yielding ample proof that it has done its part in the art of swindling the public. From the quarter of a pound right up to the half hundredweight we are able to see how fraudulent even an officially stamped weight may become in the hands of unscrupulous traders.

Holes are drilled or cut in the metal, and filled up with cork, wood, paper, or other light material. Sometimes a thin coating of lead hides the "faker's" work, but in other cases the cork or wood filling was undisguised when the weights were seized.

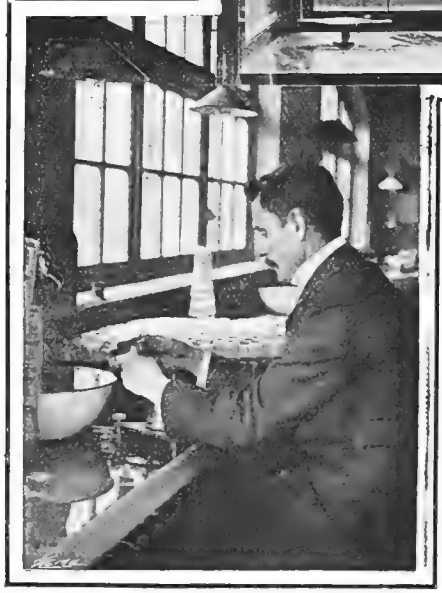
As for measures, there are many examples of how these are tampered with in order to defraud the public. False bottoms, dinged sides, drooping spouts, and worn-down tops are constantly used as the means of giving short measure. Costers are habitual offenders in this connection. The economical housewife who makes her purchases from itinerant hawkers does not always save money by the transaction.



Marking glass measures by means of an ingenious sand blast machine that cuts the L.C.C. "pass" on the side of the glass.



A set of scales for measuring weights. It registers to the fiftieth part of a grain.



Testing liquid measures. All glasses holding less than the proper quantity are condemned by the authorities.

The L.C.C. detective is often to be found hot on the trail of the dishonest coal-hawker, at whose hands the poor people who buy fuel in small quantities suffer much. It is a good thing to find this class of offence growing less. Not that the average coal-hawker is becoming more honest, but he has learnt to dread the sudden appearance of the little black van which bears a relentless inspector with his undeniable standard scales, empowered to test the weight of every bag of coal on the hawker's cart.

It is generally conceded that, so far as its powers go, the L.C.C. leaves no stone unturned in this branch of its multitudinous duties to save the public from the shopkeeping and hawking swindler; and that the Council's efforts in this direction are ably backed up by one of the most carefully organised bodies of men in the United Kingdom.

Digitized by Google

THE LETTER

- By -

MARGARET E. CALDWELL.

PERSONS.

MAY (who has been engaged two months).
NELL and BESS (her two friends).

PLACE: A small summer resort in the Lake District.
TIME: July.

MAY (*holding an open letter in her hand*): I got a lovely letter from Will by this morning's post. He does write such a good letter! Wouldn't you girls like to hear it? (*Silence.*)

"Met Wilcox."

BESS (*hesitatingly*): Oh, yes, if you would like to read it to us.

MAY (*very brightly*): It's so interesting that I should really enjoy having you hear it. (*Begins to read proudly.*) "No. 104, Salisbury Square Buildings, Fleet Street, London, July 17, 1902." Um—m—mm—. You wouldn't care for the very first—. Ah, well—. Um—. Let me see—. Oh, yes. (*Reads.*) "It's awfully hot here in town. Wish I were so rich that I could go to where my own——." Oh, I don't know that you will care for this part here. Let me see—. Um—m—. Ha! Ha!—Oh, dear me! He is funny! Isn't he? I am just longing to——. Oh! listen to this. Where is it? Oh, yes—. Um—m! the ridiculous fellow—. Now, did you ever? Um—m. (*Reads again.*) "Met Wilcox on the street to-day. He and his wife are as happy as two turtle-doves, but not as happy as I shall ——." Oh, pshaw! You girls wouldn't be interested in this—. Um—m—. (*Laughs a little.*)—

"Awfully hot!"

Oh, the awful boy!—Oh, my goodness!—(*Laughs again.*)—Um—mm—. Who ever heard the like?—Um—mm—. What a boy!— (*Reads explosively and joyfully.*) "Will." (*Looks up, bliss in every feature.*) Now, wasn't that a good letter! (*Silence.*)

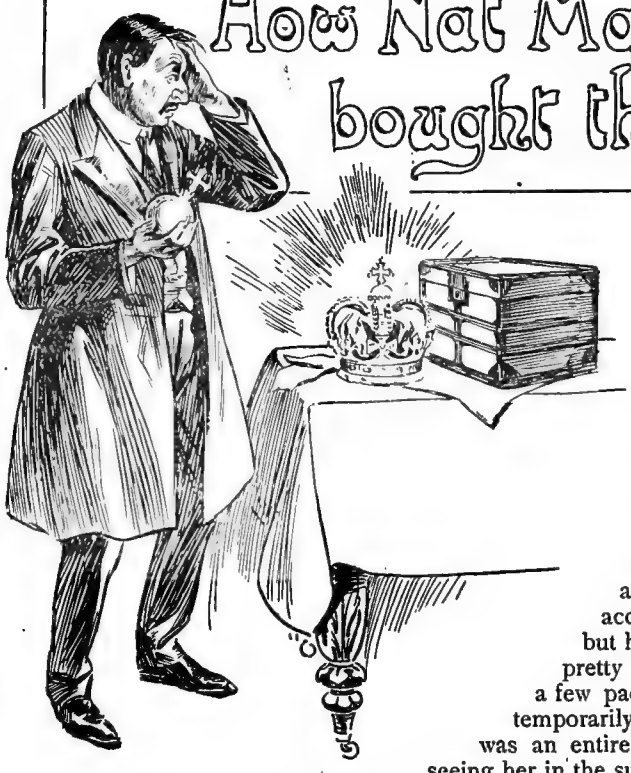
"Wouldn't you girls like to hear it?"

NELL and BESS (*emphatically*): Very.

THE END

Digitized by Google

How Nat Marks bought the Regalia.



By Headon Hill.

Lord Charles Beltran, one of the Grooms-in-Waiting to His Majesty, having partaken wisely and well of an after-theatre supper at the Café Royal, was proceeding to swing his soldierly form into a hansom when he felt a touch on his arm and heard his name murmured in gentlemanly accents.

"Well?" he asked, rather sharply. The face of the tall man at the edge of the kerb who had accosted him was vaguely familiar, but he could not put a name to it. The pretty woman in evening dress who stood a few paces behind in the attitude of having temporarily released her companion's arm was an entire stranger, though he remembered seeing her in the supper room a few minutes before.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Lord Charles, but desperation has led me to presume on your good nature," the tall man replied. "I have a bill falling due with that leech, Nat Marks, to-morrow, and I am at my wits' end to raise the needful. Could you oblige me with the loan of a hundred for a few days?"

"But, my dear fellow, I haven't the ghost of a notion who you are," Beltran exclaimed in mingled anger and amusement.

"Desborough—Captain Desborough. I had the honour of being introduced to your lordship in the inclosure at Sandown a while back. I know this must seem all very irregular and impudent, but I am really in a most frightful corner."

The young nobleman, sitting back in the cab now and preparing to set a match to his cigarette, caught an appealing glance from the bright eyes in the background—a glance which softened the intended asperity of his refusal into an explanation.

"I am very sorry, but I am not in a position to lend money," he said. "Fact is, I'm quite on the other lay. I have got a bill of my own to meet with Marks on the 17th."

"Infernal cheek, but what a pretty girl," he reflected as Captain Desborough politely raised his hat and the cab drove off.

* * * * * * * *

The spring sunshine slanting through the stained glass window into Mr. Nathan Marks's private room seemed almost a superfluity where all was so gorgeous. The florid colouring of the thick pile carpet, of the cavernous saddlebag chairs, of the "art" wall-papers and of the oil-paintings thereon, blended in a conglomerate blaze that shamed the poor little sun ray into an apologetic intruder by comparison. On the dullest day the money-lender's sanctum was so dazzling as to cause clients to blink on turning in out of Piccadilly, and to sigh for the boundless cash of which the rich upholstery was the outward and visible sign.

Though Mr. Marks delighted to impress his visitors with the brilliance of his inanimate

Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

surroundings, he was far too shrewd to cast the adornment of his person on the same lines. His garments of severely sombre hue were only redeemed from dowdiness by their obvious newness and by the indefinable hall-mark of Poole in every symmetrical curve and seam. "Nat," as he was known in West-end clubland, was a middle-aged Hebrew of not too pronounced national characteristics, though his black hair and nasal development, in conjunction with usury, made it advisable for him to trade under his own name. He would have preferred to call himself Mac-something-or-other, but to have done so with that nose and those sleek, albeit close-cropped, locks would have been to dub himself an impostor.

And Mr. Nathan Marks had many good reasons for not wishing to be deemed an impostor.

On this particular morning he had finished reading his correspondence and was on the point of ringing for his shorthand clerk when the liveried page brought him a lady's visiting card. "Lady Angela Beltran" was the name he read thereon. Mr. Marks pursed out his lips and ruminated.

"Tell the lady that I am engaged for a few minutes, and ask Simpson to step in," he said.

The boy having departed, he selected a "Debrett" from the works of reference on his table and ran his eye down a certain page. "Ah, his sister," he muttered. "Now, what's in the wind, I wonder? Simpson," he added aloud as his bill-clerk entered, "how do we stand with Lord Charles Beltran?"

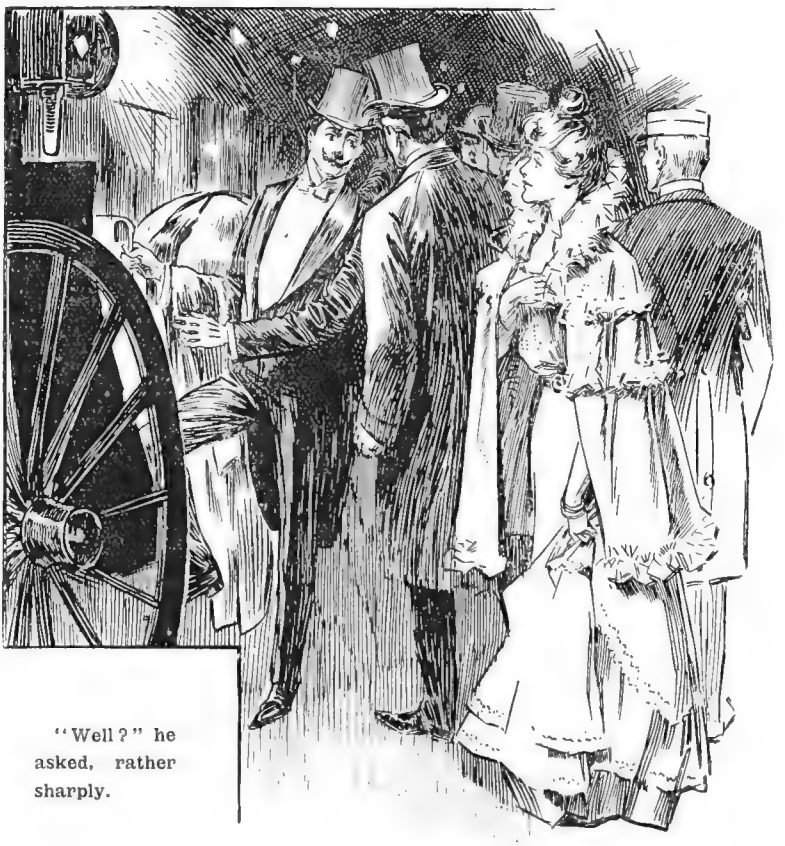
"Five hundred, falling due on the 17th," was the pat reply.

"That's the day after to-morrow. Lord Charles has always met his engagements punctually, hasn't he? Yes, well, tell Timmins to show in the lady who is in the waiting-room."

A moment later Mr. Marks posed into the embodiment of all the civilities as he rose to receive his visitor. Youth and grace were discernible in the fashionably-clad figure which he hastened to ensconce in one of his gorgeous saddlebags, but he was not prepared for the flood of loveliness that engulfed him when the lady raised her veil. Such a complexion of peaches, such ripe red lips, such violet eyes, and the violet eyes brimming with unshed tears. Here was beauty in distress, Mr. Marks told himself.

But Nat was not the man to give rein to sentiment, had a houri from Paradise visited him in business hours, and he politely inquired how he could have the honour of serving the Lady Angela Beltran.

The immediate reply was a burst of pearly drops and the free use of a dainty handkerchief. Then with an effort of control the girl mastered her emotion and looked the money-lender timidly in the face. "I want to



"Well?" he asked, rather sharply.

Digitized by Google

beg you to save my brother," she began. "Lord Charles has to pay you a large sum two days hence, and he is unable to do so."

Now Lord Charles Beltran, the younger son of a deceased Duke and an officer of His Majesty's household, was known to Mr. Marks not to be deeply embarrassed. The young nobleman's by no means frequent transactions had been limited to short loans to meet debts of honour, and his "paper" had always so far been taken up at the due dates. Nat was able therefore to indulge in the luxury of feeling really benevolent while touting for a bit of fresh business.

"But, my dear young lady, there is no need to talk of saving anybody," he assured her. "If it is not convenient to Lord Charles to meet this trifle I shall be delighted to renew on my most favourable terms. Do I understand that you come to me on his behalf to make such a proposal? If so, I can only say that he has put you to quite needless trouble. If his lordship's duties at Court or any other reason prevented a personal call a few lines from him would have been quite sufficient."

"That is just it; my brother won't renew," Lady Angela returned sadly. "He says that it is degrading not to meet his engagement, and he means to pay you on the 17th." She looked down at the tips of her shoes, then looked up with eyes full of pathos. "He means to pay you by committing a crime that will make the world stand still," she faltered.

Mr. Marks was all sympathetic attention at once. People who committed crimes to get out of debt, generally by copying other people's writing, were part of his stock-in-trade, but he had never thought of Lord Charles Beltran in that light.

"Now really, Lady Angela!" he exclaimed, with affected playfulness, "what terrible misdemeanour does his lordship contemplate?"

"He means to steal the Crown jewels," was the astounding reply. It was uttered in such a tone of shrinking horror and outraged pride that Nat was assured of her belief in the project—whatever the real facts might be.

"My dear lady!" was all he found it judicious to hazard.

"Yes, it is almost incredible, and I can only think that the poor boy has lost his senses," Lady Angela proceeded. "The unfortunate part of it is that as Groom-in-Waiting he is in a position to carry out his intention. He has been instructed to take the King and Queen's crowns and several other pieces of the regalia to-morrow from the Tower to the Court jeweller's. The crowns have to be re-fitted, you know, and the other things to be cleaned."

"Well?" gasped Mr. Marks, casting politeness to the winds in his excitement. After all the thing seemed quite feasible—owing to Lord Charles's position.

"Instead of taking them to the jeweller's," the girl went on, "he will drive with them straight to our house at Coombe Warren, near Kingston. My mother is in Italy, so everything seems smoothed for his plan, only poor helpless me being at home. He will then return to London and give out that the chest containing the regalia has been stolen from his cab, having first detached enough stones to satisfy your debt. He actually wanted me to help him in that—by selling the gems. Oh, he is mad—mad!"

The fraternal reflection on her own honour moved Lady Angela to a fresh outburst of grief, during which Mr. Marks thought hard.

"You spoke just now of my saving your brother," he presently reminded the sobbing girl—very gently.

Looking up through her tears she divulged a plan so artless that it touched such small sense of humour as the usurer possessed. He was to go down to Coombe on the following afternoon, timing his arrival at the house for a little after three, at which hour Lord Charles would have come with the regalia. Lady Angela would take care that Mr. Marks was shown into the room where her brother would be examining the jewels, and then like a good fairy he would persuade the young man of his folly and tell him that the debt could stand over indefinitely.

"If mamma had been in England I should have gone to her," the girl concluded with a burst of sobs. "As it is I can only come to you—a stranger—because you alone are aware of Charley's embarrassment."

Mr. Marks sat for a full minute in face of the tremendous situation. It staggered him and knocked him out of time, and he was, moreover, disconcerted in no small measure by the novel sensation of having child-like trust reposed in him. That he, Nat Marks of the stony heart, should have lived to see the day when information of the crime of the century should be brought to him in all confidence by the sister of the criminal! He positively sighed to think that the chance was one he could not afford to throw away, but after all the course he meant to pursue would obviate for the moment churlish treatment of Beauty in Distress.

Google

"I am very glad you did come to me, Lady Angela," he said at length. "I shall be pleased to do your bidding and try and—er—make matters pleasant for his lordship. You may rely on my reaching Coombe at the hour you name."

She jumped up and seized his hands in an ecstacy of relief. "Thank you a thousand times," she cried joyfully. "Do you know, Mr. Marks, I was so afraid to come—I had heard you were such a hard man. I shall always tell people now that you are simply a dear."

"I want to beg you to save my brother," she began.

When she was gone the money-lender sat down and mopped his brow, smiling a little grimly at that last description of him. If his fair visitor only knew that it was in his mind to buy the Crown jewels from the noble thief for a mere trifle and his *silence*, she would sing a different tune, he reflected. But here was the chance, dropped into his lap from the knees of the gods, and all so safe, too—he would be a fool to neglect his opportunity.

His comfortable reverie was disturbed by a tap at the door and by the entrance of a young woman, neatly but cheaply dressed, carrying a notebook. This was his shorthand clerk and typist, and her advent just then irritated him.

"I will ring when I want you, Miss Dickinson," he snapped.

"Very good, sir," was the reply, "But I wanted to speak to you on a personal matter. Could you raise my salary? I have a widowed mother to keep, and I think I more than earn my twenty-five shillings."

"Oh, do you? Well, I don't," said Mr. Marks angrily, "I pay you as much as you're worth and more than I can afford already."

The girl regarded him for two seconds out of a pair of steadfast eyes, and seemed half inclined to urge her plea, but retired quietly without doing so. And when the shabby vision in black had disappeared Mr. Marks gave himself up unreservedly to dreaming of the morrow, when a scion of the peerage should "lift" the regalia of England for his benefit.

* * * * *

The residence of the Dowager Duchess of Hampshire at Coombe, though the smallest of the many seats of that great family, was a commodious mansion standing in secluded grounds off the Kingston road. Nat Marks, driving through the lodge gates on the following day, sniffed contemptuously at the stately avenue, the cawing rooks, and the grey façade with its porticoed entrance and oriel windows.

"Such beastly side!" he sniggered. "After all it's only the home of a young chap that's prigged his master's property. At least," he added, dropping from philosophy to practical business, "I hope to goodness he *has* prigged it."

His ring was answered by a powdered flunkey, who at once relieved his anxiety as to

Digitized by Google

Lord Charles's arrival. His lordship had come in about ten minutes ago, the servant was beginning to say, when his words were cut short by the appearance in the hall of Lady Angela who came forward with outstretched hands and took Mr. Marks in tow.

"My brother is in the Blue Room, and I will conduct you to him at once," she whispered. "He will be either very angry or very frightened, but you *will* relieve his mind and make him promise to take the things straight back, won't you, Mr. Marks?"

"Oh, I'll make him all right," Nat replied evasively. "He's got the boodle, then—I beg pardon, the regalia?"

"Yes, to my sorrow and shame, but thank Heaven no one need ever know of his folly now," the girl sighed as she led the money-lender along a broad corridor. "Providence has been very kind, for I managed to have James, the footman, out of the way when Charley brought the chest in."

"That was thoughtful of you. James looked a spry young chap," was Mr. Marks' approving comment.

Stopping at a closed door, Lady Angela listened for a moment with a finger to her lips, and then, beckoning her companion to follow, boldly entered the room. But apparently they had not been sufficiently quick or silent, for as Nat crossed the threshold he caught a glimpse of a grey frock-coated figure vanishing through a door at the opposite end of the apartment.

"Charley! Charley! It's only me and—and a friend," cried Lady Angela, and she darted across the room to the other door, turning as she reached it to Mr. Marks. "I'll soon bring him back," she said, and then she too vanished.

Nat tip-toed delicately to the table, on which stood an iron-bound chest with its lid invitingly open and the key in the lock. He was alone with the Crown jewels of England! His scheme was all cut and dried what to do with them. After his diplomatic interview with Lord Charles he would drive them straight back to his office, and then with the aid of a certain Hatton Garden pal he would break them up and dispose of them at leisure. In the meanwhile he would just have a look at the plunder.

The tissue paper at the top of the box crackled in his eager fingers, and he held his breath as he parted it and peered below. Yes, there from a bed of velvet sparkled up at him the glitter of gems, the dull yellow of the golden framework of the crowns. Just a glimpse he caught of the diamond-incrusted orb, recognised from a visit to the Tower in his squalid Whitechapel boyhood, and then the door behind him—the one by which he had entered—opened, and he turned to confront with startled gaze a tall man in a blue serge suit.

"You are my prisoner," said this individual, advancing rapidly and laying a hand on his shoulder. "Why, blessed if it isn't Nat Marks, of Piccadilly. Sorry to find you in this, Mr. Marks. I thought the young swell was playing a lone hand."

"You—you have the advantage of me," stammered the money-lender.

"In more ways than one," the other laughed grimly. "I am Inspector Fawkes, of the Criminal Investigation, and I must trouble you to come along with me. Here you," he added, turning to the liveried James, who hovered at the door, "carry this chest down to the cab while I bring my prisoner."

"But I don't know anything about these things," Mr. Marks protested, regaining something of his self-possession. "I had called to collect an account from Lord Charles Beltran, and seeing them on the table was just admiring them—that's all, I assure you."

"You'll have to assure a judge and jury," returned his captor sharply. "Come, sir. I don't want to use force."

So Mr. Marks found himself in the cab that had brought him, bowling Londonwards with the man in blue at his side and the iron-bound chest at his feet. The box with the priceless contents had a curious fascination for him, and contemplation of it induced a certain train of thought. It was not till they were rattling through Fulham that, after a sidelong glance at his companion, he found speech.

"You have made a great mistake, Inspector,—taken the wrong man," he said. "Lord Charles ought to be in my shoes, I expect."

"Lord Charles will be attended to—after I've got you under lock and key and the stuff safe at Marlborough House," was the reply.

Again silence, till Marks shot another venture: "You played this off your own bat, Mr. Fawkes? No other officers were in it?"

"Entirely my show—shadowed him to Coombe myself, and no one else in it. It ought to be the making of me—saving national property worth five hundred thousand pounds."

Nat emitted a sneering chuckle at this. "You'll probably get a present of fifty pounds and be promoted superintendent," was his comment. "That's what you call being the

Digitized by Google

making of you, I suppose. I should reward a great service more generously than that."

As he had hoped, but had hardly dared to expect, the Inspector turned and gave him a curious glance—a sly, greedy glance of inquiry. Nat took instant advantage of it.

"I should think five thousand pounds not too big a price to pay for that box," he added insidiously.

"And another five thousand on top for your liberty?"

"Yes," said Mr, Marks, with reluctance, though he had allowed a margin for that item. "I have got ten thousand in notes and gold in the strong room at my office now, if you'd care to drive there—instead of to the other place."

"Your office let it be," was the significant rejoinder.

Half-an-hour later Mr. Marks was once more alone with the iron-bound chest, and his safe was denuded of his cash reserve. The latter fact, however, cost him but a passing pang, for the Inspector had mentioned five hundred thousand as the value of the treasure now reposing on the table in his private room. He lifted the lid and with trembling fingers took out the King's crown, and before he had placed it on the table he had his first premonition of disaster. Gold was his god, and his experience of his divinity told him that this gold, if it was gold, *weighed light.*

The shaky fingers clutched and tore now at the wrappings. The Queen's crown, the Orb and the rest were removed in feverish haste. Nat's eyes glared like a trapped wild cat's as he examined first one and then the other of the glittering shams, and finally he vented his despair in a long-drawn howl. He had paid ten thousand pounds for a lot of brass and glass counterfeits worth about a ten-pound note.

"I've been swindled," groaned the wretched man. "But by whom? It cannot have been Lady Angela."

"You mean the charming creature who passed herself off as Lady Angela," said a demure voice at the door, which Mr. Marks, thinking that all his employés had gone, had omitted to lock. His eyes met those of his shorthand clerk, Miss Dickinson, regarding him with mingled curiosity and amusement.

For the moment he was furious, but as the meaning of her words penetrated his whirling brain they seemed to promise a solution of the trouble.

"Passed herself off as Lady Angela?" he feebly repeated. "Explain yourself, please?"

"Only this; I don't know in the least what has happened or what trick she has played on you, but I could have told you yesterday that the young woman who called was no more Lady Angela Beltran than I am. When she went to school with me her name was Gerty Smith, but she recently married a racing sharp who calls himself Captain Desborough. That was he who came with you and has just gone."

"Holy Moses! and why didn't you warn me yesterday?"

"Well, I came in with that intention, but when you could not see your way to raising my salary I decided that my interests were not sufficiently identified with yours for me

"You are my prisoner," said this individual, advancing rapidly and laying a hand on his shoulder.

Digitized by Google

to interfere," replied Miss Dickinson sweetly, as she withdrew after a lingering glance at the theatrical properties on the table.

The next day Nat was sitting in his office, dejected and heavy-eyed, when Lord Charles was announced, and duly discharged his debt. The moneylender had made cautious inquiries which had cleared up the greater part of his undoing, but one point still puzzled him, and the business being concluded he assumed a confidential demeanour.

"I was having a chat with Dawkins, the house-agent, this morning, my lord," he began, "and he incidentally mentioned that he had lately let Her Grace's house at Coombe, furnished, for a short term, to a Captain and Mrs. Desborough, while your lady mother and sister are abroad. Might I ask if you are acquainted with the Desboroughs?"

"Desborough?" murmured the young nobleman vaguely. "No, stay though, a Johnny of that name, whom I had casually met on a racecourse, had the cheek to try to borrow money of me in the street the other day. He said he had a bill to meet with you, by the way, and I told him I wasn't a lender as I was on your bo_ks myself."

So that was how the precious pair had got at the crucial fact of Lord Charles's indebtedness. Mr. Marks perceived.

"My lord, I have never lent the man sixpence; he's not my class of client at all," he said with restrained bitterness. "I thought it my duty to warn you that the Desboroughs are not the sort of tenants who ought to occupy Her Grace's mansion, even for a day."

"Thanks awfully," said Lord Charles, dusting his hat preparatory to departure. "You're quite a protector of the poor, Nat. I'll see Dawkins about it—when I think of it."

But long before he "thought of it," Captain and Mrs. Desborough had vacated the house which they had taken for the purpose of exciting the cupidity of Mr. Marks, and by now they are probably playing other parts than those of a sham detective and the daughter of a duchess.

As for Nathan, he is in two minds whether to secure himself against further disaster by offering marriage to Miss Dickinson, or to join the Zionists with a view to retiring to the Wailing Wall at Jerusalem.

THE "GENERAL."

Who wakens me from dreams profound,
With many a rude, disturbing sound,
Turning the handle round and round?—
Eliza.

Who noisily draws up the blind,
And stumps, in creaking shoes, to find
The bath, or something of that kind?—
Eliza.

Who enters with hot-water can,
And then, from Beersheba to Dan,
Proclaims that downstairs waits "a man"?—
Eliza.

Who mentions that it's raining fast,
That eight o'clock is long since past,
That of all risers I am last?—
Eliza.

Who cares not, though I groan, dismayed,
Because the "man" comes to be paid—
Long standing bills, too long delayed?—
Eliza.

My life, although I always try
From this domestic fiend to fly,
Is rendered miserable by
Eliza.

Who ruthlessly deposits tea
Upon my very drowsy knee;
Remarks, "Five letters" (Bills), with glee?—
Eliza.

Will no one undertake to strike,
With battle-axe, cross-bow, or pike
From off the earth all servants like
Eliza?

Will no kind friend extend a crumb
Of comfort that my grief may numb,
Suggest a way to render dumb
Eliza?

V. H. F.

Digitized by Google

HIGH·ART· IN·THE· KITCHEN·

All about some of the Marvellously Artistic Work which can be done in Wax, Sugar and Potato.

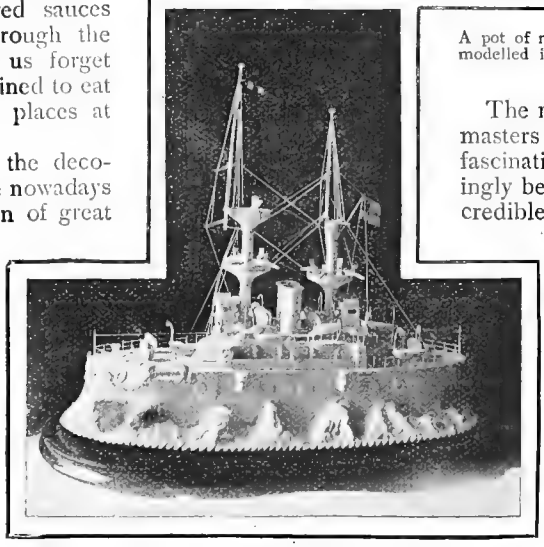
By W. T. Carolan.

"Hunger is the best sauce" because it gives us zest for food. The chef's ambition is to emulate the virtues of this natural craving. He makes our "mouths water," which is really the primary digestive process getting to work; then with tasty dishes and cleverly-flavoured sauces he leads us on through the dinner, and makes us forget that we were not inclined to eat when we took our places at table.

With this object the decorative side of cuisine nowadays is allowed a position of great importance. At the Salon Culinaire this year—the exhibition of cookery held in March under the direction of the Universal Cookery and Food Association—the most noticeable feature was the attractive manner of serving and decorating the various dishes. No matter what the material—fish or fowl, foie gras, sweet or fruit—the ingenious chef dished it up in a delightfully tempting form, but perhaps the most attractive display was that of purely decorative cuisine and ornamental confectionery.

Artistic confectionery provides things of beauty and also good to eat. "Sugar pulling" is perhaps its most interesting form.

A pot of magnolias for table decoration, modelled in wax by Mons. Escoffier, of the Carlton.



A first-class cruiser beautifully finished in sugar by Mons. Cossart, the chef of the Junior United Service Club.

The results achieved by the masters of this difficult and fascinating art are astonishingly beautiful. It is scarcely credible, when you are told that the balloon "Santos Dumont," the work of Monsieur Davide, of Benoist's, with its silken body, its basket car, propellers and machinery, and its ornamental stand decked in roses, is all made of sugar in a very eatable form, worked by hand, without mould or design. Perhaps even more wonderful is the work of a similar kind displayed in the exhibits by Monsieur Huguenin of the Hôtel Russell and Mr. Heck of the Carlton Hotel.

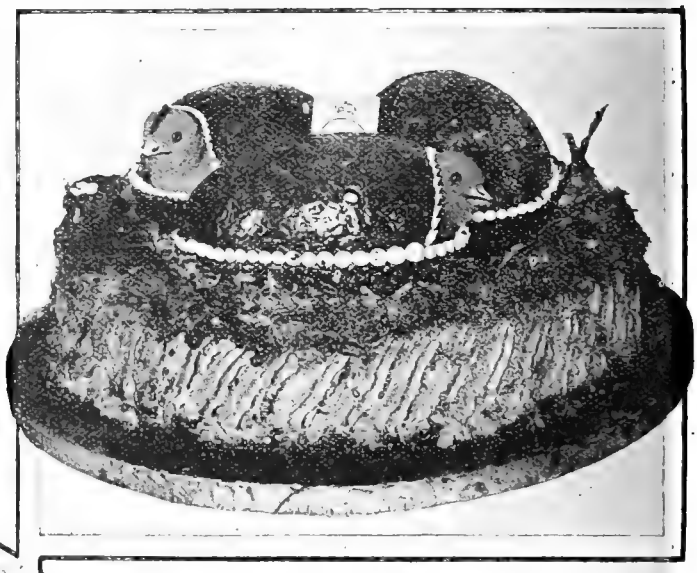
The sculptor's skilled fingers, the artist's eye for colour and a close study of nature must supplement a thorough knowledge of confectionery in order to produce really good

Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

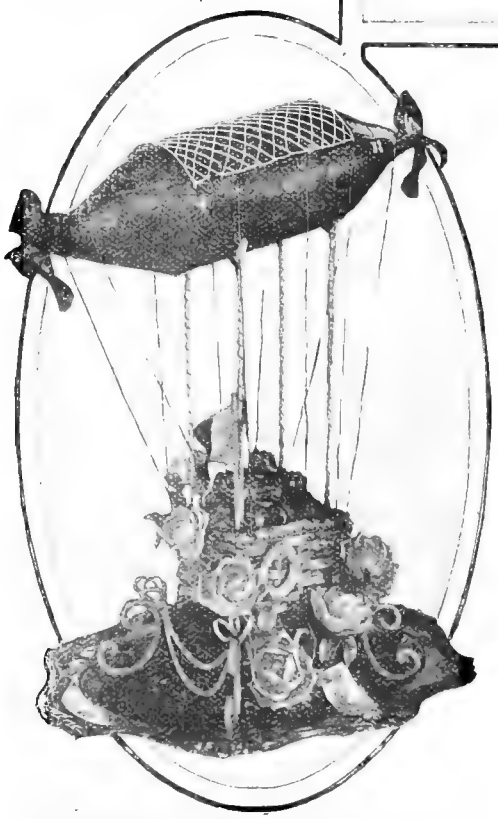
Digitized by Google

work. Take for example a basket which would have delighted the heart of the most fastidious Watteau shepherdess.

It is filled with flowers, roses pink and red, or violets and lilies, with tendrils, leaves and blossoms, in form and colour rivalling nature, caught in a little bouquet by a satin knot, or trailing along the handle — and it is all eatable, and very good at that. Creation is the only word to use—a few handfuls of lump sugar, a little glucose to get a



A test of Eggs modelled entirely in Genoise cake and nougat by Mr. Newens, of Putney.



The "Santos Dumont" air-ship in sugar, the work of Mons. Davide, of Benoist's.

plastic consistency, a few harmless vegetable colours and some water, an artist's sense and hand, and there's the basket.

The lump sugar is put into a copper saucepan with cold water and placed on the range; while it is heating a slab is made ready by rubbing a little olive oil over it (to prevent the hot sugar from sticking), and the colours are selected. As soon as the sugar reaches the bubbling stage a little glucose is added; now it requires careful watching. The artist dips a finger and thumb into cold water, and then with a movement, like that of a bird pecking suspiciously, he snatches a pinch of the boiling sugar from the saucepan and plunges it into the bowl of cold water.

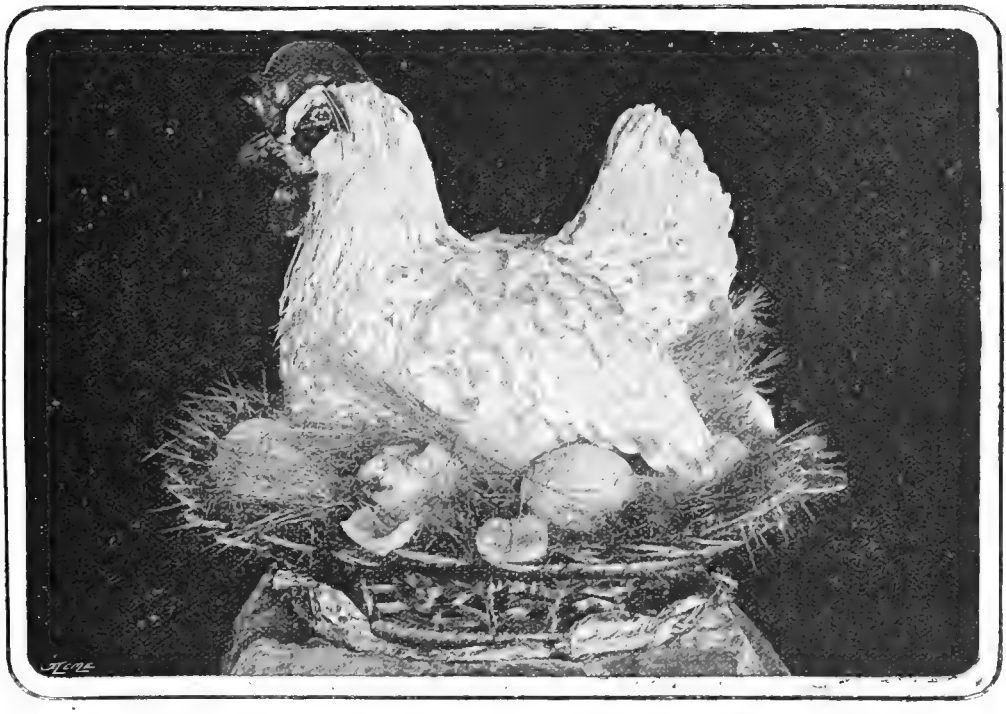
By its consistency he knows how his material is progressing.

As the sugar becomes nearly heated it becomes stiffer, and more frequent test becomes necessary to prevent its being overdone. The exact moment to take it off is when it first becomes brittle, when stiffened in its cold bath.

The molten sugar is then poured out on the slab where it spreads out into a golden lake. If it is to be coloured for flowers, ribbons or baskets of fancy hue, etc., the pigment is now added and thoroughly permeates the liquid mass. It is left for a few moments to settle, and is then worked with a knife point until its temperature and consistency leave it workable by hand.

Now it is drawn out and rolled together again and pressed and energetically kneaded until all the air bubbles have been worked out of it and it has reached the required plastic state. Then comes the surprise—

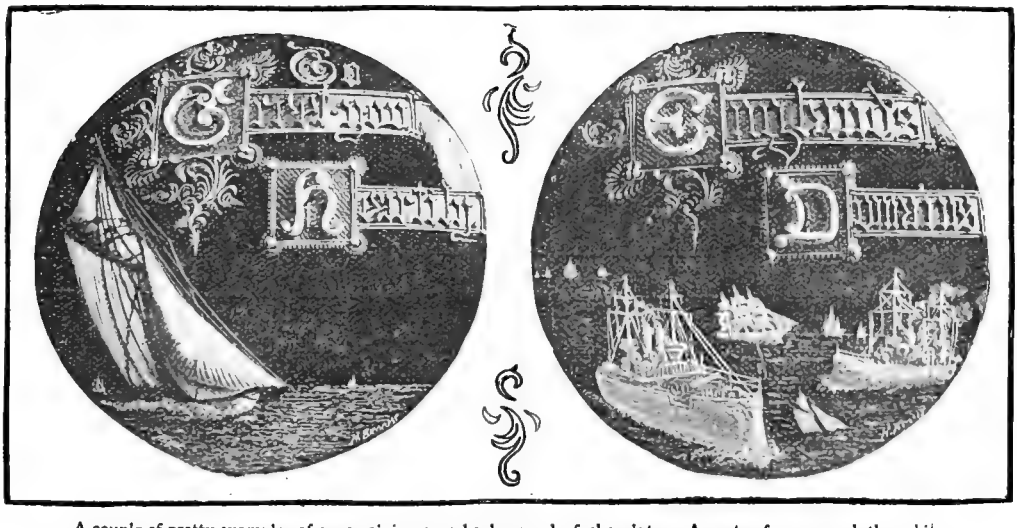
Digitized by Google



A most realistic hen made entirely of sugar. Each feather has to be put on separately. The nest is made of sugar spun into threads. This was executed by Mons. Huguenin, of the Hôtel Russell.

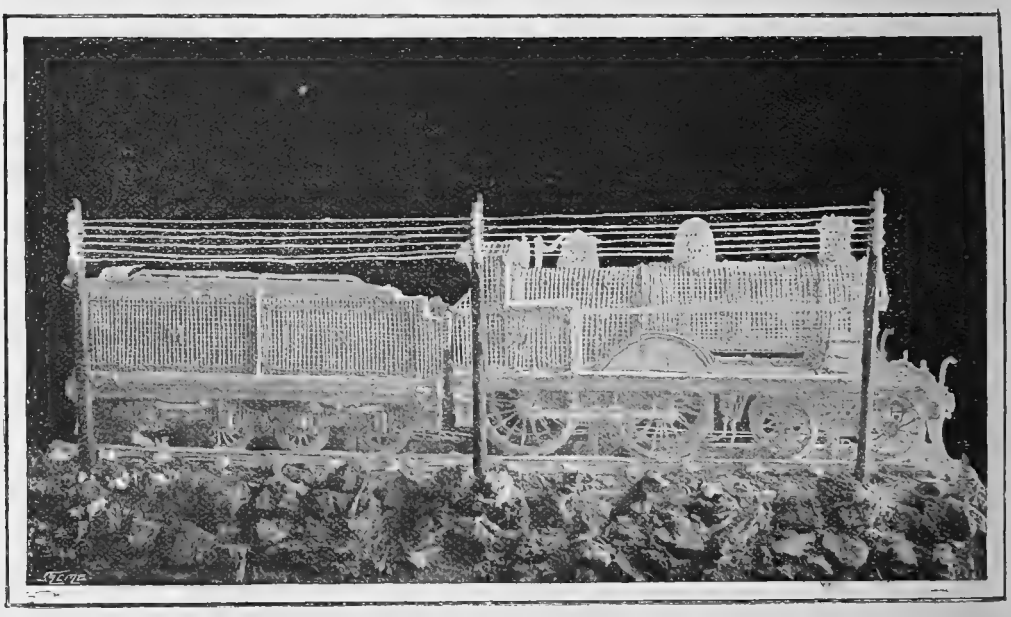
deft fingers draw it out; twist it into sticks which are dexterously plaited into "wicker-work"; or it is worked into flat, glossy bands, or with a cunning touch shaped into something small and leaf-like, perhaps into little curly bits of ribbon that don't seem designed for any definite purpose.

Finally, the basket stands on the slab with a few bands of satin ribbon draped in sweeping lines from the handle, while, all around it, lie odds and ends of various



A couple of pretty examples of sugar piping on a background of chocolate. A paste of sugar and the white of egg is put into a bag with a small hole at one end, and the artist, Mr. Brooks of Barnstaple, using this as a pencil, squeezes out the sugar as he wants it.

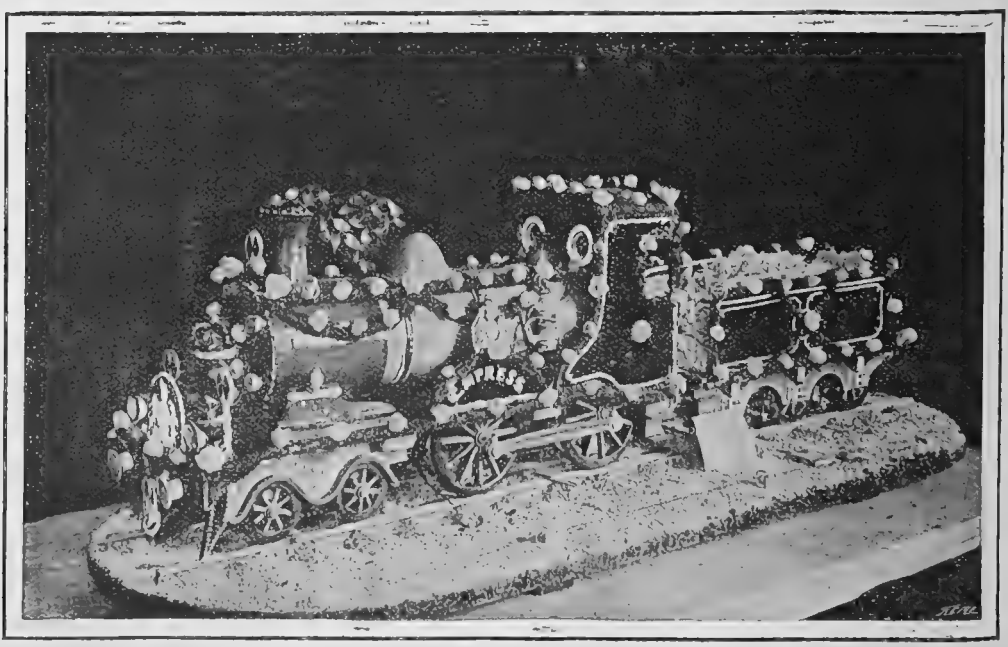
Digitized by Google



An express engine of the Midland Railway executed in sugar by Mons. Vercelli, of the Midland Hotel, St. Pancras.

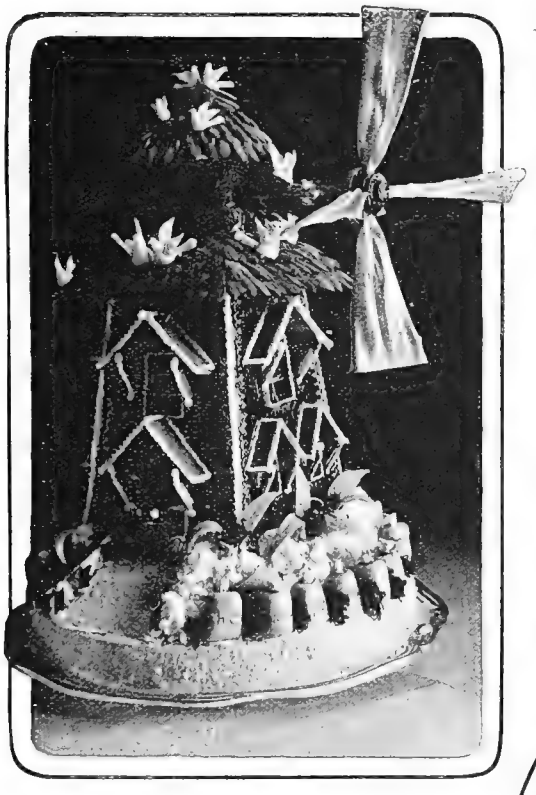
colours, and, to all appearance, accidental shape.

But no! these are picked up one by one, heated for an instant over a "Bunsen" gas burner (to avoid carbon deposit blackening the sugar) and put together by rapid unerring fingers. Roses, violets, lilies, and satin bows of different sizes and shapes take form. Every leaf and petal fits into the place intended for it from its creation. Every touch, however rapid, was directed by an eye that pictured the complete flower.



A decorated engine in different coloured sugar, the work of Mons. Bizeau, of the Criterion Restaurant.

Google



A Windmill made of nougat and meringues and almonds by the chef of the Hôtel Cecil.

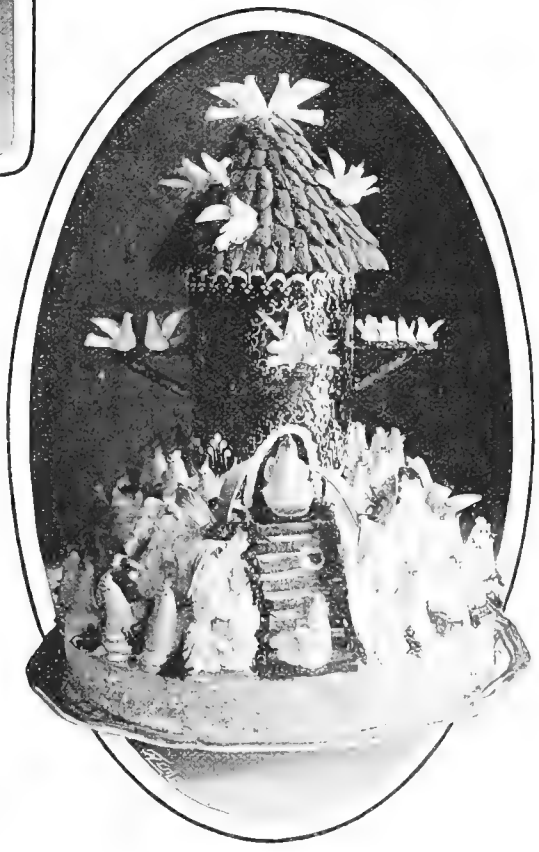
A variety of fancy articles can be made of pulled sugar, if the puller be a master of the art. At the exhibition, for instance, in addition to the baskets of different patterns, many coloured ribbons and charming bouquets of flowers, including roses of different kinds and hue, narcissus, carnations, marguerites, violets, etc., there was a life-sized white hen on her eggs in a nest of sugar spun into fine thread. Every feather of this very matronly-looking cackler had to be made separately and then one by one fixed in its place.

In sugar "piping," as in sugar pulling, the most astonishing thing is the simplicity of the art. Here the only materials and accessories used are *glacé royale*—very fine dust sugar—worked with white of egg into the consistency of a thick paste, a few drops of lemon juice and a tiny pinch of powdered blue to get the desired whiteness. The instrument used is a paper "cornet" resembling the hand twisted sweet-bag familiar from childhood's days. This is filled with the sugar, the wide end closed, and a small hole made at the point.

Holding it as a pencil the piping artist draws his designs with the point, squeezing out his material sparingly or heavily according to the requirements of his work. Metal nozzles and points of varying fineness are also used inside the paper cornet; in the hands of an expert they are a convenience as finer work can be done with them.

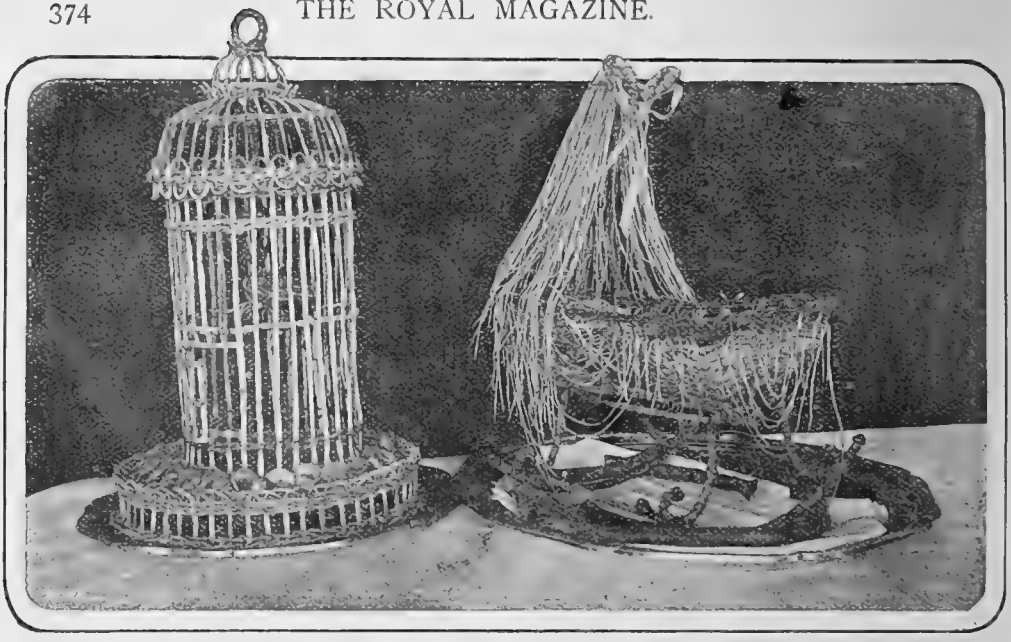
Among culinary wonders certainly the most novel and perhaps the most astonishing is the potato work of Monsieur Heiligenstein, who, out of a good-sized raw potato, can cut a ribbon four or five yards long, which he can then use in an extraordinary fashion.

For instance, in making one of those



A Pigeons' House made of rock sugar and almonds.

Digitized by Google



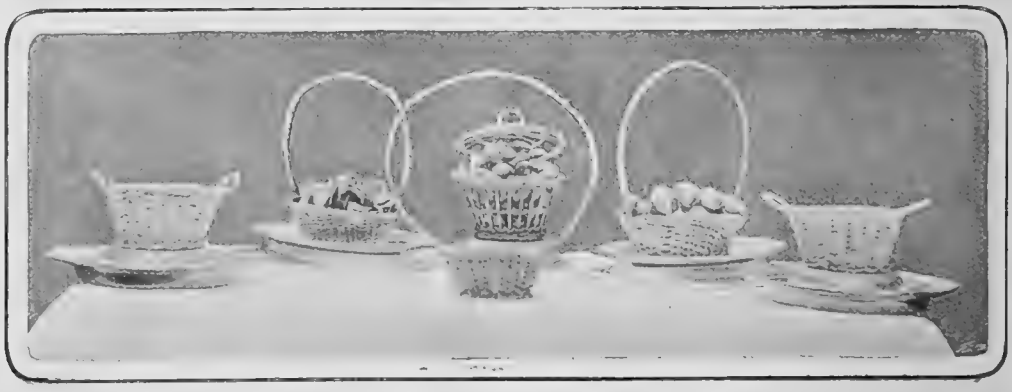
Two wonderful creations made entirely of potato. The artist cuts a slice out of the centre of potato, pares it into a circular form, and then cuts, on a spiral, a continuous ribbon until the centre is reached. It is solely with such strips that he does the work. These productions, which will last for years, are by M. Heiligenstein, of the Hôtel Russell.

potato-baskets in which *pommes soufflées* are daily served at table in the hotel, he takes up an ordinary potato, cuts a slice out of the centre on its long axis of the width required —about a half of an inch—pares it into circular form, and then cuts, on a spiral, a continuous ribbon—little more than one eighth of an inch thick—until the centre is reached. One would expect a brittle ribbon. Not so. It is quite pliable and elastic.

In making a large cage, as in his exhibit, this ribbon would be used in its full length; but now he is at a small basket, so he divides it up into even lengths, which he pins in a star-shaped pattern on the table, the centre being raised on a crust of bread. Then he takes another ribbon, and plaits it in and out through the radiants working outwards on a spiral, just as in ordinary wicker-work.

The basket, when finished, is heated for a couple of minutes in pure white fat just below boiling point. It is of a beautiful pale gold colour and is quite strong unless it has been overheated.

Such a basket may be kept for years. If it gets dusty, or wants spring cleaning, a quick plunge into hot grease as before will scour it thoroughly, and it will rise refreshed from its bath in all the beauty of its earliest conception. We are indebted to Mr. Hermann Senn for the valuable assistance he has rendered us in bringing out this article.



These baskets, as well as their contents, are made of potato.

Digitized by Google

PHŒBE OF THE THREE PIGEONS

A Story of the American War of Independence.

By Sewell Ford.

The landlord of "The Three Pigeons" stood in the doorway watching the rainbow which marked the recent retreat of a June shower. The beat of hoofs drew his gaze from the eastern sky, and he turned to look down the high road which stretched away to the south. As the rider approached, a frown appeared on the landlord's florid face.

"Good-day to you, neighbour Tunsten," was the cheery salutation of the young man as he alighted under the swinging sign.

"Huh!" grunted the landlord. "You ride as if good horses were as plentiful as worthless dragoons."

"Neither horse nor man is spared in the service of the patriotic government," returned the rider, a touch of anger in his tone. "But the beast is well blown," he continued more pleasantly. "I counted on exchanging her here for a fresh mount."

"So? Then you made a miscount of it, Master Wade."

"But my business presses. You well know this quarter is not safe for such as I in these days."

"Then such as you should stay away. If you had, my stable would not now be empty."

"How? Have the raiders paid you a visit? I am ill pleased to hear it, neighbour Tunsten, but I fear some of our patriots have little respect for those who hold Tory sentiments."

"I am neither Tory nor rebel," growled Tunsten.

"Well, well," replied Wade, "be it so. I shall have to risk an hour's stay with you."

The dragoon sank with a sigh of satisfaction into a chair by the table and asked: "And how is it with Mistress Phœbe?"

"You need not concern yourself with Mistress Phœbe, Master Wade. Do you intend to sup?"

"Why, yes, I think my purse can afford something modest."

"Phœbe! Phœbe!" called the landlord.

The young woman came in with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Well, well, Mistress Phœbe. It is good to see you again," said Wade as he arose and stretched out his hand.

"There are cakes and cold meat pie, sir," said Phœbe, without looking up.

For a moment Wade looked blankly from father to daughter, and then gave his orders in sullen tones. The landlord, who had watched them both keenly, smiled grimly.

From time to time as he ate, the dragoon glanced nervously at the door. When he had finished he left the landlord silently smoking his pipe in the rear of the tap-room and went outside where, from the green-bowered doorway, he could command a view of the road for a quarter of a mile to the south. He had stood there but a few moments when he heard a rustling on the other side of the trellis.

"Nathan!" whispered a voice almost in his ear.

"What! Phœbe?" he exclaimed, and made a movement to go round the screen of vines.

"Sh-h-h-h," whispered the voice. "Stay where you are."

Digitized by Google

"Stop, stop, Nathan, and listen. Why are you here?"

"Because I cannot go on until my horse is rested."

"Go on where?"

"To Tappan."

"Then you rode from the south? But why——"

The sentence died unfinished on her lips. In the distance, far down the road where the evening shadows merged into darkness, they could hear the approaching clatter of horses hard ridden.

"Oh, they are coming! They will find you! Run!"

"Perhaps they'll pass," said Wade coolly.

"No, no, they'll surely stop. Come, quickly now," and, stepping out from her hiding place, she drew the dragoon after her and softly opened the door which led into the big front room adjoining the tap-room.

"Now you must hide until after they are gone," she said, half in command, half pleadingly.

"Wait until I see from whom I am hiding," said Wade.

"No, no! Come now!" she insisted.

But Wade was obstinate and stood looking out of the window until he saw a squad of red-coated troopers draw rein before the tavern.

"Quick, follow me," said Phœbe, and she led the way to the big kitchen in the rear as the landlord withdrew his long-stemmed pipe from his lips to move reluctantly to the door of the tap-room.

"Stay here until I see what is their errand," she said, and went to stand behind her father.

"Did a rebel dragoon pass by but now?" asked one of the troopers.

"None such passed here," answered Tunsten.

"Then he stopped?"

"I keep a public tavern; he might."

"He is here now, you say?"

"That I said not. You have eyes of your own."

"Search the house," ordered the spokesman.

While the troopers were attending their horses Phœbe sped to the kitchen.

"They're going to search the house. They're coming! You're lost!"

"What is their number?" asked he.

"Six."

"They'll be two less in a moment. Good-bye, Phœbe," and he gently pushed her towards the door.

"No, no, you must not! I have it. Quick—the oven—you'll be safe there," and she swung open the big door of the cavernous brick oven, which flanked the great fireplace.

"No, Phœbe, I am no rat to run to my hole."

"Then give me a pistol, too."

Wade read determination in the clear eyes, and pale, tightly shut lips.

"No," he said. Then, putting up his pistols, he silently climbed into the oven, the door of which Phœbe left slightly ajar.

Two of the troopers were guarding the tap-room door with drawn pistols, two were exploring the front room and the other two could be heard tramping about above stairs, their spurs jingling menacingly as they stamped around. She found her father sitting in his accustomed place, smoking his pipe as stolidly as if nothing out of the ordinary were occurring.

"Father," she began tremblingly, "if they should find him, what——"

"Stop," said Tunsten sternly, "the affair is not ours. What were you doing in the kitchen a moment ago?"

"I—I was putting something in the oven."

The landlord fastened his sharp eyes on hers, leaned forward and asked meaningly—

"To bake?"

"Yes-e-es."

"Then attend well to your fire."

Phœbe returned to the kitchen, took the cloth cover from a large tin of dough that had been put by the settle to rise for the next day's baking, and placed it in the front part of the oven. As she did so she whispered:

"I must stir up the fire, but the flue damper is turned so that little heat will reach you. Can you breathe with the door thus?"

"Oh, yes, I am very comfortable," said Wade. "I needed a little heat, anyway, to dry my clothes."

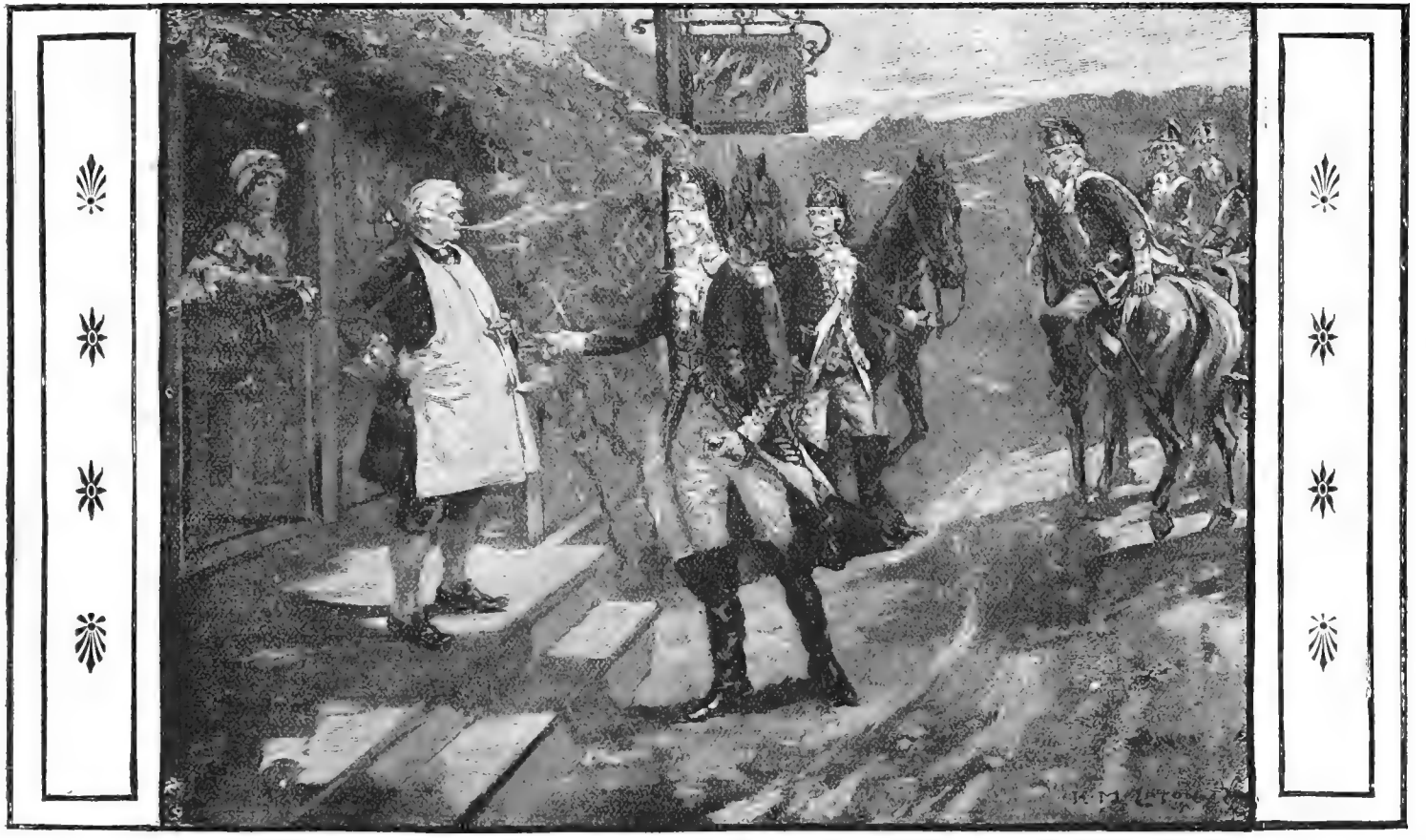
Then Phœbe lighted the candles and sat down with her knitting. A moment later two troopers came in, looked around the bare room, peered up the wide-mouthed fireplace, and went back into the tap-room. The others had been equally unsuccessful. The six held a council of war, and then the spokesman addressed the landlord:

"Look you, master innkeeper, you have a rebel dragoon hidden about your premises?"

"I have hidden no one," returned Tunsten. "If he be here he has hidden himself."

"Be that as it may, you must find him for

Digitized by Google



"Did a rebel dragoon pass by but now?" asked one of the troopers.

Google

us. If you fail we shall burn him out whether you are loyalist or no."

"Have you made your search thorough?"

"Aye, that we have."

"Then you looked in the bake oven?"

"Oh, ho, the clever rascal!" exclaimed one of the troopers who had visited the kitchen, as he started again in that direction.

"Hold, come back!" ordered the captain of the squad.

Then he drew them into a corner of the room. A low-toned consultation was held, which ended in a roar of laughter from the troop.

"We wronged you, master innkeeper," said the captain when they had ended their confab. "You are a worthy subject of King George, and we would have you drink with us to his Majesty. Give us your best Hollands."

After drinking the toast Tunsten went to the kitchen, and ordered Phœbe to go to her chamber. She had taken up her candle to obey when her father stopped her.

"See here, young mistress. Is this the manner in which you leave your dampers for baking?"

"I—I forgot," she faltered.

"Then turn them as they should be turned."

The hand in which Phœbe held the candle trembled for an instant. Then it steadied and she turned to her father.

"I will not!"

"What!" thundered the astonished landlord.

Without making reply, Phœbe left the room and ascended the stairs.

Uttering an oath under his breath, Tunsten turned the dampers himself, threw a fresh log on the fire and returned to the tap-room, where the troopers, pistols in hand, sat in a semicircle facing the kitchen door. From their position they could see plainly the big door of the oven behind which lay the dragoon. Their perfect command of the situation moved them to coarse jests. They spoke of "baked Yankee" and "roast rebel," and roared as they spoke.

"About what length of time does it require to bring your oven to the baking point, master innkeeper?" asked the captain of the squad after they had sat thus for some twenty minutes.

"A full three-quarters of an hour at least," said Tunsten.

"Then the fox must soon leave his hole, eh?"

"Think you he's a salamander?" and the landlord grinned grimly.

Thus with cheerful badinage the time slipped on. But the oven door moved not.

A wretched Tory sat, bound and gagged, glowering into the ashes of the fireplace, which were still brightly smouldering.

"These cursed rebels are as green as swamp saplings," said a trooper. "Stir up your fire man, we cannot spend a night roasting one dragoon."

"Why not shut the oven door?" suggested another as Tunsten moved to obey the order.

"No, that would finish him too quickly and spoil the sport," said the captain. "He will soon be crawling out and begging for quarter."

"Heard you that noise?" suddenly asked a trooper.

The group listened intently.

"It was the horses stamping without," said the captain.

But soldiers dislike to play at a waiting game.

"I'm for taking the rebel half baked," said one.

"And I," said another.

"Well, haul him out," agreed the captain, "but beware, or you will burn your fingers."

Leaving Tunsten in the tap-room the six formed a group around the oven door.

"Come now, master rebel. Think you've cooked enough?" called one.

There was no answer.

"What, you'd rather bake than fight?

Digitized by Google

The troopers, pistols in hand, sat in a semicircle facing the kitchen door.

Google

Well, we'll take you half done," and he flung open the door.

"Now, now, landlord? Here's treachery! The rascal's gone!" shouted a trooper.

"Gone?" echoed the rest.

"Gone!" exclaimed Tunsten in a tone of evident astonishment. "It's out of reason."

"Out of treason, more likely," snarled the captain. "There's a hole in the rear of your oven, you old blockhead. I can see the stars through it."

Not until he had stuck his head into the oven could Tunsten be convinced.

"By the king's crown, gentlemen, but this puzzles me sore," he said, turning to the angry troopers with a bewildered air.

"Aye, and well it may," put in the captain.

"I helped lay the bricks for that oven myself," continued the landlord. "It was a score of years ago, and there were three courses of the best bricks made in New Barbadoes. I'll swear no man could put his boot through that wall."

"But he has, you see, and followed it. Come, let's view it from the rear. Bring a lanthorn," and the captain led the way.

"Ho! Ho! He had help from without," said a trooper. "See there!"

He pointed to a four-pound sledge and a short crowbar which lay beneath the breach in the rear wall, the oven being fashioned in the style of the day as a sort of projecting addition to the chimney.

"And petticoat help at that," added the captain, holding the lanthorn close to the ground. "The foot that left those tracks was no man's."

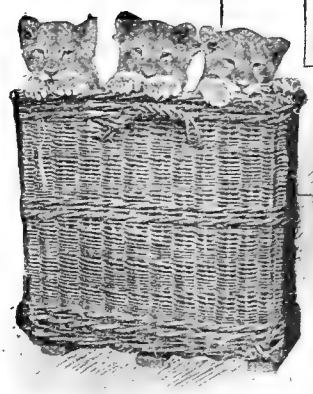
Phœbe's deserted chamber told the rest of the tale.

"To horse, men, and after them!" cried the captain.

But of the six horses which at dusk had been tied before the stable they found only a trail of hoof-prints. These, which could be followed plainly by the eye, led out to the high road and then turned towards the north—towards Tappen—where Light Horse Harry and his gallant dragoons kept camp.

Thus it was that, as evening drew on, six pillage-laden, but surly troopers skulked southward and in the night towards Paulus Hook where the British lay in camp, while in the cosy chimney corner of "The Three Pigeons" a wretched Tory sat, bound and gagged, glowering into the ashes of the fireplace, which were still brightly smouldering.

Digitized by Google



Lions as Family Friends

An Interesting Article on the King of Beasts as a Domestic Pet.

By Erroll Stanhope.

Down at Margate, within sound of the Silver Sea (as they call it in the newspapers) stands a cottage.

There is nothing remarkable about this little house. It is really a most inoffensive edifice, but once the street door is opened you feel instinctively that it is not so harmless as it appears at first sight.

Lions meet you on the door mat. Lions spread themselves in front of the kitchen fire. Lions play at haymaking on the beds (if they get the chance). Lions, in fact, are everywhere. The little house is full of lions in the flesh, and the walls are covered with gold mounted trophies and photographs and paintings of lions that have "gone before."

In one of the rooms of this most deceptive domicile is a glass door leading presumably to a conservatory. But it doesn't. It is only another of the many deceits of the place. It leads into a Lion House (spell with a capital H, please) where more and larger, not to say wilder specimens, roar out their captive existence.

Mr. and Mrs. Sadler, who inhabit these regions, look upon the whole matter of lions with affectionate indifference. "The first time I ever had anything to do with them was the day I was married—I had my wedding breakfast in the den that morning," Mrs. Sadler told me. So Daniel is out of date at once and far behind the times!

Mr. Sadler looks upon the baby lions as pets and the grown lions as profit. It is his business to do so, and he is a very successful business man, I should say, from what I observed.

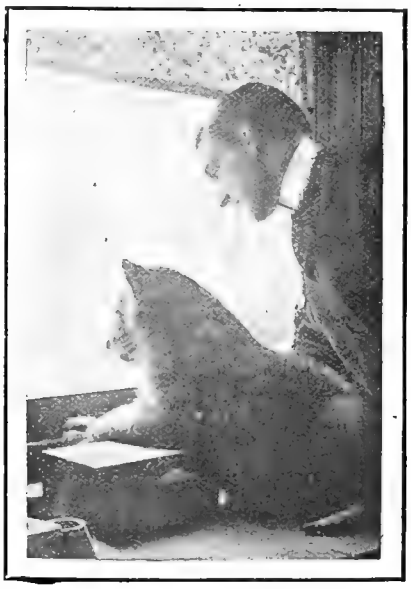
Pet animals I have kept all my life—I daresay the fascination of dogs and canaries may have appealed to you at odd times. I have even descended to the transient joys of guinea pigs and gold-fish, but for real unadulterated pleasure—give me lions!

If you say you have never tried keeping lions, I can quite believe you. Several people have tried it though, so I am told, but have never found time to write down their experiences before the lions tried them.

But that is a side issue entirely.

I should call Mr. and Mrs. Sadler the pioneers of this new fancy, or, at any rate, they are the first people I have ever met who have lions promiscuously about their house.

As it is a new fancy, I prophesy that lion keeping will be a hobby with the rich, surfeited with Russian hounds and motor cars as they must be; and I say advisedly rich, because a healthy grown



Wouldn't it be nice to have a lion cub looking at you out of your drawing-room window?

Digitized by Google

specimen costs £300, and charming as it would be to see one looking out of a window at Balham or Shepherd's Bush it would take the average inhabitant some time to procure one unless, of course, the beasts were managed like bicycles on the instalment plan.

In the event of their becoming the fashion, however, Mr. Sadler should be able to supply them in any amount, as on the day we called he had them from all ages, ranging from tiny half-blind things of a few days to great grown animals, almost the size of donkeys.

We on the day of our arrival, timidly asked if we might see the lions.

Which is the nicer baby of the two?

"See them, certainly—here they are!" said their owner, and, throwing open the room door, we were confronted by the jaws of death—and three pairs of them at that!

The introduction was crude, to put it mildly, and I instinctively drew back and grasped the handle of my umbrella firmly, determined to die fighting.

I took a glance at the photographer. He was rather white, and fingering his pocket knife nervously.

The three cubs who had occasioned so much uneasiness on our parts lay half asleep on the hearthrug, and regarded us with sleepy indifference, at which I took no consolation, knowing the feline race a little.

"They're quite tame," said Mr. Sadler, pushing one aside with his foot, and, of course, he being our host, we took his word for it; but I was not entirely satisfied until I saw Mrs. Sadler nursing her baby and a lion in the sunshine outside the door. If anything, the baby was the fiercer of the two. She was teething.

The largest male cub, a handsome little fellow bigger than an Irish terrier, rose on our entrance and investigated the edge of a trouser. The leg of the tripod which supported the camera claimed his attention next, and he lay down to chew it.

However, the monotony of the varnish bored him after a while and he transferred his attentions to me.

Lying on his back he invited me to play after the manner of a kitten, waving his great paws in the air.

I had read somewhere that music is said to soothe wild animals, but my hurried whistling of the "Honeysuckle and the Bee," so far from calming the lion, caused him to take my ankle in his mouth and bite off three boot buttons at the same time!

I don't think somehow that I was cut out to be a lion tamer. Little Miss Sadler, however, with the sublime courage of five months, is evidently born to the art of subduing savage beasts.

She took them by the first part of their anatomy that came handy. An ear, a lip, or even an eyelid did not come amiss, and judging by the expression on the "infants'" faces it was enjoyable to both of them, for the baby girl was holding on to the baby lion's side with all her might while she smiled gaily on the photographer. The mother (I am not referring to the lioness) told me she

Baby has a gallant escort, who occupies most of the bassinette.

Digitized by Google

This St. Bernard has reared many lion cubs.

never found lions ill-tempered or hard to manage, and apart from their inquisitiveness they were very well behaved in the house.

"I'm sorry when they grow so large they have to go into the lion house. This place is too small to keep them in after they are eight or nine months, and then I have to turn them out. I was very fond of 'Emperor' and had him here till he was taller than a large boarhound, and he followed me about like a dog; but George will show him to you outside if you like."

George obligingly took us to the lion house, and there stood Emperor surrounded by many others in all the grandeur of their full grown majesty.

"Which one would you like out?" asked Mr. Sadler including them all in one comprehensive glance.

I glanced hastily at the paling features of my two companions and murmured something about trains.

"There is the one my wife spoke about—he is quite tame and would like to be photographed; he'll come out of the cage like a lamb," continued Mr. Sadler not sharing our apprehensions.

"Look here, you can stop—we're married men!" whispered my confederates, and forthwith prepared to withdraw without further encouragement, as Mr. Sadler stepped into the cage and fastened a collar round the neck of a great beast.

There was a vacuum where the other two had stood and had there been a ladder I should undoubtedly have viewed the proceedings from the topmost rung, for Emperor came out like a most peculiar "lamb."

"Emperor" is a splendid great fellow and can drag his master round the garden easily if he likes.

"Emperor" is easily pacified, and takes quite an interest in the photographer.

He dragged his master from side to side of the lion house and attempted to scramble into every cage—in frantic haste.

"It's strangers make him a little nervous," explained Mr. Sadler as he slid by full length on the floor at the rate of forty miles an hour, at the other end of Emperor's chain, who thereupon climbed up a perpendicular rockery for some nine or ten feet and remained motionless—Mr. Sadler mean-

Google

while being suspended in the air much after the manner of a joint of meat on a spit. This seemed to satisfy the lion, for he came down and affectionately rubbed his head against the keeper while he obediently had his photograph taken.

The mother lion (who stood at the side of the cage roaring instructions at us as to the safe keeping of her children) does not bring the cubs up. That duty is intrusted to a cross-bred St. Bernard, who on the day of our visit was busy with two very young members of society. She wore a worried maternal expression as if lion rearing weighed heavily upon her. I took one on my lap—it weighed heavily on me also.

The handsomest of the three cubs took a great fancy to me which was fully reciprocated, and when I lifted him up he impressed his ardent affections on my arm with ten very sharp claws, and grumbled and purred as he viewed the outside world from the altitude of my shoulder. He was only nine weeks old when I made his acquaintance and his value is nearly £30, so with his engaging ways, he is a very "dear" pet indeed.

A heavy little fellow to nurse, but so soft and kittenish.

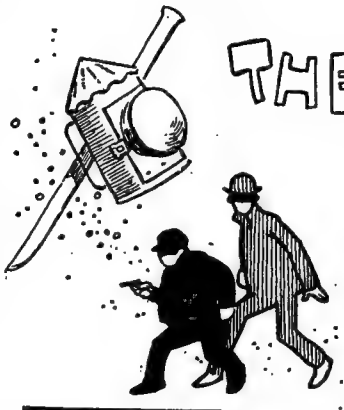
"Thank you, I'm very comfortable and don't intend to move till my photograph is taken!"

Saying "Good-bye" to the visitors.

The baby lioness was not half so confidential. She wore her ears at right angles to her head, not upright like her brothers, and her eyes were not nearly as straightforward as theirs. Maybe being of the same gender as myself I did not take so readily to her. Certain it is she did not take so readily to me—or in fact to any of us, for after refusing all attentions she retired to her basket to growl sulkily, having first scratched the photographer's hand. But the other two pushed the window curtain aside to say good-bye and look after us as we took leave of the obliging keeper and his wife and made our way to the railway station, with a feeling akin to that experienced by victorious gladiators. On the road we passed a dog fight and someone told us that one of the dogs was mad. We didn't stop; we felt it too utterly beneath us, after having spent the morning toying with African lions, to interfere in such a paltry thing as a dog fight—and a Margate dog at that!

Digitized by Google

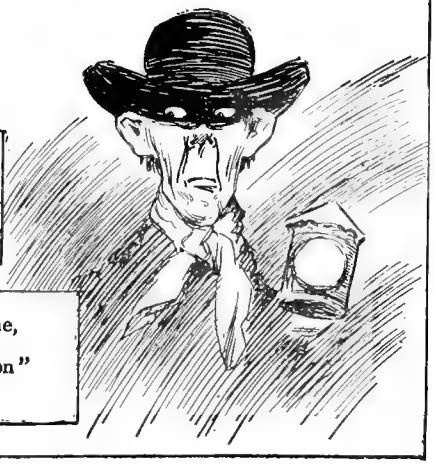
THE BURGLARS' ALARM



It was a dark and stormy night,
Black clouds obscured the sky;
The moon was low and gave no light,
The wind was keen and high.

And as the clocks were striking three,
Came creeping up a hill,
Two men whose names were—let me see—
We'll call them Tom and Bill.

Just about half-way up there stood
A house of ancient date;
The men, as softly as they could,
Stole through the garden gate.



And while Tom sharply looked about,
Bill quietly walked all round,
Produced some tools and singled out
A window near the ground.

And soon a pane of glass is gone,
The window open wide
Ere you can say "Jack Robinson"
The burglars are inside.

LAWSON WOOD
1902

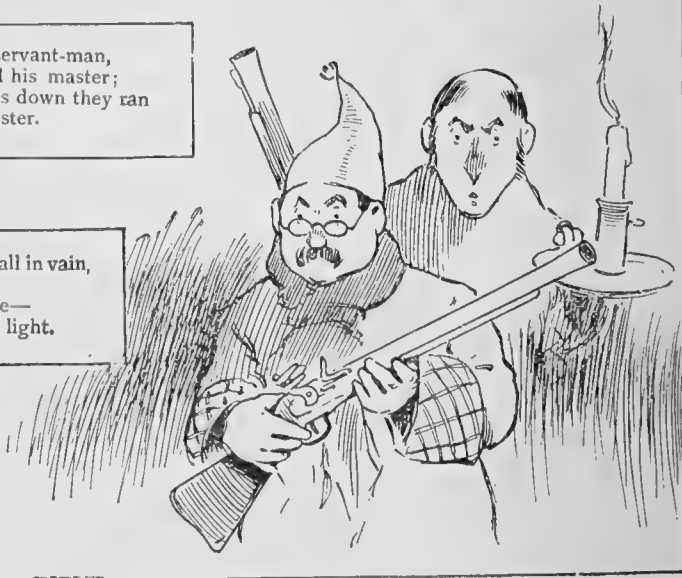
Digitized by Google

They cross the room ; the door is fast,
But, having picked the lock,
The hall and stairs are quickly passed,
When—goodness! What a shock!

A spectral figure clothed in white
Seemed floating through the air;
The burglars yelled aloud with fright
And tumbled down the stair.

"'Tis my old mother's ghost, it be!"
Groaned Bill. "I've heard she's dead."
"Pr'aps 'tis the devil come for we!"
Gasped Tom. They turned and fled.

The noise awoke the servant-man,
Who quickly roused his master;
With guns and candles down they ran
In fear of some disaster.



They searched the house, but all in vain,
For everything was right,
Except a missing window-pane—
The draught blew out their light.

Digitized by Google

"Dear me! what's that?" the master cried
As, peering through the gloom,
A ghost-like form he dimly spied
Advancing to the room.

The man began to quake again
And fumbled for a light—
And there they found the housemaid Jane,
Clad in the robe of night.

She gazed, but did not seem to see;
They seized her by the arm,
And then she started violently
And cried out in alarm.

"You're walking in your sleep, you know,"
Her master sternly said;
"What do you mean by doing so?
You ought to be in bed!"

Jane sobbed and shook with cold and fright,
And said with many a sneeze,
"We'd pork for supper, sir, last night,
And I'd three helpin's, please."

B. F. H. P.

Digitized by Google

ANSWERED IN PERSON

THE STORY OF A CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

By

OWEN OLIVER

(2)

(1)

Love!

There's Somebody I shall love some day,
And Somebody's love I'll be;
And all thinks that the poets say
Shall Somebody think of me.

I've only just a woman's grace:
And nothing of that to spare!
And I shall smile in Somebody's face,
And Somebody think me fair.

I've only just every woman's speech
And every woman's heart;
But I will whisper some word and reach
The depths of Somebody's heart!

And I will try for Somebody's sake
And Somebody's love, to be
As near as love of my love can make,
What Somebody thinks of me.

"Maid Marian"

(Miss) Maude Meadowes
5 Woodbine Villas.
Townsend S?
(Stamped envelope enclosed)

THE FAMILY FAVOURITE.

A High-class Journal for the Home Circle.

15, Ink Court,
London, E.C.

The Editor regrets that, owing to the limited space at his disposal, he is unable to make use of the accompanying Poem entitled "Love" by the kind offer of which he is greatly obliged.

18th April 1901

(3)

THE FAMILY FAVOURITE. April 20, 1901.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Answered by the Editor.)

Anxious.—So the butter with which, in accordance with our recommendation, you removed the tar stains has greased your blouse. This will happen occasionally; but we have frequently given an excellent recipe for the removal of grease. (See answer to Sorrowful Sarah in No. 415.)

Maid Marian.—(1) We are sorry that you were disappointed at the return of your poem. This does not imply any lack of merit; but we have, unless our memory deceives us, recently published one upon the same subject. (2) In order to obtain a paying guest, your mother should advertise in the local paper, and place a card in the front window, announcing the fact that board and residence may be had within. (3) We are sure, from what you say, that such a boarder would be very comfortable. (4) We have no means of judging whether he would pay his rent, but would suggest an exchange of references.

Worried Widower.—A sad case cured by

Unsettled.—We agree that, as the young lady's father set the dog upon you, it may be presumed that he disapproves of your suit. As the dog retained a portion, we should be inclined to think that he, on the other hand, approved of it.

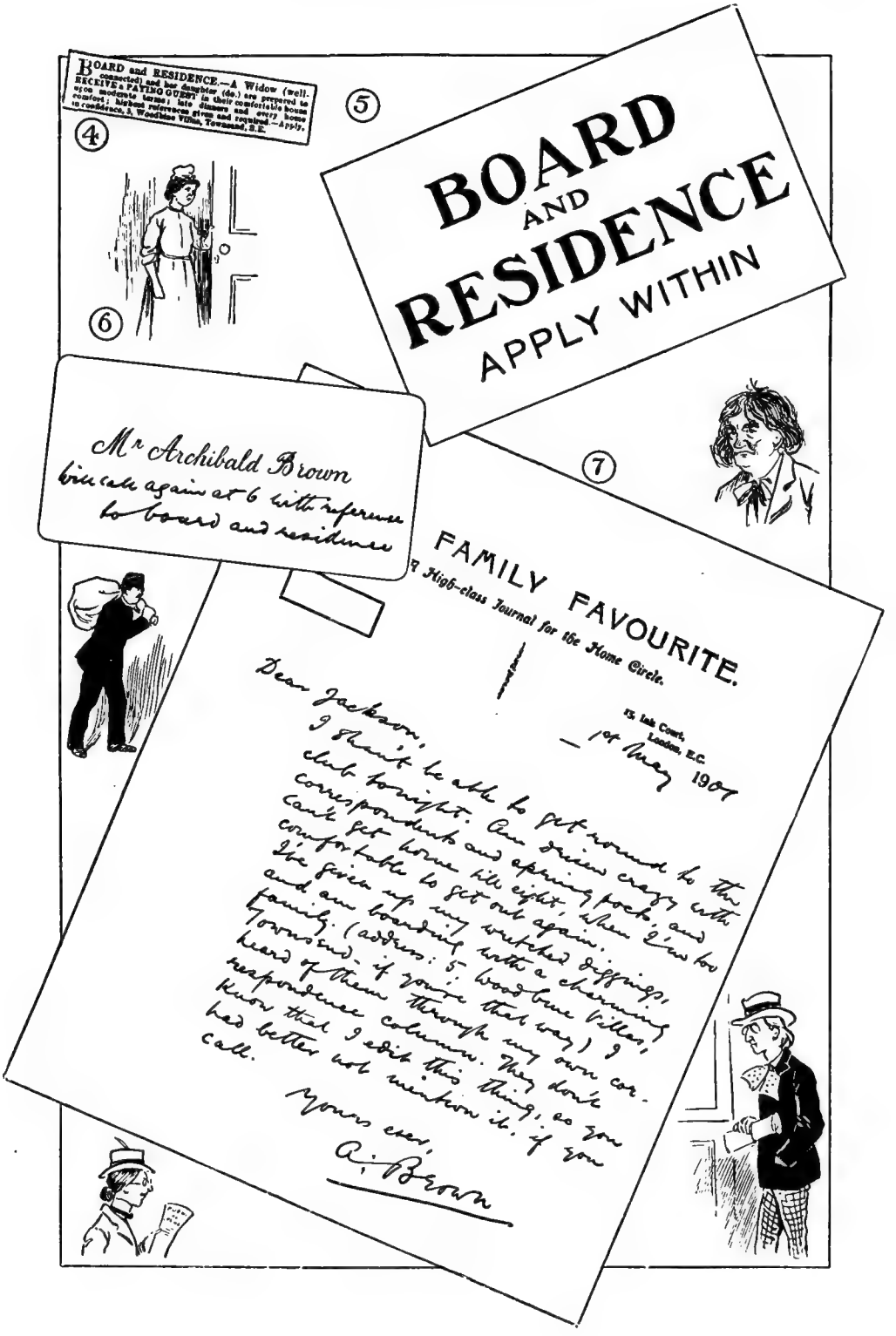
Literary.—We are familiar with the lines

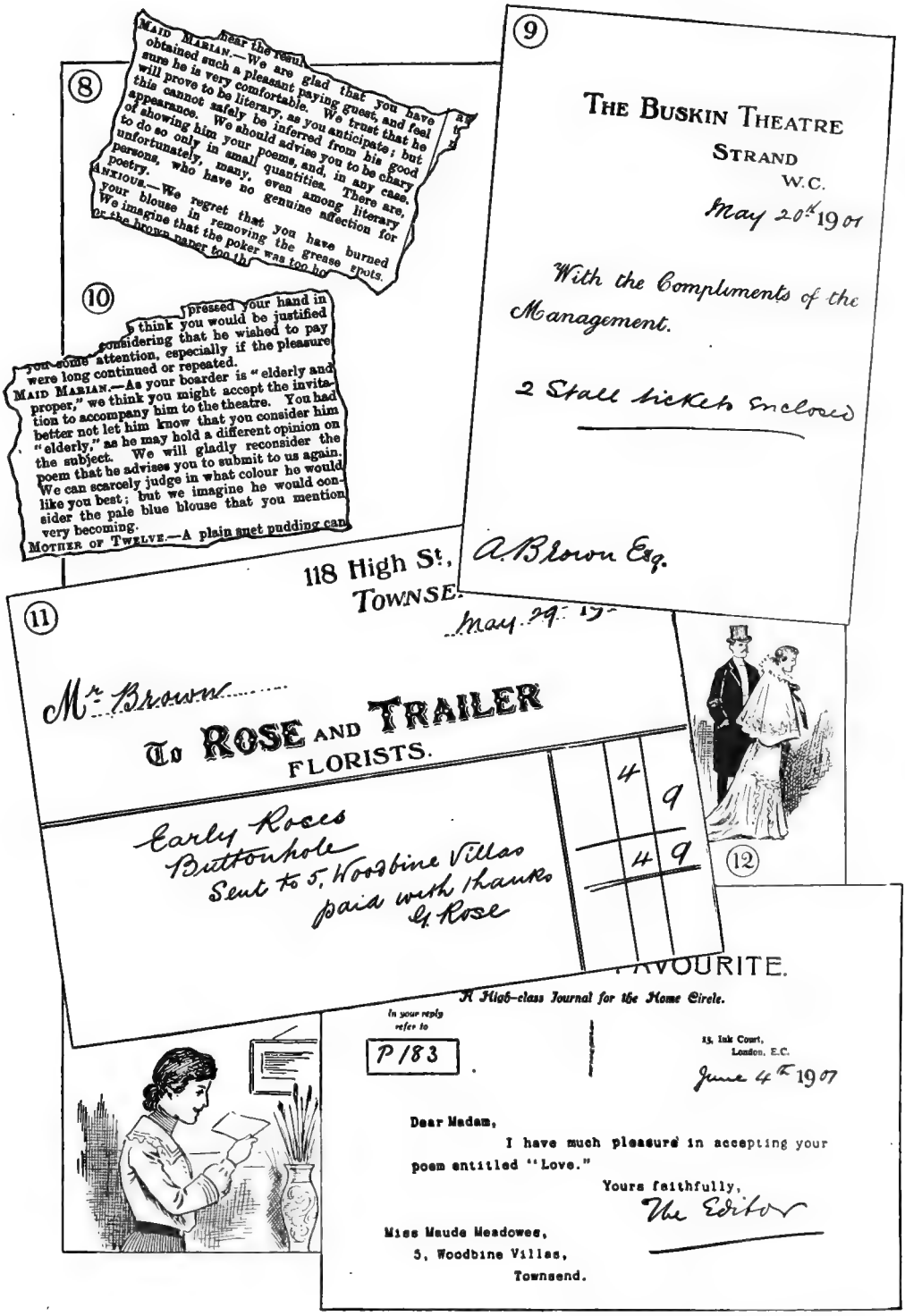
O Maria!
My heart's afire

But the name of the au
for the moment. W
or Kipling; bu
learned reade
lyric powe
always

Perple
glad
mak
an
th

Digitized by Google


BOARD and RESIDENCE.—A Widow (well-connected) and her daughter (do.) are prepared to RECEIVE a PAYING GUEST in their comfortable house upon moderate terms; late dinners and every home comfort; highest references given and required.—Apply, 9, Woodbine Villas, Townsend, S.E.
4
5
BOARD AND RESIDENCE APPLY WITHIN
6
Mr Archibald Brown
will call again at 6 with reference to board and residence
7
FAMILY FAVOURITE.
A High-class Journal for the Home Circle.
15, Ink Court, London, E.C.
1st May 1907
Dear Jackson,
I think I shall be able to get round to the club tonight. Am driven crazy with correspondents and opening packs, and can't get home till eight, when I'm too comfortable to get out again.
I've given up my watched diggings, and am boarding with a charming family. (address: 5, Woodbine Villas, Townsend). If you're that way, I should like to hear of them through my own correspondence columns. They don't know that I edit this thing, so you had better not mention it, if you call.
Yours ever,
A. Brown



(8)

MAID MARIAN.—We are glad that you have obtained such a pleasant paying guest, and feel sure he is very comfortable. We trust that he will prove to be literary, as you anticipate; but this cannot safely be inferred from his good appearance. We should advise you to be chary of showing him your poems, and, in any case, to do so only in small quantities. There are, unfortunately, many, even among literary persons, who have no genuine affection for poetry.

ANXIOUS.—We regret that you have burned your blouse in removing the grease spots. We imagine that the poker was too hot

(9)

THE BUSKIN THEATRE
STRAND
W.C.
May 20th 1901

With the Compliments of the Management.

2 Stall tickets enclosed

A. Brown Esq.

(10)

pressed your hand in
you would be justified
considering that he wished to pay
were long continued or repeated.

MAID MARIAN.—As your boarder is "elderly and proper," we think you might accept the invitation to accompany him to the theatre. You had better not let him know that you consider him "elderly," as he may hold a different opinion on the subject. We will gladly reconsider the poem that he advises you to submit to us again. We can scarcely judge in what colour he would like you best; but we imagine he would consider the pale blue blouse that you mention very becoming.

MOTHER OF TWELVE.—A plain suet pudding can

118 High St,
TOWNSE.
May 29. 1

(11)

Mr Brown

To ROSE AND TRAILER
FLORISTS.

Early Roses
Buttonhole
Sent to 5, Woodbine Villas
paid with thanks
E. Rose

4 9
4 9

(12)

FAVOURITE.
A High-class Journal for the Home Circle.

In your reply refer to
P 183

13, Ink Court,
London, E.C.
June 4th 1901

Dear Madam,

I have much pleasure in accepting your poem entitled "Love."

Yours faithfully,
The Editor

Miss Maude Meadowes,
5, Woodbine Villas,
Townsend.

Digitized by Google

(13)

5 Woodbine Villas
Townsend
4 June 1901

Dear Mr Editor

You will think I am always troubling you, but you are so kind and it is a serious matter this time. When I said he was 'elderly', I did not mean that he was too old; only that he was old enough to take me to the theatre. He is thirty-seven, but he looks quite young. Mother says he is very nice indeed.

What I am afraid (please don't laugh at me) is that he thinks that I think he is too old. But I don't consider that a man ought to marry young:

Will you tell me what I ought to do to let him know what I think. I am sure that he likes me from the way he sighs when I give him his breakfast. It upset me so this morning that I poured the coffee into his hand instead of the cup; and I cannot go on like this any longer.

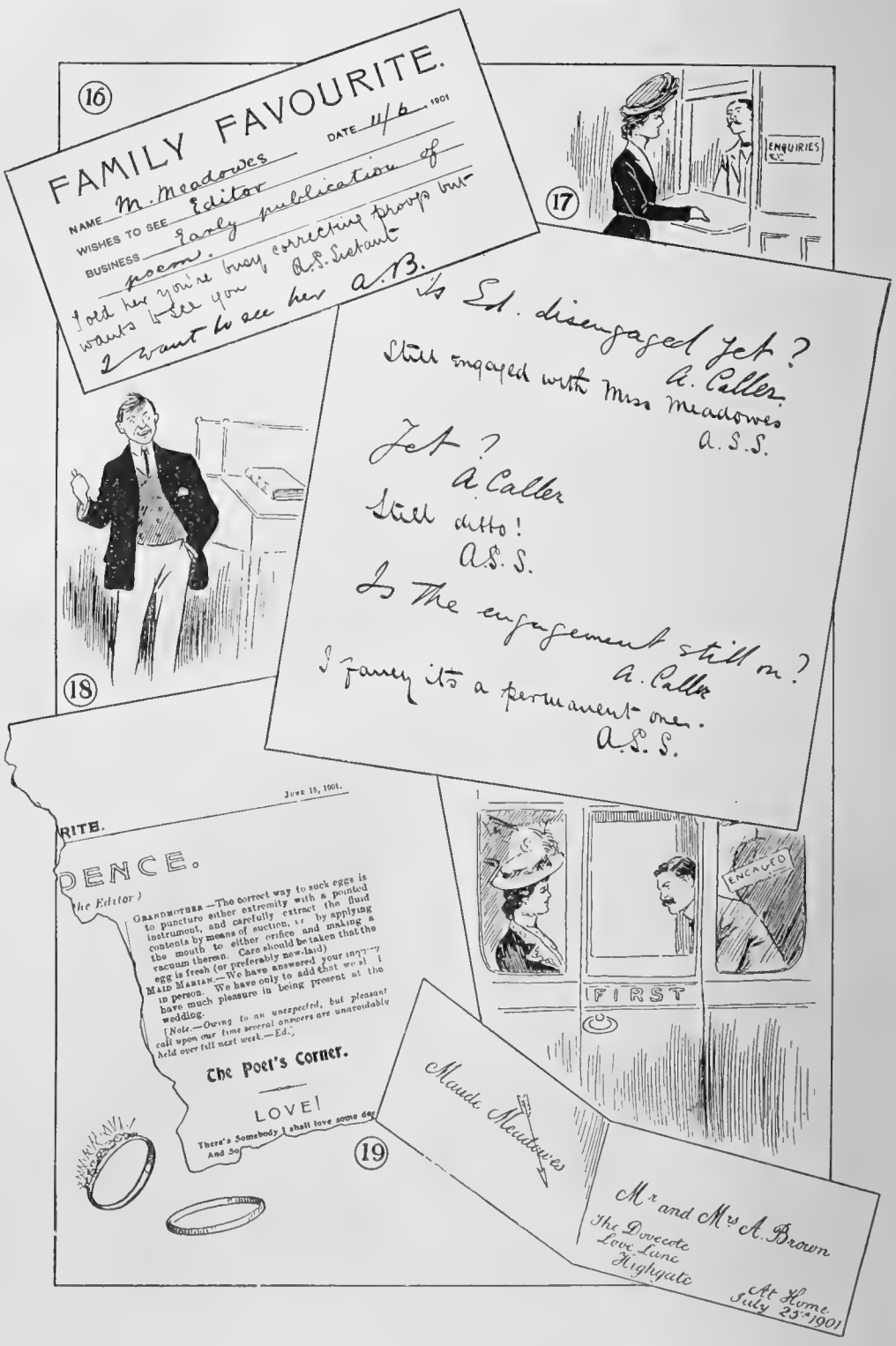
Your troubled correspondent

"Maid Marian"

(M. Meadowes)

(14)
June 8, 1901.
PURITE.
DENCE.
the Editor.)
MAID MARIAN.—We gather, in spite of your pro-
test, that you do consider the gentleman's ages a
drawback. Probably he realises your feeling
upon the subject better than you do yourself,
and hesitates to risk your happiness. We
should not ourselves consider a husband of
thirty-seven too old for a wife of twenty-one;
but it is entirely a matter of personal taste.
If you really wish to indicate delicately that
you do not consider him too old, the publication of
that will naturally follow the discussion of
your little poem should afford you an oppor-
tunity of doing so. We shall be very curious
to hear your decision.
(15)
LOVE!
There's Somebody I shall love some day,
And Somebody's love I'll be;
And all the things that the poets say
About Somebody think of me.
I've only just one woman's grace:
And nothing of that to spare!
But I shall smile to Somebody's face,
And Somebody think me fair.
I've only just every woman's speech,
And every woman's sweet;
But I will whisper among word and reach
The depths of Somebody's heart!
And I will try for Somebody's sake
And Somebody's love, to be
As near as love of my love can make,
What somebody thinks of me.
Maid Marian.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

CARPET SPINNING

The Latest Novelty in the Entertaining Line. A Carpet is Made to Hop, Dance, and Whistle.

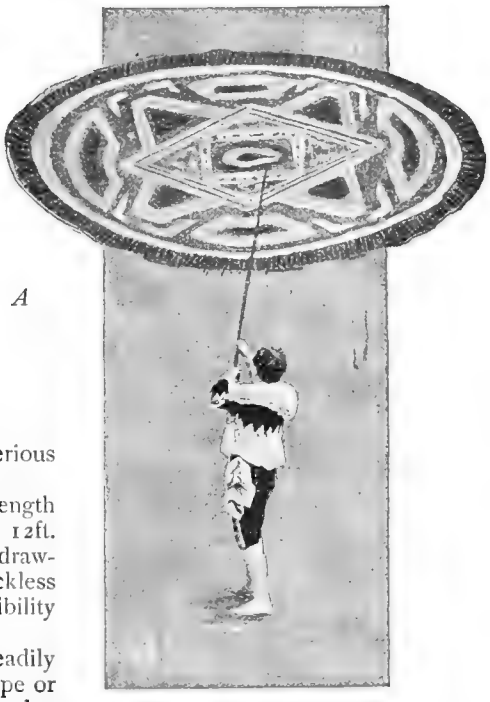
By Phil Lauder.

Most of us know from personal experience how serious a matter it is to tackle a carpet.

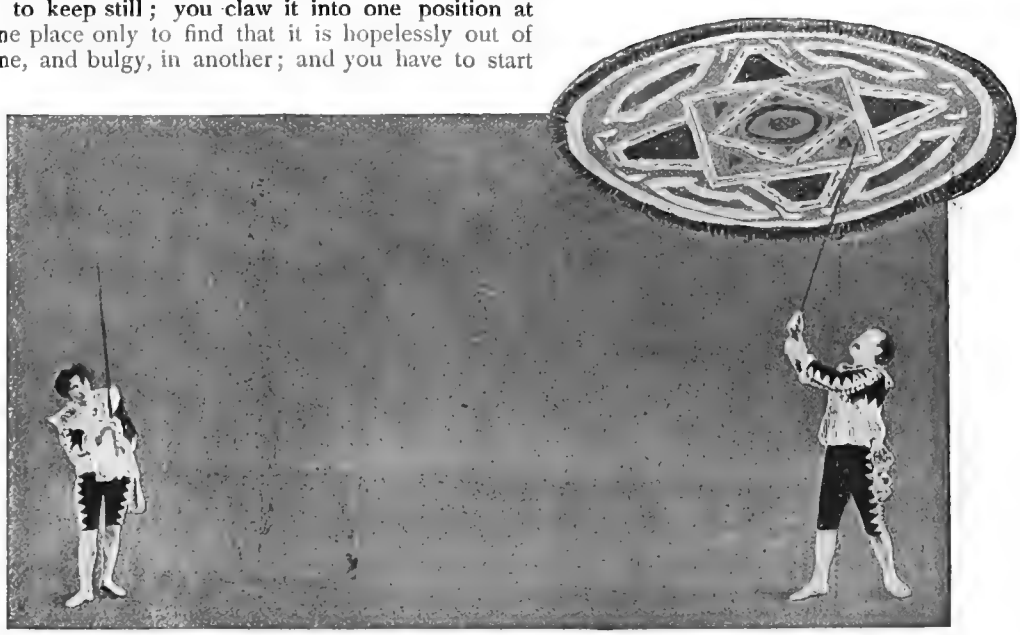
It may be that such an experience goes the length of trying to solve the problem of fitting a 12ft. by 12ft. Kidderminster on one of Suburbia's 14ft. by 10oft. drawing-room floors; or, perhaps, some reader, in a reckless moment, has taken upon himself the higher responsibility of beating the dust out of a Brussels.

In any case there are few people who will not readily admit that the manipulation of a carpet in any shape or form is one of the most temper-wrecking trials that modern civilisation imperatively demands.

There is a sort of airy playfulness about a carpet—when you try, so to speak, to take it into your confidence—that is extremely irritating. You can't persuade it to keep still; you claw it into one position at one place only to find that it is hopelessly out of line, and bulgy, in another; and you have to start



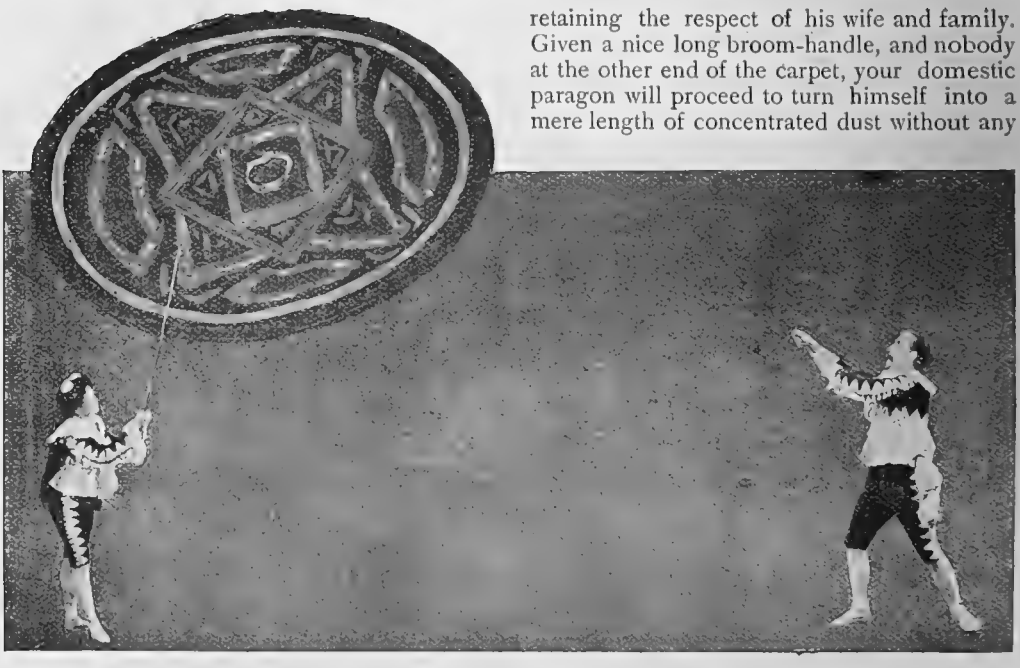
Twirling the carpet on the end of a stick, the fringe whistles as it spins through the air.



The carpet is whizzing round in the air. The lady performer is ready to catch it on her stick.

Digitized by Google

retaining the respect of his wife and family. Given a nice long broom-handle, and nobody at the other end of the carpet, your domestic paragon will proceed to turn himself into a mere length of concentrated dust without any



Away the carpet flies, landing on the stick of the lady performer, who keeps it spinning as rapidly as ever.

all over again. It is not on record that, amongst other worrying experiences, Job was ever requested to "lay" a carpet. If he had been asked, and was foolish enough to try, the odds are long that his reputation for patience would have received a permanently injurious blow.

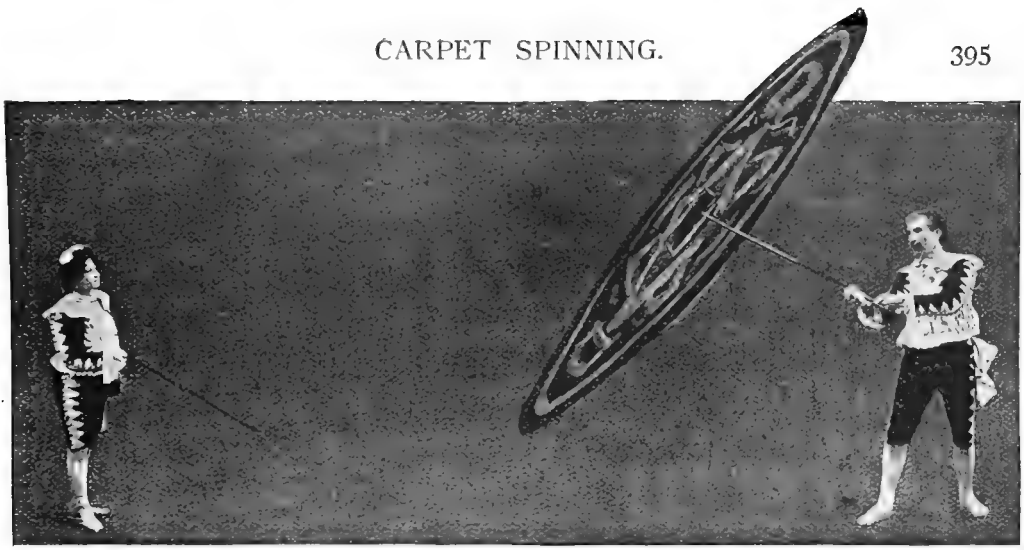
As for the awful job of beating a dust-laden Brussels, only those who have tried it know what a test it is of a man's ability for more benefit to the carpet than it would derive from a series of kicks from an enraged mule.

The dust is only removed in small patches, because that carpet will not allow itself to be struck by the broom-handle in more than half-a-dozen places. The man at the driving end of the broom-handle, do what he may, never can reach the exact portion of the carpet where a few solid thumps would do it most good.

The fierce demand for novelty has led to the glorification of the Kidderminster and

The lady is no mean carpet twister. She wields this one most dexterously.

Digitized by Google



The carpet can spin in any position on the performer's stick.

Brussels; and there will be no reason to be surprised if the modern music-hall is presently turned into a sort of carpet show-room.

Until one has seen the remarkable performance given by the Goldeno Trio, it is difficult to grasp the fact that so much can be done with a piece of Persian carpet eight feet in diameter. Under the clever manipulation of a couple of these smart jugglers the piece of Persian becomes, as it were, almost alive—a sentient and thinking thing!

It is made to hop, dance, fly, whistle, turn somersaults, play at steeplechase—with other furniture and its manipulators as hedges and ditches—and otherwise conduct itself in an extraordinarily bewildering fashion.

From the limp, loose disc of soft material, it becomes, with a turn of the juggler's wrist, a whirling circle of gay colour whose every movement is full of grace and ease. It performs, with wonderful precision, the most startling evolutions.

How is it done?

"I began with an afternoon tea-table cloth," said the chief juggling trio to the writer. "I went on, gradually increasing the size and weight, until I was able to handle this big carpet with as much ease as I had spun the original tea-mat. It is all a matter of constant practice and strength, for the weight of a whirling Persian carpet is considerable, as you will see if you try to lift ours."

He was quite right. The carpet used is by no means a featherweight—in fact, it was only with an effort that the folded material could be raised in the arms.

"You see, if it was merely a 'flimsy,' we could not get good work from it; its weight helps it over obstacles, whereas a light carpet would simply collapse immediately it met with the first obstruction."

A novel kind of hoop. The carpet jumps chairs and tables as it bounds round the stage.

When the carpet is lifted from the stage, where it does duty as part of the furniture, there is nothing in its appearance to distinguish it from any other. It is merely a circular carpet—nothing more.

But the limp mass of bright colour soon expands under a few turns of a strong stick

Digitized by Google

held by one of the manipulators. In a few seconds the great circle is revolving merrily in the air, attaining greater speed at every turn. The muscular power necessary to give the heavy carpet its rotatory movement becomes evident as the holder of the stick begins to feel his whirling burden.

Every muscle is called into play to get the carpet into motion. Only an immensely strong man could hope to succeed in such a task. But at last the 8ft. circle is revolving at almost incredible speed, and is called upon to show what it is capable of doing.

In a twinkling the whirling mass flies across the width of the stage, where it alights, still revolving, on the point of another stick held in the strong grip of the lady of the party.

A twirling carpet makes a capital sunshade.

Again it is sent spinning on a journey,

Legs take a turn occasionally at carpet spinning.

assuming a sloping position as it moves across to the waiting stick which seems to grip it and further increase its revolutions. It gradually assumes a perpendicular form and rolls like a hoop around the stage, jumping chairs, tables, and other obstacles in its swift course.

The carpet is now manipulated into a lofty position, where by a peculiar and ingeniously worked movement of the fringe it is made to whistle like a bird for some time!

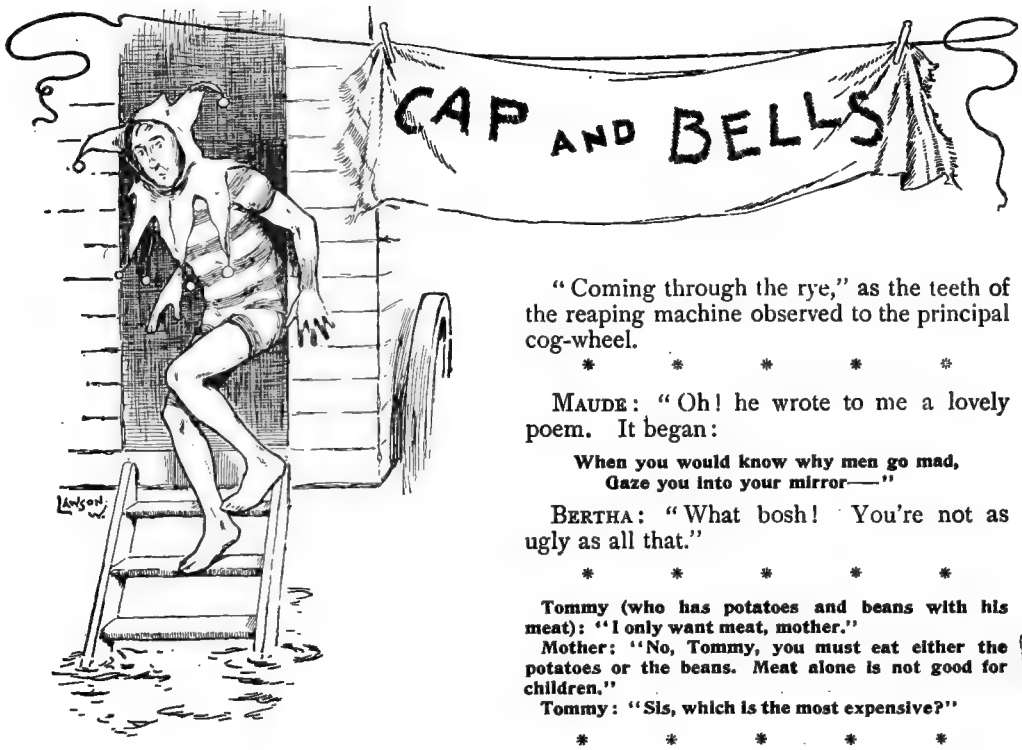
Then Mr. Goldeno "nurses" his carpet into all sorts of strange positions. He lies upon the stage and uses the 8ft. piece of Persian as an umbrella to shade himself from the glare of the limelight. With one strong hand he supports his whirling burden, and coolly sets about fixing, with a couple of straps, the guide-stick to his right leg, with which he continues to support and turn the revolving mass above.

Mr. Goldeno adds a sensational climax to his carpet-spinning by treating the youngest member of his troupe in a similar way to the less susceptible circle of Persian.

A strap, to which a socket is fixed, is fastened around her waist. Into the socket the point of a pole is inserted, and — hey presto!—the youngster is held horizontally above the other's head, and begins to revolve, until her body becomes a mere hazy outline, so tremendous is the rate of speed at which she is whirled around.

When the carpet has done its duty we see this little lady spinning round in the air.

Digitized by Google



THE village poacher, Richard, had been summoned for the one-thousand-and-first time, for annexing pheasants' eggs. All the squire's staff of keepers was arrayed against him. Richard himself, however, did not appear.

"We fine this man two guineas and the costs," quoth the magistrate. "He is a very old offender, indeed. But where is he? Why has not Richard put in an appearance?"

Stentorian voice from back of court: "Where's Richard? Why, where should he be but oop at t' big coovert. All keeper chaps be here t' Coort, and Richard's making hay while the sun shines to pay his foine with. That's why Richard ain't 'ere."

* * * * *

CHARLIE: "Ain't fathers queer?"

AUNTIE: "How, dear?"

CHARLIE: "Why, when a little boy does anything for his father he doesn't get anything; but if somebody else's boy does it he gets a penny!"

* * * * *

AT THE JUNGLE PICNIC.

The Lioness: "Has anybody seen the condensed milk?"

The Ostrich (bashfully): "Well—I—er—to tell the truth, I couldn't resist the tin, and I'm afraid the milk was inside it."

"Coming through the rye," as the teeth of the reaping machine observed to the principal cog-wheel.

* * * * *

MAUDE: "Oh! he wrote to me a lovely poem. It began:

When you would know why men go mad,
Gaze you into your mirror——"

BERTHA: "What bosh! You're not as ugly as all that."

* * * * *

Tommy (who has potatoes and beans with his meat): "I only want meat, mother."

Mother: "No, Tommy, you must eat either the potatoes or the beans. Meat alone is not good for children."

Tommy: "Sis, which is the most expensive?"

* * * * *

MATRIMONY is no joke to the man who "thinks seriously" of it.

* * * * *

A CRUSHING DISASTER.

She was white and apparently lifeless, but after the doctor had made a hasty examination he said that there was still hope. Her clothing had almost been torn off; her hair was dishevelled, and there were many bruises upon her limbs.

At last she opened her eyes and murmured:

"Where am I?"

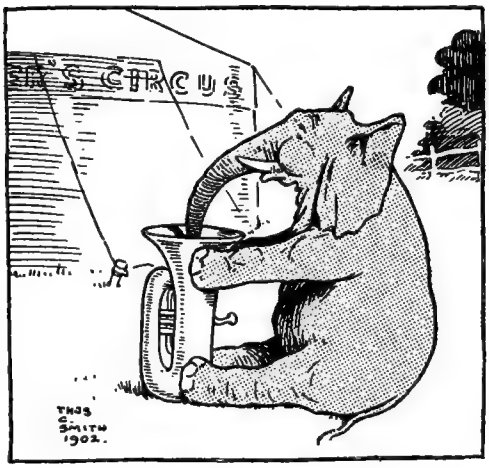
"You are safe," they said to her.

Then she raised one of her hands. Her purse was still clenched tightly, and she gave a long sigh of relief.

This happened on the morning that Lace & Remnants marked all their two-shilling dress materials down to 1s. 11¾*d.* a yard.

In golfing, you always grip tightly with your left hand, and your right hand should rest lightly.

Digitized by Google



HOW STRANGE!

Elephant: "Well, I can't make this out at all. My master can play this music thing as easily as possible, and although I'm sure I'm blowing ten times as hard as he does, I can't get a single note."

* * * * *

FRECKLES.

FIRST GIRL: "He said that my face was a poem."

SECOND GIRL: "I hope he didn't criticise the punctuation, dear."

* * * * *

MAKING SURE OF HIS GROUND.

Cadsby: "Your wife bathing to-day, old fellow?"
Mann: "No."
Cadsby: "Your sister doing a splash?"
Mann: "My sister's still in town."
Cadsby: "Cousin, aunt, or any other feminine relative in the water?"
Mann: "Not that I know of."
Cadsby (getting out his marine glasses): "Then here goes to criticise the bloomin' sea-nymphs with an easy mind!"

* * * * *

MATRIMONIAL REFLECTION.

A man and his wife are one—or the other. More often than not, apparently, they are the other.

* * * * *

IN OCEAN'S BED.

THE SKATE: "Just see how the octopus is writhing in his sleep."

THE FLOUNDER: "Yes, he had the lobster for supper."

* * * * *

She: "Papa says that when coming to see me you must not come in a 'bus any more."
He: "Really! Does he expect me to walk all this distance?"
She: "Of course not. He says all he asks is that you will come in a carriage hired by the hour."

An Irish editor, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

* * * * *

HIS THOUGHTS.

He sat by her side in the twilight,
(The hour that for flirting is good!)
His eyes had a pensive expression,
Which she fancied she quite understood;
For admirers she'd had by the dozen,
All sizes, descriptions and sorts,
So she gave him the time-honoured opening:
"A penny," she said, "for your thoughts!"

And, of course, what he ought to have answered
Was: "Darling, my thoughts were of you!"
But alas! he was young and untutored,
Of flirting but little he knew;
So he said, with a sigh: "I was thinking
That supper's uncommonly late!"
And history says that flirtation
Has met with a premature fate!

Jessie Carr.

* * * * *

THE ONLY REMEDY.

THE CALLER: "My wife is suffering from kleptomania, doctor. What would you advise me to give her?"

DR. DRASTICK: "Give her in charge."

* * * * *

GRAVITATION.

The law of gravitation is
No proper theme for mirth;
It is the only tie that binds
My body to the earth.

If it should break I would not dare
To walk along the street,
Unless I had two pair of hands
Or fingers on my feet.

Digitized by Google

Old Lady (in the bathing machine): "How can you expect me to come out with that impudent thing sitting on the steps."

Digitized by Google

REAL VALUE NOW.

"I believe Jones is really and truly in love at last."

"Why?"

"He's left off calling the telephone girls 'my dear.'"

* *

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

"You may recall me, sir, as the man who eloped with your daughter about a year ago."

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I may be a little bit tardy, but I have come to offer you my congratulations."

* * * * *

Hubbs: "I met Jenkins in his new voiturette this morning, and it struck me that he'd already got the automobile face."

Spokesley: "What sort of a face is that?"

Hubbs: "One that looks as if it wanted washing."

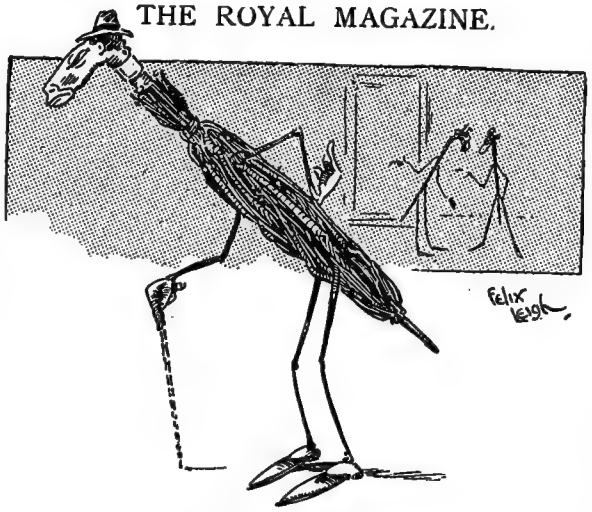
* * * * *

Two things that are always "on time" are his hour-glass and scythe.

* * * *

Without her leave he stole a kiss—
He did. Oh, bliss!
A sharp command was promptly his:
"Just put that back, I tell you this,
Where it belongs," spoke haughty miss.
He did. Oh, bliss!

* * * * * * * *



IN THE FASHION.

First Walking Stick: "What's wrong with Gampy? He's looking rather queer."

Second Walking Stick: "Oh, he was mixed up in a motor accident, and broke three of his ribs."

Speaking of bereavement, Jones affirms that no death ever affected him so sadly as that of his wife's first husband.

* * *

"What did Noah live on when the flood had subsided and his provisions in the ark were exhausted?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class one Sunday.

"I know," squeaked a little girl after the others had given it up.

"Well, what?" inquired the teacher.

"Dry land," said the child wisely, and the answer passed.

* * * * *

A WOMAN OF THE FUTURE.

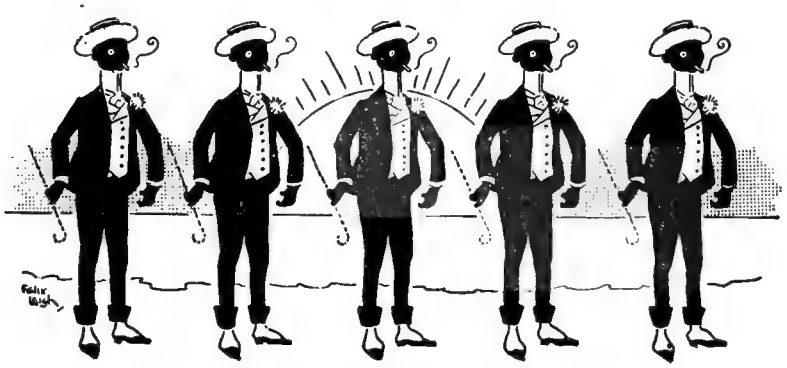
I love the coming woman;
I love her pretty ways;
With music and with sweetness
She fills my fleeting days.
I kiss her laughing dimples,
And stroke her hair of gold,
For my dainty coming woman
Is only four years old.

* * * * *

He: "Most of Miss Bloosox's ideas are a long way in advance of the times."

She: "Ah, yes, and most of her hats are a long way behind them."

* * * * * * * *



Five little nigger boys.

Digitized by Google

Southalls' Towels

SANITARY, ABSORBENT, ANTISEPTIC.
FROM ALL DRAPERS.

THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.
Beware of Spurious Imitations.
Absolutely necessary for Health and Comfort.
Approved by the Leading Physicians and Professional Nurses.
IN PACKETS (containing one dozen) from **6d.** to **2s.** each.
A SAMPLE PACKET containing three size O, and one each size 1, 2, and 4 Towels will be sent post free for eight stamps on application to the **LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull Street, BIRMINGHAM.**

Southalls' Sanitary Sheets
(for Accouchement), in three sizes, **1/-, 2/-,** and **2/6** each.
From all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists.

YOU PAY £1. 1s. *Down for* THESE HANDSOME SUITES,

and the balance to suit your own purse.

OUR SPECIAL
BEDROOM SUITE
CASH **£10. 10s.**
or **CREDIT**—
£1. 1s. down and 10 monthly payments of 1 guinea; or
£1. 1s. down and 21 monthly payments of Half-a-Guinea.

OUR SPECIAL
PARLOUR SUITE
CASH **£10. 10s.**
or **CREDIT**—
£1. 1s. down and 10 monthly payments of 1 guinea; or
£1. 1s. down, and 21 monthly payments of Half-a-Guinea.

Money returned in full if not perfectly satisfactory.
Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom.

Our Special Parlour or Dining-room Suite consists of Couch, Lady's and Gent's and Four Small Chairs. In **Solid** Oak, Walnut, or Mahogany; luxuriously upholstered in best Imperial Saddlebags, richly embossed figured velvet, or Crockett's best quality English Leather Cloth, the backs being padded with the same material. In ordering, please state the wood and colours of coverings preferred. Extra small Chairs can be supplied at One Guinea each. Every article is spring-seated. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, 10 Guineas Cash, or 1 Guinea Cash with order and 10 monthly payments of 1 Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half-a-Guinea.

The Bedroom Suite consists of Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. wide, and nearly 7ft. high, with large, full-length, highly-polished mirror, &c. Dressing Table, 3ft. 6in. wide, with beautiful large bevelled mirror, &c. Washstand, 3ft. 6in. wide, fitted with fine Sicilian marble slab, &c. Two Cane-seated Chairs are also supplied with the suite. This Bedroom Suite is supplied in American Black or Satin Walnut, Mahogany, or Oak, and is **solid throughout**, every article being well polished by hand labour. In ordering, please say wood required.

FREE

Whether you are furnishing or not, it will pay you to write for our fully Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue, Price Lists, etc.—

GLOBE FURNISHING COMPY.,

(Dept. D.), Pembroke Place, LIVERPOOL.

South African, Colonial, and Foreign Orders will receive special attention. *Bankers: London City and Midland Bank, Ltd., Islington Branch, Liverpool.*

"SIRRAM" for Cyclists or Travellers.

AMPLE FOR TWO.

With expanding Pocket for Provisions.
Saves its cost in a few outings. Boils in a few minutes under any conditions. Fits Frame, Handle-Bar, or Saddle. Every article unbreakable. Many thousands in use. In three qualities, all thoroughly good. S. 440, 12/6; No. 271, 16/6; E. 443, 20/8. Provision Box or Water Tin, 1/- extra. "Sirram" goods of leading Stores and Ironmongers.
M. MARRIS & SON, Ltd., Browning Street, BIRMINGHAM.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS.

Wear the New American Shoulder Brace. The most Perfect Brace made.

Prevents anyone becoming Stooped or Round Shouldered.
ALL SIZES.
Men's and Women's (32in. to 42in.), **3/9** per pair.
Boys' and Girls' (22in. to 30in.), **2/9** per pair.
Send chest measurement right round under arms) and amount in postal order, and we will send them post paid.
Foreign Postage 1/- extra.

D. M. MELDRUM & CO.,
Dept. E., 13 & 15, REFORM STREET, DUNDEE.

Digitized by Google

A HINT FOR GIRLS!!

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Laundry Nell,
Looks a swell,
On her bike in bloomers.
What oh!
Do you know
Why she is a scorcher.

She is flash
Cuts a dash,
'Cause she makes her dollars
Wheeling round
Laundry ground
Ironing shirts and collars.

Therefore, gals,
Tell your pals,
Let their spirits rally;
Money brought,
Labour nought,
Only thro' the "Dalli."

The "Dalli" is acknowledged the most up-to-date and best Box Iron, doing away with the worries of the old system. No Gas, no Fire, no Smell. Hot in a few minutes and remains hot. No changes of irons. Self-heating with smokeless Fuel. Can be used anywhere without interruption, even out of doors, doing double the work in half the time. More economical than any other iron. Price of the "Dalli" is 6/-. Price of the "Dalli" Fuel is 1/9 per box of 128 Blocks. To be had of all Ironmongers or Domestic Stores. If any difficulty apply to:—

THE DALLI SMOKELESS FUEL CO., 27, Milton Street, London, E.C.

Trial Bottle Post Free 7D.

N. M. ALEXANDRE
(Est. 1861).

TO COLOUR

GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

30, Westbourne Grove, and 85, Great Portland St., London, W.

MACKILL'S ASTHMA CURE

Has cured thousands during the last quarter of a century.

IT WILL CURE YOU.

TRY IT.

Free Sample Tin on application.

Sold by all Chemists at
1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., & 4s. 6d.

THE MACKILL ASTHMA CURE CO., BATHGATE, N.B.

LIFE'S STRANGEST SECRETS

as unveiled by the influences called **Personal Magnetism, Mental Currents, Hypnotism, &c.**, these form the subject matter of one of the most wonderful and fascinating books of the day, entitled "The Power Within."

FREE. It is a free book, handsomely illustrated. We will give you a copy just to get you interested in psychical experiments hoping that later on you may buy some other books from us. You incur no obligation whatever in accepting the free book.

? VITAL QUESTIONS ?

How can I influence another by my mind alone? What is personal magnetism? Why do only a few possess it? Could I cultivate it easily? Can I attract success and happiness by any system of mental training? What does it feel like to be hypnotized? Could I learn to hypnotize people and make them obey my commands? Is it, or is it not a dangerous power? Could I learn to heal the sick by magnetism? Could I learn to read the minds of others?

If you are interested in such things, simply send us your name and address, plainly written, enclose a 1d. stamp for return postage, and we will send you this strange little book **FREE**, at once. Address—**Dept. (311), PSYCHIC RESEARCH CO., Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.**

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS

DRINK AND DRUG HABITS

and RESULTANT NERVOUS DISEASES

Completely conquered, controlled, and eradicated, without restraint, at patient's own home by Turvey's Treatment ("TACQUARU"). Testimonials received from officials of LONDON DIOCESAN BRANCH OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. "TRUTH," November 21st, referring to our advertisement, says:—"The Advertiser is able to adduce definite evidence that his method has had really good results." Write in confidence, or call—**The Medical Superintendent, "TACQUARU" Co., 116, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.**

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

FRUIT

NOTHING SO PROFITABLE AND EASY TO GROW.
80 Acres of Saleable Trees.

SEEDS

THE BEST PROCURABLE.
Lists Free.

ROSES

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.
Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage Free, for cash with order.
8s. per doz. **60s.** per 100.
All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.

ROSES IN POTS From 15/- a doz.

Ornamental Trees, 21 Acres.
A Superb Collection of Herbaceous Plants, Four Acres of Glass.
Clematis (80,000) from 15/- doz.
N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.

GENERAL CATALOGUE
(190 pages) of Nursery Stock, artistically produced containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, free on receipt of 3d. for postage.
Please mention this paper.

RICHARD SMITH & Co., WORCESTER.

By Appointment to His Majesty the King

Granola

Digestive

Biscuits

REGISTERED.

These delicious Biscuits are manufactured from the celebrated wheat preparation "GRANOLA," and are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty as a most nutritious and desirable article of diet for regular use, possessing valuable hygienic qualities unobtainable in the ordinary forms of whole meal.

Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1889.

Macfarlane, Lang & Co., Glasgow & London.

ESTABLISHED **1817.**

Good News For Men.

A Simple Home Treatment Which Never Fails to Restore Full Strength and Vigour of Youth.

SENT FREE TO ALL.

America's Greatest Specialist.

There is no longer any need for men to suffer from lost vitality, backache, kidney troubles, nervous debility, varicocele, etc., when it can be cured almost like magic in the privacy of your own home by a simple remedy which any man can use. Simply send your name and address to the Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 3,032, Hull Building, Detroit, Mich., U.S.A., and they will gladly send you the Doctor's full prescription free, and everything necessary for a quick and lasting cure.

The following, taken from their daily mail, shows what men say who have taken advantage of this grand free offer.

"Dear Sirs:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test, and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up, and you cannot realise how happy I am."

"Dear Sirs:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed."

"Dear Sirs:—Yours was received, and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed, and can truthfully say it is a boon to men."

Don't stop and wonder how they can afford to do all this, but send to-day; the offer is genuine, and the prescription will be sent by return mail in a perfectly plain envelope, absolutely free just as stated. Write to-day, and soon you'll be happy.

Remember, a letter to America requires 2½d. postage. Write your name very plain, and be sure to give your full address, so there can be no mistake in delivery.

Digitized by Google

The Lady's Magazine

(WHICH HAS JUST BEEN GREATLY ENLARGED)

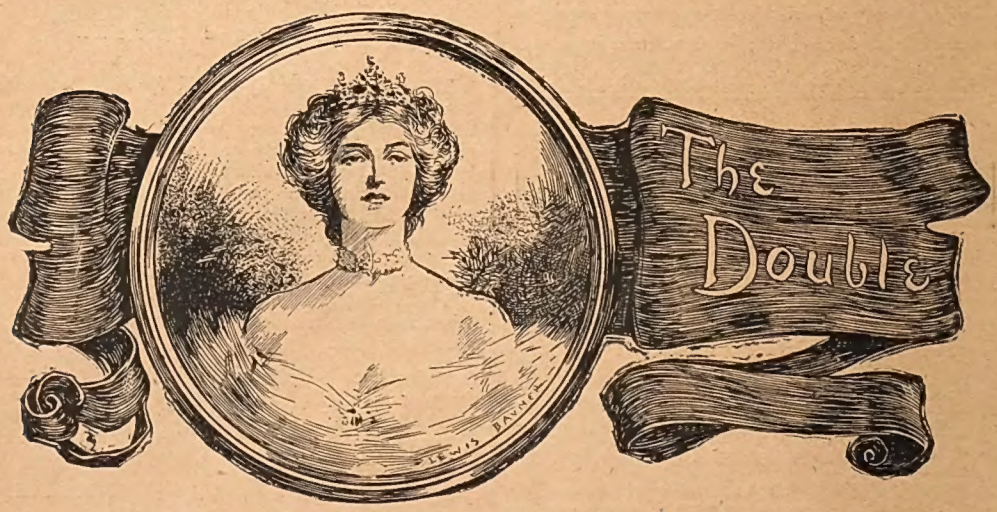
Is a Paper that no Woman Can Afford to be Without.

TO OBTAIN INFORMATION on any subject of interest to women generally, be it House, Home, Toilet, Etiquette, Woman's Employment, Servants, Cooking, or Dress and Fashion, write to the Editor, and mark on your envelope the subject of your inquiry. You will then receive in a few days an answer through the post from one of the Special Correspondence Staff of the Magazine.

BESIDES THESE ATTRACTIONS,

A GREAT NEW SERIAL,

ENTITLED



BY HAROLD MCGRATH,

is just starting. The story is of enthralling interest; the plot holds the reader in its grip throughout, and you need only start the tale to make sure that you will want to read it to the end.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE is on sale everywhere on the Tenth of each Month, and the Price is 6d.

Digitized by Google

C. Brandauer & Co. Ltd.

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

Seven Prize Medals.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

London Warehouse: **124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.**

"ALFOSCO" REG.D

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,

"ALFOSCO" REG.D

THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

DESIGN No. 613.

10/6

Design No. 613

10/6

Skirt alone,

5/6

carriage, 5d.

Stylish Costume, made with the fashionable Russian Coat, produced in Allen Foster & Co.'s **Specialite Serge** or **Vicuna Cloth,** in all shades. The Coat is trimmed with braid, and the Skirt is cut in the new fashionable bell shape. Costume complete, **10/6;** carriage paid, 6d. extra.

Skirt alone, **5/6;** carriage paid, 5d. extra. This Costume in the **"Coronia" Cloth,** only **21/-,** in all the newest Pastel shades.

Write for our Summer Sketch Book and Illustrated Catalogue of Bargains. Patterns Post Free.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,
47, Golden Lane,
Barbican,
LONDON, E.C.

THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT.

See Testimonial below!!

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather with ordinary wear.

Comfortable, healthful, noiseless.

Mr. WILLIN, Central Station Restaurant, Manchester, writes (22/5/00): "Feet never seem to get tired in them. They are non-conductors of both heat and cold, and are most comfortable."

Enclose Length Walking Shoe.

Colour—White, Brown, or Black.	Prices (post free). Children's.	Ladies'.	Gents'.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping)	1/6	1/9	2/0
D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration)	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/0	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black)	1/0	1/3	1/6
Leather Soled Shoes (Superior)	3/6	4/0	4/9
Rubber Shoes (White, Black or Brown	—	3/0	3/6
Red Rubber (Brown Canvas)	—	—	5/6

Off three pairs at one time we allow 2d. per pair.

N.B. Post free United Kingdom, abroad extra; single pairs or any quantity. Trade and shipping terms on application.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95B, Bath-st., Glasgow.

KEATING'S POWDER KILLS BUGS FLEAS FLIES BEETLES

TINS 3d. 6d. 1s-BELLOWS 9d.

BEDSTEADS

Quality, Fit, and Finish best possible.

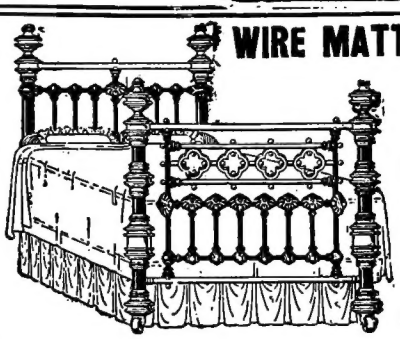
Cheaper, Newer, and Cleaner than Shop Stocks.

Large Stocks.

Prompt Delivery.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

Please mention ROYAL MAGAZINE *when writing.*



WIRE MATTRESSES, BEDDING, COTS, BEDROOM FURNISHINGS

Direct from Works.

CARRIAGE PAID. PACKING FREE.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH, OR CREDIT TERMS ARRANGED.

NAT. TELEPHONE: 1226 B'm'gh'm.

10 Years' Guarantee Given.

Illustrated Price Lists, Giving Full Details, Post Free.

CHARLES RILEY (Offices and Showrooms) **Moor Street, Birmingham.**

Digitized by Google

To Keep in Health

You need a health-giving beverage, which must be pure and unadulterated.

Cadbury's Cocoa

is universally admitted to be a health-giving drink—most refreshing, invigorating, and sustaining. It is beneficial to everybody: Men, Women, Boys, and Girls.

CADBURYS Cocoa is Absolutely Pure, the *Lancet* pronouncing it "the standard of highest purity." It is Cocoa, and the Best Cocoa only, and has stood the test of time.

CAUTION.—How to test the Purity of Cocoas.—If treated with alkali and chemicals such cocoas will have a medicinal scent when the tin is opened, and will be a darker colour when in liquor. Cadbury's Cocoa has no addition of any kind, and is *guaranteed absolutely pure.*

PEARS

Soapmakers

By Royal Warrants

TO THEIR MAJESTIES

The King and Queen.

Printed by Horace Cox, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
All Advertisements to be addressed to T. B. Browne's Advertising Offices, 163, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.